Nov. 7, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

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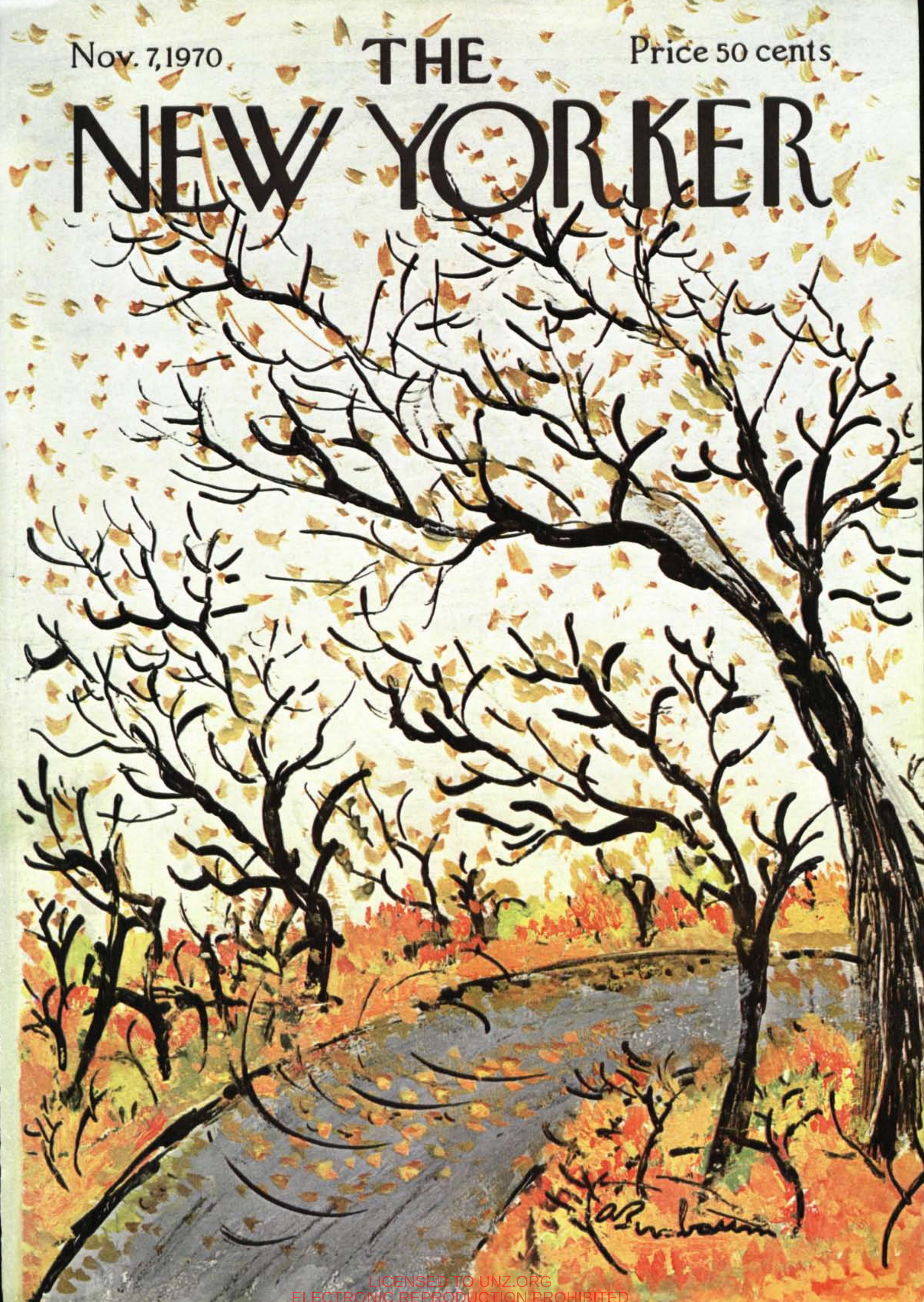

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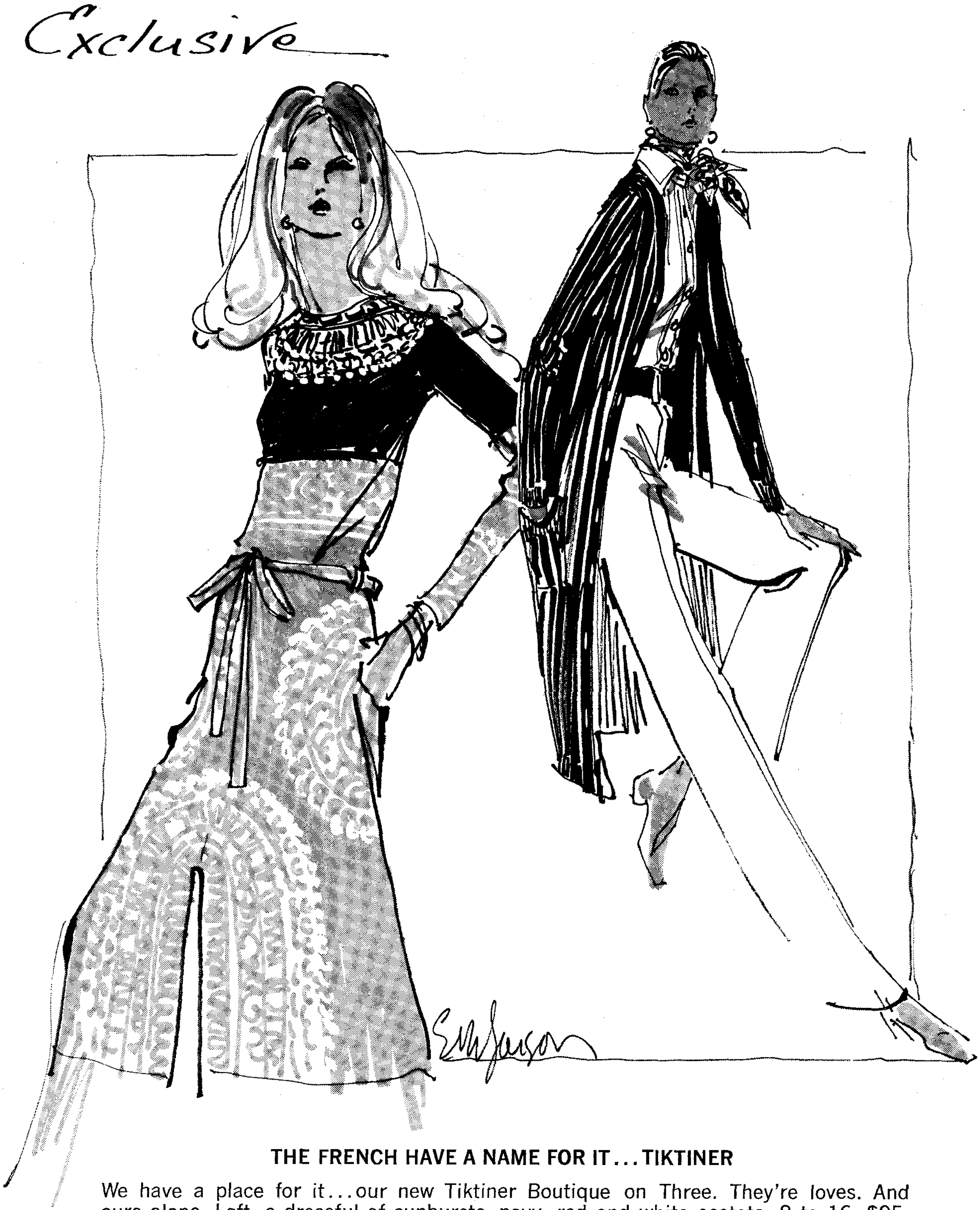

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(At the time of going to press, there is the possibility of an Off Broadway Actors Equity strike, which, needless to say, will alter theatrical schedules drastically if it comes to pass. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ALICE IN WONDERLAND—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

LES BLANCS—James Earl Jones and Cameron Mitchell in a drama by Lorraine Hansberry, adapted by Robert Nemiroff. Directed by Sidney Walters. Previews through Tuesday, Nov. 10. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 11. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

BOB AND RAY–THE TWO AND ONLY—A couple of dozen very funny skits about the venal and foolish world of radio and TV. Directed by Joseph Hardy. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, execpt Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BOESMAN AND LENA—Ruby Dee and Zakes Mokae are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CHILD'S PLAY—A just sufficiently scary thriller, about dark deeds at a boys' school. Written by Robert Marasco, directed by Joseph Hardy, and ably acted by Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, Michael McGuire, and David Rounds. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

CONDUCT UNBECOMING—A Victorian melodrama that quite uncannily happens to have just been written. Superbly overacted by a large cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tiresome when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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HAY FEVER—Shirley Booth, John Williams, and Marian Mercer in a revival of Noël Coward's comedy. Arvin Brown directed. Previews through Sunday matinée, Nov. 8. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 9. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sunday, Nov. 8, at 3.)

NOT NOW, DARLING—A thoroughly repellent farce, laid in a furrier's shop in London. The subject is sex. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

ORLANDO FURIOSO—A production presented in Italian by the Teatro Libero di Roma in a specially constructed bubble theatre in Bryant Park. Adapted by Eduardo Sanguinetti from the Renaissance epic. With a cast of sixty under the direction of Luca Ronconi. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 4, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 29. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. 594-4340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 6.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's **THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN**, in a new translation by Ralph Manheim, with Colleen Dewhurst in the title role. The first in this season's series of four plays. Special benefit performance (for tickets, call EN 2-7600) Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 5, at 7, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

SAVED—Edward Bond's searing, witty, and horrifying comedy of English working-class life, which was briefly banned in London five years ago, is here given the good production it deserves. The actors do very well, but the play's the thing. (Chelsea Theatre Center,

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COVER: *Abe Birnbaum*

DRAWINGS: *Barney Tobey, William Steig, Alan Dunn, Charles Addams, Warren Miller, Lee Lorenz, James Stevenson, Mischa Richter, Frank Modell, William Hamilton, Robert Day, Charles Saxon, Chon Day, Henry Martin, Edward Frascino, George Booth*

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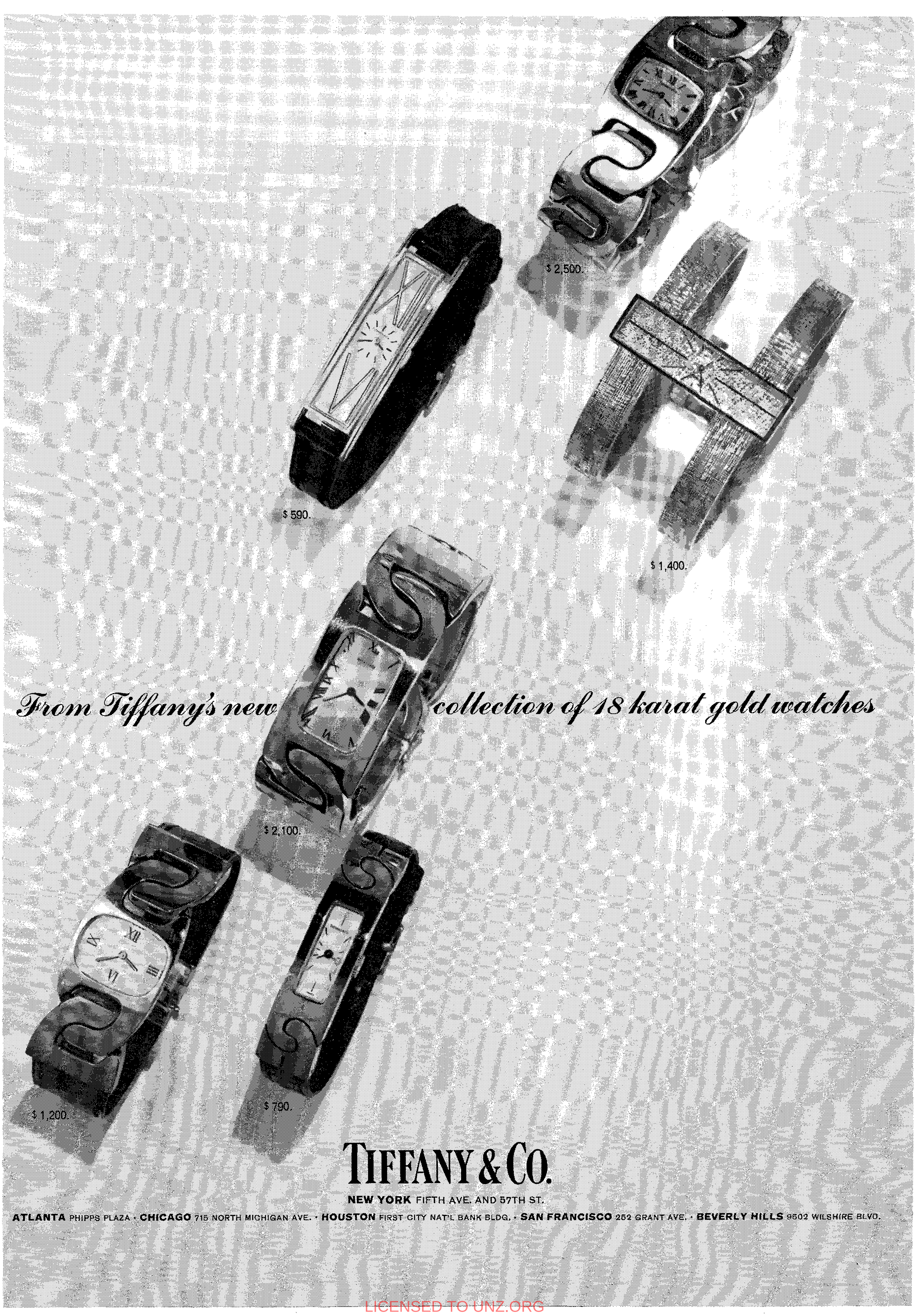
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 8.)

Sleuth—A London thriller by Anthony Shaffer, with Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter. Directed by Clifford Williams. Previews Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 9-11. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 12. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:05. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Story Theatre—A delightful playing out, with music, mime, and recitation, of ten or twelve classic fairy tales. Invented and directed by Paul Sills. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 5-6, at 8:30; and Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2:30 and 8:30. Thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Sunday Dinner—A play by Joyce Carol Oates. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Wednesday, Nov. 25.)

Trelawny of the "Wells"—This revival of Pinero's delightful play about an English theatrical troupe back in the eighteen-sixties is disappointing, but it is not a total miss. Sasha von Scherler's fine performance in a supporting part almost saves the day. (Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

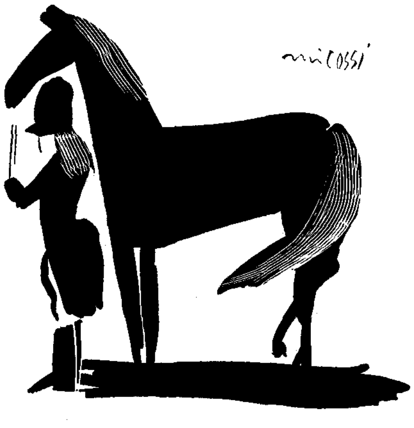
Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens—A return engagement of Mr. Williams' one-man show. Included are scenes from "Our Mutual Friend," "Christmas Stories," and "Dombey and Son." (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8:30; Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 8, at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **FORTY CARATS:** Zsa Zsa Gabor and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 7.). . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's latest hit comedy. With James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Applause—A loud and joyous descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." Lauren Bacall is wonderful, and so are many of her associates, among them Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—Fine music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a witty book by George Furth, and admirable singing, dancing, and acting by a cast that includes Larry Kert, Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 8.)



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Golden Bat—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light, Lively and Yiddish—Ben Bonus in a musical with a book by J. Nemirover, lyrics by A. Shulman, and music by Eli Rubinstein. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mexicans Are Coming!—Mexican folklore in a revue with about seventy dancers, singers, comedians, and instrumentalists. Previews Tuesday evening, Nov. 10, and Wednesday matinée, Nov. 11. Opens officially Wednesday evening, Nov. 11. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The President's Daughter—Another Yiddish musical, with music by Murray Rumshinsky, a book by H. Kalmanov, lyrics by Jacob Jacobs, and a cast headed by Chayele Rosenthal and Mr. Jacobs. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Purlie—An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Melba Moore and Cleavon Little. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Rothschilds—Hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sensations—A musical with a book and lyrics by Paul Zakrzewski and music by Wally Harper. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Danny Kaye in Richard Rodgers' musical version of Clifford Odets' "The Flowering Peach." Peter Stone wrote the book, Martin Charnin did the lyrics, and Joe Layton is the director. Previews through Monday, Nov. 9. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 10. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics, (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** —That's a lovely morning, sir, she said. Glory be to God. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —To whom? Mulligan said, glancing at her. Ah, to be sure. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Stephen reached back and took the milkjug from the locker. —The islanders, Mulligan said to Haines casually, speak frequently of the collector of prepuces. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.). . . **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hellbent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Gideon Singer plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Singer at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Tony Roberts and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 2, and no performance that evening.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Cello Concerto," "Confetti," "The Still Point," and "Viva Vivaldi!". . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Trinity," "Time Cycle," and "Astarte.". . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Petrouchka," "The Still Point," and "Astarte." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Confetti," "The Still Point," and "Viva Vivaldi!". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Trinity," "Time Cycle," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 8, at 2:30: "Trinity," "Sea Shadow," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 8, at 7:30: "Petrouchka," "As-

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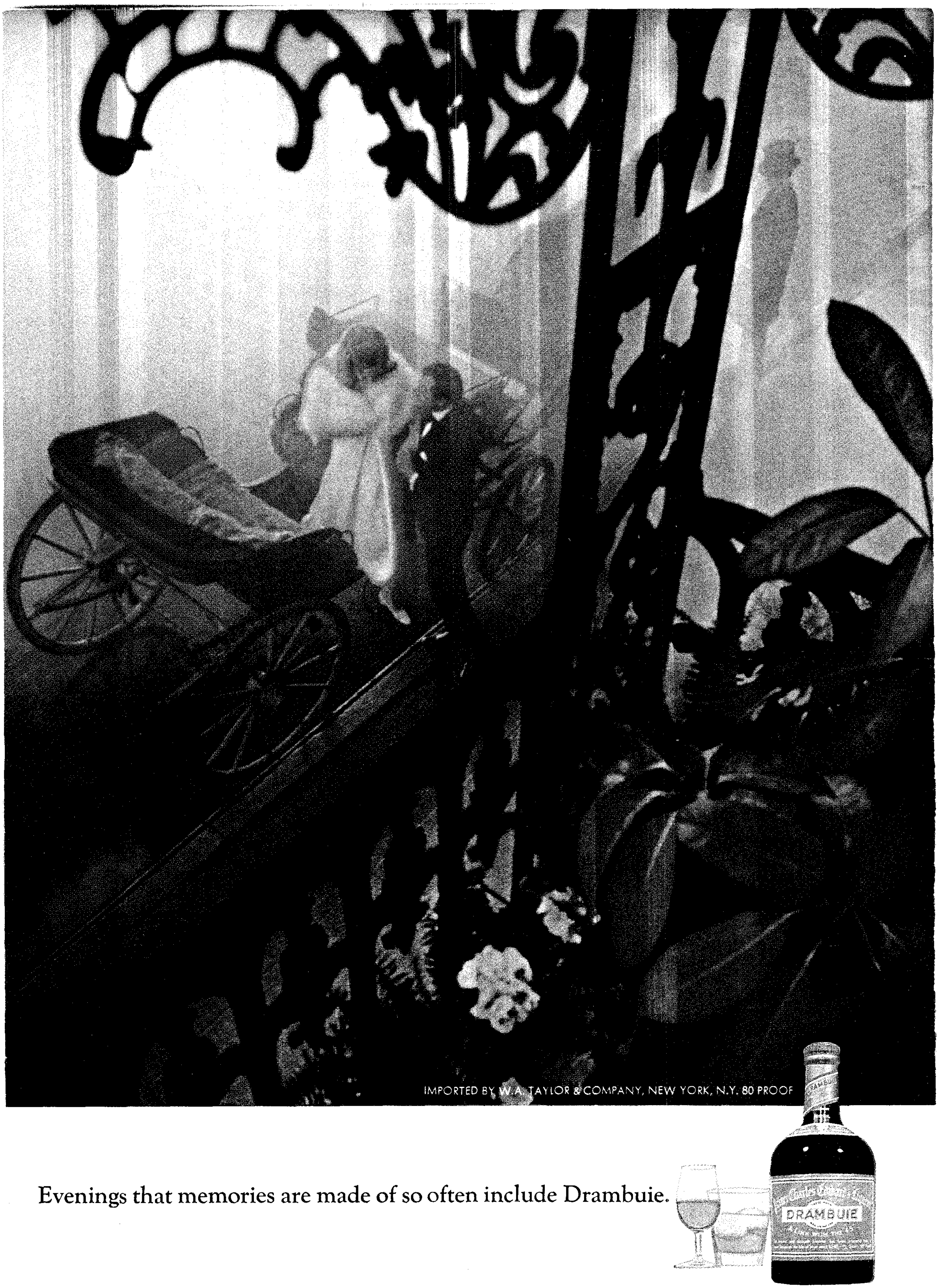
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DRAMBUIE

Evenings that memories are made of so often include Drambuie.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tarte," and "Viva Vivaldi!" (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Merce Cunningham and Dance Company—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8: *"Canfield," "Signals" (American première),* and "Tread."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Walkaround Time" and "Second Hand."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 6, at 8: "RainForest," "Signals," and "Canfield."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Canfield," "Signals," and "Second Hand."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 8, at 2: "RainForest," "Second Hand," and "Tread."... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Canfield," "Objects" (première), and "How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Scramble," "Signals," and "Objects."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Walkaround Time," "Signals," and "Objects."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Scramble," "Signals," and "Second Hand."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 15, at 7:30: "Objects," "Signals," and "Tread." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—A company of eighty-five dancers, singers, and musicians in a one-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday through Friday, Nov. 10-13, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 14-15, at 2:30 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Barney Googles, 225 E. 86th St. (722-9819)—Some of the neatest Dixieland in town these days is that being produced by a group of part-time musicians led by the protean Woody Allen, who is now emerging as a very competent clarinettist. They will play Wednesday, Nov. 4, and again Wednesday, Nov. 11, from nine until four. The Allen bunch—a sextet or septet, depending—alternates with a rock group, which is the usual fare in this large and hectic mecca for nocturnal wanderers. Dinners. Dancing.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Odetta's bag contains a large assortment of moods and styles, and she uses them sharply and wisely in her grass-roots folk songs. Singer Andy Robinson and folk rockers Tamalpais Exchange are also here. On Wednesday, Nov. 11, other performers will move in. Tuesdays are different, with ringers *filling the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and* water are the drinks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—People who take their conversation seriously, along with their music and their meals, will find it congenial. Through Sunday, Nov. 8, from eleven to three, Joe Beck, accompanied by a bass player, displays agility on both electric guitar and electric piano. On Tuesday, Nov. 10, Cedar Walton, piano, and Herbie Lewis, bass, will take over. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy plays, along with a bassist. Dinner is served until one.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—The eponymous axe is played here with an emphasis on melodics and virtuosity. (Individualists will be delighted—groupies will be disappointed.) Chuck Wayne will come in with a bassist on Wednesday, Nov. 11. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. Infra-Mason-Dixon dining.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Zoot Sims, who, when he is in there swinging, blows one of the most inventive tenor saxes around, leads a quartet that has Ross Tompkins on piano, Victor Sproles on bass, and Mousey Alexander on drums. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 6-8, Maxine Sullivan will sing along. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Tradition wanes, but this comfortable club continues to thrive, offering Dixieland played by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

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Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A hot time *in the old banjo palace. If the music doesn't* zap you (and it may), you can contemplate an old fire engine, some stuffed specimens of *Ursus maritimus,* movies on the wall, and peanut shells on the floor. Sundays, from six to nine, a Dixieland band lives it up. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Twang! went the banjo, six nights a week from nine to three or four. Everybody looked so jolly, wearing fake straw hats and frilly garters, that it seemed that all the cheery, friendly folks would never leave, but they did. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable part of town. (Taxis may be hard to find when you leave. Beware of cumulonimbus clouds.) Jazz most nights from nine until closing by Rahsaan Roland Kirk and the Vibration Society, a lively group powered by Mr. K.'s collection of reed instruments, some of them pretty weird. On Sunday, Nov. 8, the Roy Ayers Ubiquity (Ayers on vibes) will begin a gig. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty, the David Amram quartet plays its academy-flavored jazz, except on Mondays, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining.... ¶ Downstairs: A rock policy continues, with dancing encouraged. Through Thursday, Nov. 5, the Players; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, Jake and the Family Jewels; Sunday, Nov. 8, 7th Century; beginning Tuesday, Nov. 10, the Holy Modal Rounders and Alexander Rabbit. On Mondays, there are various Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Yusef Lateef, who is proficient on the flute and several reeds, leads a quartet that tends to drift into meditative states. On Tuesday, Nov. 10, twelve singers and musicians from Nigeria, led by Sir Victor Uwaifo, will arrive. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, theoretically.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere west of Bora Bora—shouldn't deter you if walking is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—*C'est quoi?* Well, it is a fairly informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The *discaire* switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The fascination with France continues, the setting being from that period when nothing—except maybe the furniture—seemed to go right. Pin-striped elegance, dining, and adequate dancing (from ten to three or four). Closed Sundays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. Reservations required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—The *doyenne* of New York discothèques, having been around practically as long as rock itself. The restrained recorded music—more Campbell than Cocker—runs from nine to three or four. On weekends, reservations are recommended. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (752-4365)—A fine view of the Park and an interior graced with colored lights and wicker animals. Many well-chosen recordings. Dancing from ten every night. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Carnarvon and Carter would have gasped, had they stumbled upon the pseudo-Egyptian luxuriousness of this restaurant. But this is 1970, and few gasps are heard—maybe partly because of the loudness of the records, which three times a night are interrupted by some pop performers named the Collage. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A new house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a glittery brass bar, a non-glittery bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. The doors stay open twenty-four hours a day, eight days a week.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily appointed dancing-and-listening arena. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the hearty sound of E Pluribus Unum. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Descend a flight and find a spot where every touch contributes to the coolness of the whole. Good sound, good dancing to persistently swinging records, large drinks, and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested on weekends.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplatter* dancers strike out; that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind.... ¶ Sundays and Mondays, though, the scene is not Bavarian but Bermudian, for then the

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Talbot Brothers, who have been crooning their sweet nothings for generations in their native (well, practically naïve) habitat, come north for reprises. Six to ten Sundays, seven to eleven Mondays. Dancing every evening.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In fictional life, young Raphael would be singing below a balcony in Seville, but in real life he is being the same sort of troubadour during dinner and supper in the Royal Box. Bring your Spanish dictionary. He departs on Saturday, Nov. 7, but the orchestra of Lee Evans, keenly devoted to the welfare of all good dance music, will be staying on, to reopen the establishment on Tuesday, Nov. 10.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. 752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, or the Boys from Barcelona, are in full fig, full cry, and one can see what the Boys in the front room are having (a ball, sentimental as can be) every night of the week.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Gas Mask, which is onstage here, is capable of rolling its own, and of rocking it, too. Dancing whenever the Mask is doffed. On Friday, Nov. 13, Third Rail, another group in the same groove, replaces the Maskers. Closed Sundays for ear therapy.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—During dinner and supper, the Persian Room is filled with the promissory notes (harbingers of romance, crescendo, and downright jazz) issued by the piano of Erroll Garner, who has finally made it back to town. His foursome is really a fivesome, because of the way he offsets his melodic line by humming a mighty obbligato. In between, the band run by Burt Farber, which has been rebuilt to let in more light and air, takes turns with the posse run by Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . **Plaza 9 Music Hall** (PL 9-3933): The old Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movie musicals, an art form so juvenile that it cannot be parodied, is paradoxically parodied, and pilloried, by "Dames at Sea," which is all in fun and by the ton. Carol Morley, Janie Sell, and Kurt Peterson lead the exemplary cast; Jim Wise, George Haimsohn, and Robin Miller are the justifiably proud perpetrators; Baldwin Bergersen is at the well-tempered entr'acte clavichord. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Sundays at three and seven-thirty. . . . ¶ A bowing acquaintance, busy plucking and bowing a modest fiddle, is on duty, seven to ten-thirty every night but Sunday, in the placid but noble Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, from four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon, the same sort of musicale takes place, and it is repeated, every evening but Sunday, from nine to one. From Wednesdays through Saturdays, the nightingale is the violin of Gunnar Hansen, and a better man for the job would be hard to find.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Frankie Vaughan, of the generation of British pop-tuners that has already shown us Tommy Steele, sings in this well-run mountain resort for his dinner and supper. The enterprise is in session every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

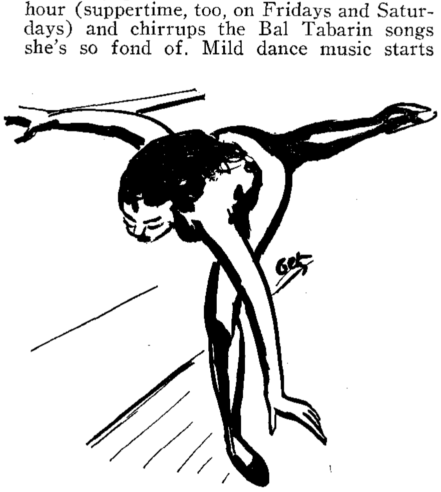
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a houseboat on its way down the Danube to Vienna and its cuisine, clings to dance music that remains as American (the Bob Thomas band) and as Latin (the Peppi Morreale quartet) as ever. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, which is designed for sedentary diners, Ray Hartley, pride of Australian drawing-room pianists and a ranking pianist in this country, plays from seven-thirty until one-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the St. Regis Lounge, from nine-thirty on, the pair who call themselves Barbara and Ernest turn out occasional duets in words and music, often quite odd, that are largely their own invention. Supper; no activity Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Arrayed like Salome in all her finery, Bobbie Gentry, who is not above writing educated folklore herself, sings about it in the Empire Room at ten on Mondays, at dinner and supper on other nights. She calls the whole thing off on Saturday, Nov. 7, but on Monday, Nov. 9, Johnny Mathis brings his cool, withdrawn voice into the same premises, and on the same timetable. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Those were the days, and Bobby Short, whose literate arias go back to the distant peacetime, pastime world, makes all that happy hedonism seem lush, lyric, and (as it truly was) laughable. This great retrospective is enhanced by his piano and his sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays. . . . **Dangerfield's,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A tale of two cities (ours and Las Vegas) is narrated by Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman who must be modelled on Damon Runyon and Paul Bunyan. The going can be rough, but it is certain to be funny. Other trappings, too, but no matter. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **El Avram,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): A house of cards (Avram Grobard is the joker in the pack) that is sturdy, Mediterranean, cheerful, and continual. Among the other players is Ron Eliran, whose tenor speeds along from Friday through Sunday every week. The dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **Chez Vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like an old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god. He is celebrated not only by Olympian libations and cuisine but by Athenian musicians intent upon persuading everyone to dance, and by liberal helpings of song. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Paella,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays, and no dancing ever. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (suppertime, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody gets into the act (usually Act I of "Tosca," or some such), and everybody means *every*body, right down to the busboys. Closed Mondays. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Early settler Ernie Warren is keeping fairly late hours with his dance band (until midnight, one, or two) in the local restaurant. He starts off at seven during the week, at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and takes only Sundays and Mondays off.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that are nothing if not Roman. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five-thirty until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **Rembrandt Room,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The ambience a Londoner expects to find at the Connaught, the music (George Feyer's eclectic piano) the Central European expects to find at home. Mr. F. is present from eight-thirty until one-thirty, but never on Sundays. . . . **Café Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): Another decade, another world, which turns out to be Vienna circa 1900. *On y danse* every night, between courses, to a band that sets to at half past eight during the week, at seven-thirty Sunday and Monday. Except for these two days, it's run by reliable old Phil Wayne. Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who are given to food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina, are prevalent, too, but the only instrument they play on Sunday and Monday is hooky. They begin at five-thirty. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the well-travelled roads to Rome. Among the strollers is the crew of itinerant minstrels led by Theo Fanidi. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar from six until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **Wine Cellar,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Another part of another forest, and a faraway one, but still of the original Village, villagey. On the lower deck, circumnavigating song and guitar, which go well with the local mulled wine, every night until around two; every night but Sunday, there is loose-limbed *piano on the top deck.*

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Pierre Alechinsky—Paintings and drawings with Expressionist figurations; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Drawings of figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; through Nov.

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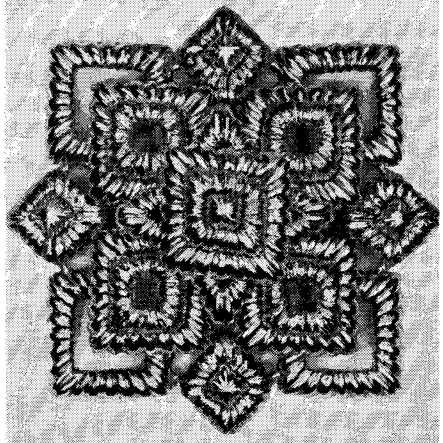

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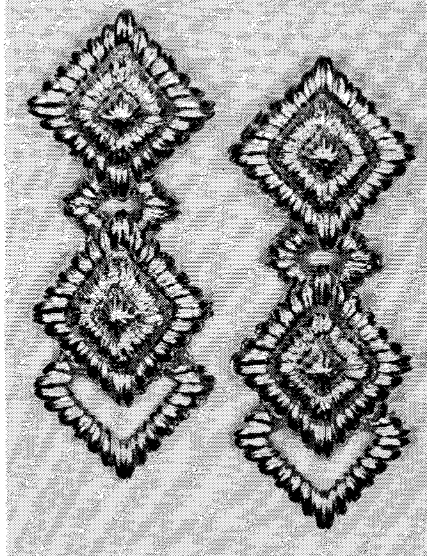

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28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rudolf Bauer (1889-1953)—Geometrical abstractions by a German artist who was featured at the Guggenheim in the thirties; through Dec. 19. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings by this German Expressionist who taught in the United States; through Nov. 21. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Warren Brandt—A ten-year survey of abstractions, figure studies, and still-lifes in oil, gouache, and watercolor. Also drawings and photographs. Starts Friday, Nov. 6. (Pratt Institute Manhattan Center, 46 Park Ave., at 37th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7.)

Robert Breer—Plastic objects in various shapes and sizes that move imperceptibly; starting Tuesday, Nov. 10. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

Jack Brusca—Paintings (a few of political figures) with a three-dimensional effect, some with the aid of a light machine; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

Jack Bush—Color-field paintings by a Canadian; through Wednesday, Nov. 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Recent gouaches, ranging in subject from flower pieces to abstractions, and mobiles, including some early ones; through Nov. 28. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Don Celender and Jeffrey Lew—Letters proposing cultural projects to institutions and businesses by the former, along with the replies, and large sculptures in steel, aluminum, and plastic by the latter; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.)

Ben Cunningham—Abstract paintings that stress color; through Nov. 19. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Don David—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Max Ernst—Paintings, drawings, collages, sculptures, and graphics done between 1917 and 1963 by this well-known Surrealist; through Dec. 2. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sam Francis and Sam Richardson—A representative selection of oils and gouaches by Mr. Francis, a prominent Abstract Expressionist, and fragments of made "nature" in plastics by Mr. Richardson; through Nov. 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ruth Gikow—Paintings of contemporary life, most having to do with the young generation; through Nov. 20. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

José Guerrero—Large paintings, plus gouaches, by this Abstractionist who works in strong colors; through Thursday, Nov. 12. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.) . . . ¶ Smaller paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Philip Guston—Paintings with political subject matter, by a leading Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

Simon Hantaï—Ten years of work by a Hungarian painter who has been influenced by Surrealism and Action painting; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Duayne Hatchett—Abstract sculptures in polished stainless steel or aluminum; through Nov. 19. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Theo Hios—Oil paintings and prints emphasizing nature's violence; through Friday, Nov. 13. (New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Gary Hudson and Alan Sonfist—Lyrical color paintings by the former and demonstrations of biological, chemical, and physical processes by the latter; starting Saturday, Nov. 7. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Guén Inokuma—Abstract paintings on the theme of the city; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Kyohei Inukai—Simple designs in bright colors suggesting biological processes, also related sculptures in plastic; through Nov. 18. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Kaupelis—Paintings and drawings based on the figure; through Dec. 3. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Leon Kroll—Paintings from 1908 to 1929; starting Tuesday, Nov. 10. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Mangold—Two series of paintings, one of picture frames, the other of "X"s; through Nov. 19. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marcia Marcus—Large simplified portraits, also landscapes; through Nov. 21. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Iri and Toshi Maruki—Eight large panels depicting scenes in Hiroshima after the Bomb; through Dec. 15. (New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.)

Jan Matulka—Still-lifes and landscapes by an artist who worked with Stuart Davis; through Nov. 19. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946)—A copy of his "light-space modulator" in working order, plus "photograms," collages, and paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Mueller—The first one-man show by this lyrical Abstractionist; through Wednesday, Nov. 11. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.)

Alice Neel—Portraits, landscapes, and still-lifes by a New York Expressionist; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Fifteen recent sculptures, mostly in marble and granite; through Nov. 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ann Norton—Sculptures, chiefly bronze, some stone, in Abstract forms hinting at figures; through Nov. 21. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jerry Okimoto—Hard-edged paintings attached together in such a way that, when seen at a distance, they resemble chairs, tables, boxes, and so on; starting Tuesday, Nov. 10. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Claes Oldenburg—Large outdoor pieces, smaller sculptures, models, and drawings of comically handled everyday objects; through Nov. 28. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Nudes and some portraits, also colored lithographs; through Nov. 28. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Picasso—Thirty-seven works on paper in various mediums, done between 1967 and 1970, in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Museum of Modern Art; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hobson Pittman—Still-lifes and interiors; starting Saturday, Nov. 7. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Omar Rayo—Paintings of ribbonlike forms, as well as embossed graphics; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Odilon Redon (1840-1916)—A benefit show of fifty-seven paintings, mostly oils of flower subjects, from this master's late period; through Nov. 21. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

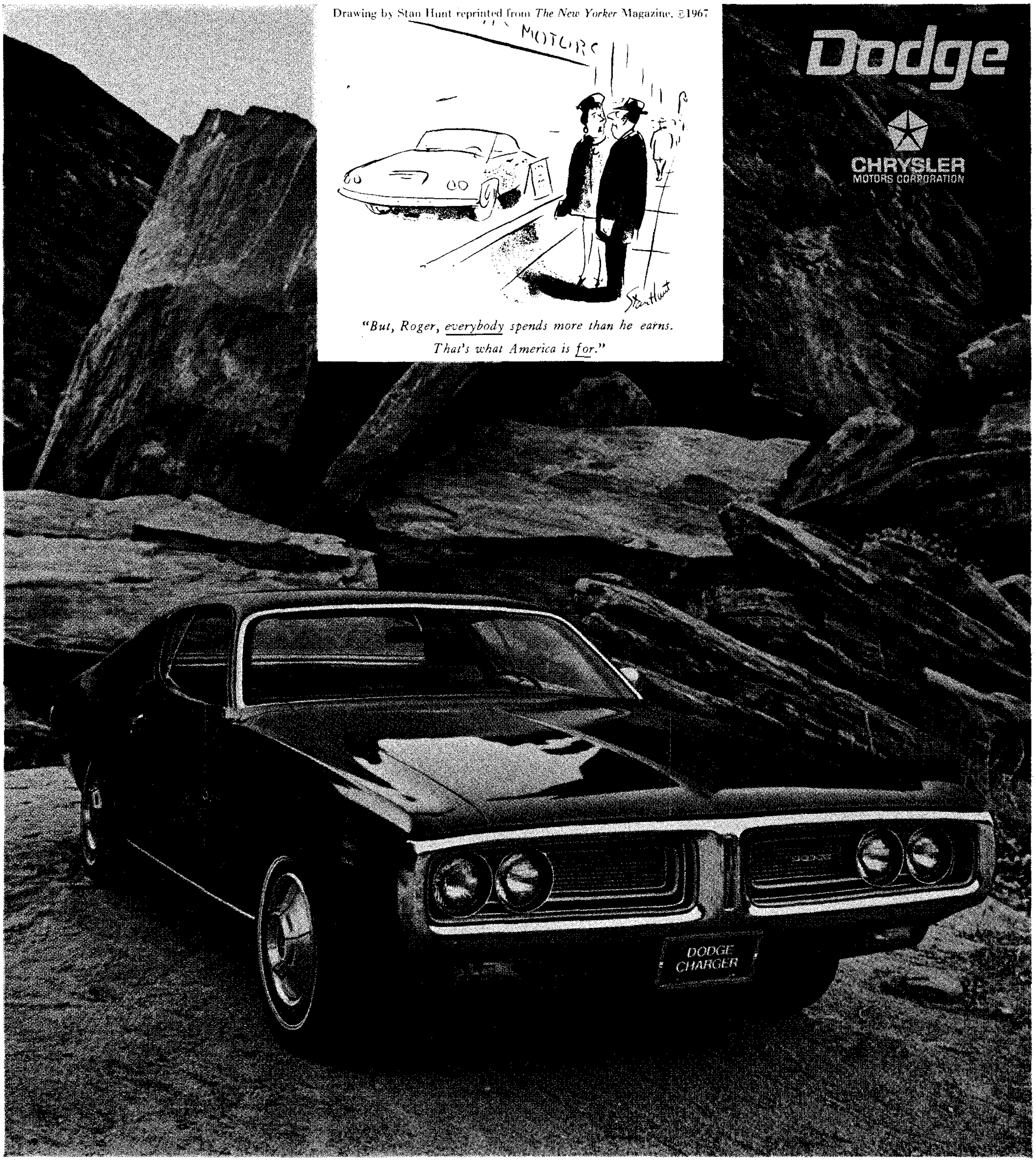
Robert Reid—Numbers and letters of the alphabet in landscapes; starting Tuesday, Nov. 10. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

James Rosenquist—Two large paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—An exhibition of lithographs, etchings, woodcuts, and rubbercuts, plus gouaches, watercolors, drawings, and documentary material related to the prints; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Sixty brush drawings covering the whole range of this artist's work and including political motifs, illustrations for stage plays and books, poster studies, and sketches for murals; through Nov. 21. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Moses Soyer—A comprehensive exhibit of work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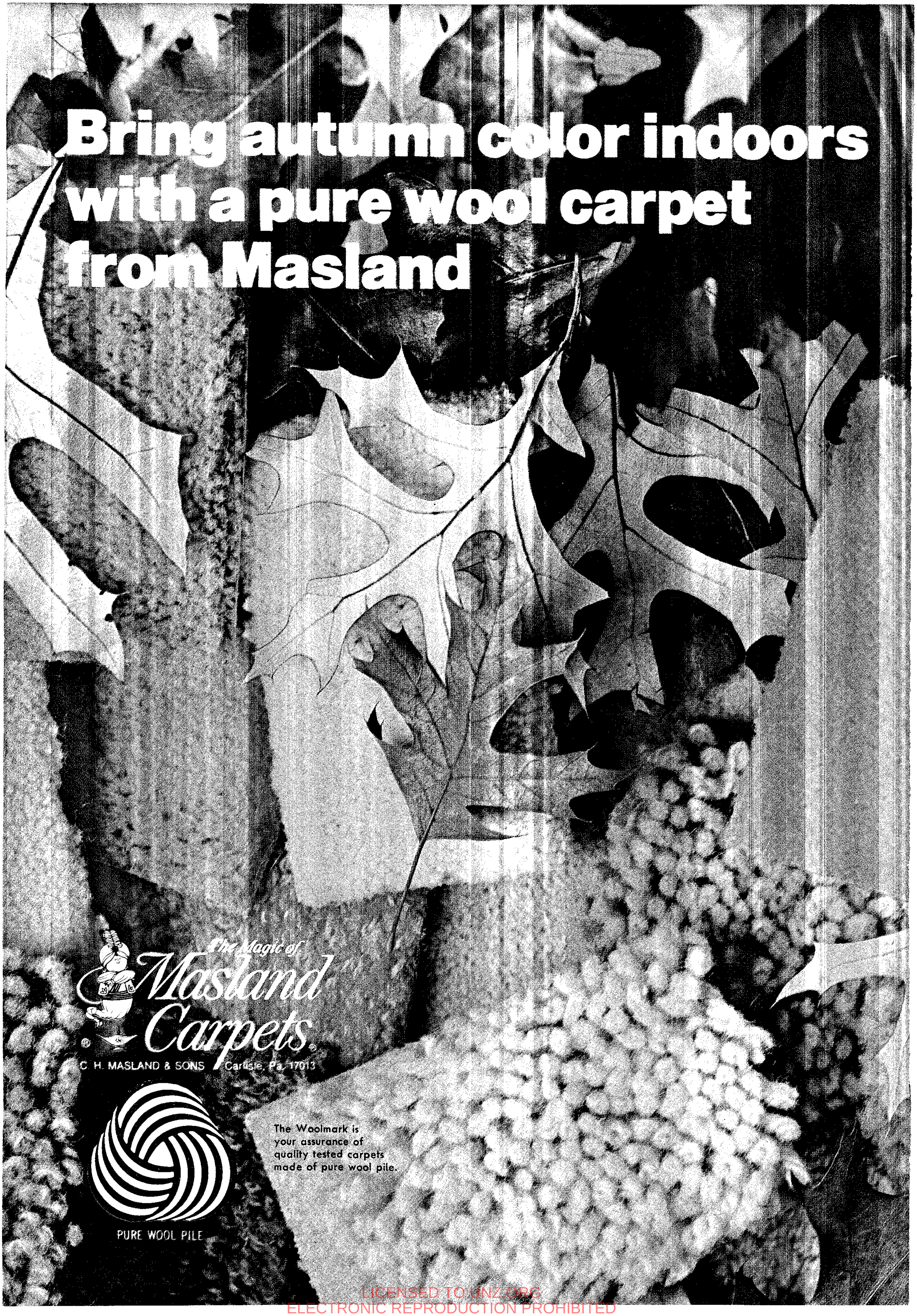

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done in the past ten years by this leading painter of the New York scene; through Nov. 21. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Albert Stadler—Expanses of color; through Thursday, Nov. 12. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Stuempfig—Recent landscapes, seascapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Sophie Taeuber-Arp—Oils and watercolors by an important avant-garde artist; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Loeb & Krugier, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Louis Tytell—Landscapes; starting Saturday, Nov. 7. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Jacques Villon (1875-1963)—More than a hundred graphics—scenes from Parisian life, café performers, portraits, landscapes, and so on; through Nov. 19. (Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.)

Ruth Vollmer—Mathematical forms in wood, Plexiglas, aluminum, and other materials; through Nov. 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—A large selection of this New York Cubist's lithographs; through Nov. 28. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **america-israel culture house**, 4 E. 54th St.: Paintings, serigraphs, and gouaches by four Israeli artists indebted to Surrealism; through Nov. 15. (Open Sundays.)... **la boetie**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, watercolors, and prints by German Expressionists—included are Kandinsky, Kirchner, Schmidt-Rottluff, Nolde, Feininger, Jawlensky, and Pechstein; starting Saturday, Nov. 7. (Closed Mondays.)... **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Thirty-five paintings by five young Mexican artists; through Jan. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Forty oil paintings, watercolors, and pastels by Americans from Copley to Harnett, Prendergast, and Hassam; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Closed Mondays.)... **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: A loan exhibit of nineteenth-century paintings by Blakelock, La Farge, Wyant, and others; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Closed Mondays.)... **sabarsky**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and watercolors by German Expressionists—Jawlensky, Klee, Kokoschka, Nolde, Pechstein, Schiele, and Schlemmer, for instance; through Nov. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **samuels**, 18 E. 76th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists of the late nineteenth century inclined toward symbolism, among them Moreau, Redon, Puvis de Chavannes, Burne-Jones, Ryder, and La Farge; through Dec. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays noon to 5:30.)... **seligmann**, 5 E. 57th St.: Thirty drawings from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth by Guido Reni, Tiepolo, Delacroix, Puvis de Chavannes, and the like; through Nov. 21. (Closed Mondays.)... **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of a famous British collection of Italian master drawings by Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Correggio, Bernini, Tiepolo, and Piranesi, among others; through Nov. 28.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than three hundred sculptures in stone, ceramic, wood, mosaic, gold, jade, and other materials, produced in the region from central Mexico to Panama and the West Indies during nearly three thousand years before the arrival of Cortes; through Jan. 3.... ¶ Prints and drawings of fireworks and royal, religious, and popular festivals, ranging from Medici Court scenes to contemporary fireworks displays; starting Tuesday, Nov. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The famous series of three hundred and forty-seven etchings done by Picasso in 1968 (some visible on request only), plus two hundred and twenty-five prints and illustrated books from various sources; through Nov. 29. A good complement to this exhibit is the Picasso show at the Saidenberg Gallery, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Mondays, 1 to 8; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.... ¶ Every Thursday at noon, the Museum is showing documentary films that comment on various topics of the day.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective consisting of a hundred and forty works by Francis Picabia, a major early-twentieth-century modernist who worked in several modes; through Dec. 6.... ¶ A survey of the works from 1958 to the present of Carl Andre, a sculptor known for his floor pieces in brick and steel plates, plus examples of his "concrete" poems; through Nov. 22. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Veterans Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Thomas Eakins, America's leading Realist of the nineteenth century; through Nov. 22. A good complement to this show is the show of his photographs at the New York Cultural Center.... ¶ A hundred and twenty-one paintings, watercolors, and drawings covering fifty-five years of work by Georgia O'Keeffe; through Nov. 29.... ¶ Sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints by Louise Nevelson, including large walls, bronze reliefs, movable terra-cotta figures, Plexiglas sculptures, boxes, and early paintings; starting Tuesday, Nov. 10.... ¶ Eighty drawings presented by Jackson Pollock to his analyst in the course of treatment from 1939 to 1940; through Nov. 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-five prints done in Edo, Japan, between 1650 and 1850 by, among others, Hokusai and Hiroshige; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of Asian art representing a cross-section of the collection of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III—about one-third are metal and stone, another large group consists of porcelains, and there are some paintings; through Dec. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Seventy objects illustrating the broad scope of Ming porcelains produced from the late fourteenth century to the mid-seventeenth; through Jan. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, sculptures, house furnishings, and jewelry in the decorative style of between the wars known as "Art Deco;" through Nov. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit featuring "software," which has to do with information-processing systems: products of computers, teletype equipment, copying machines, closed television circuits, and so on; through Sunday, Nov. 8. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Costumes executed by Karinska from Chagall's sketches (which may be seen in the form of reproductions) for the New York City Ballet's "Firebird;" through Jan. 9. (Mondays through Fridays, except Veterans Day, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Face coverings, from African, American-Indian, Oriental, and South American masks to tattoos, makeup, and space helmets; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—About a hundred objects, including sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts; through

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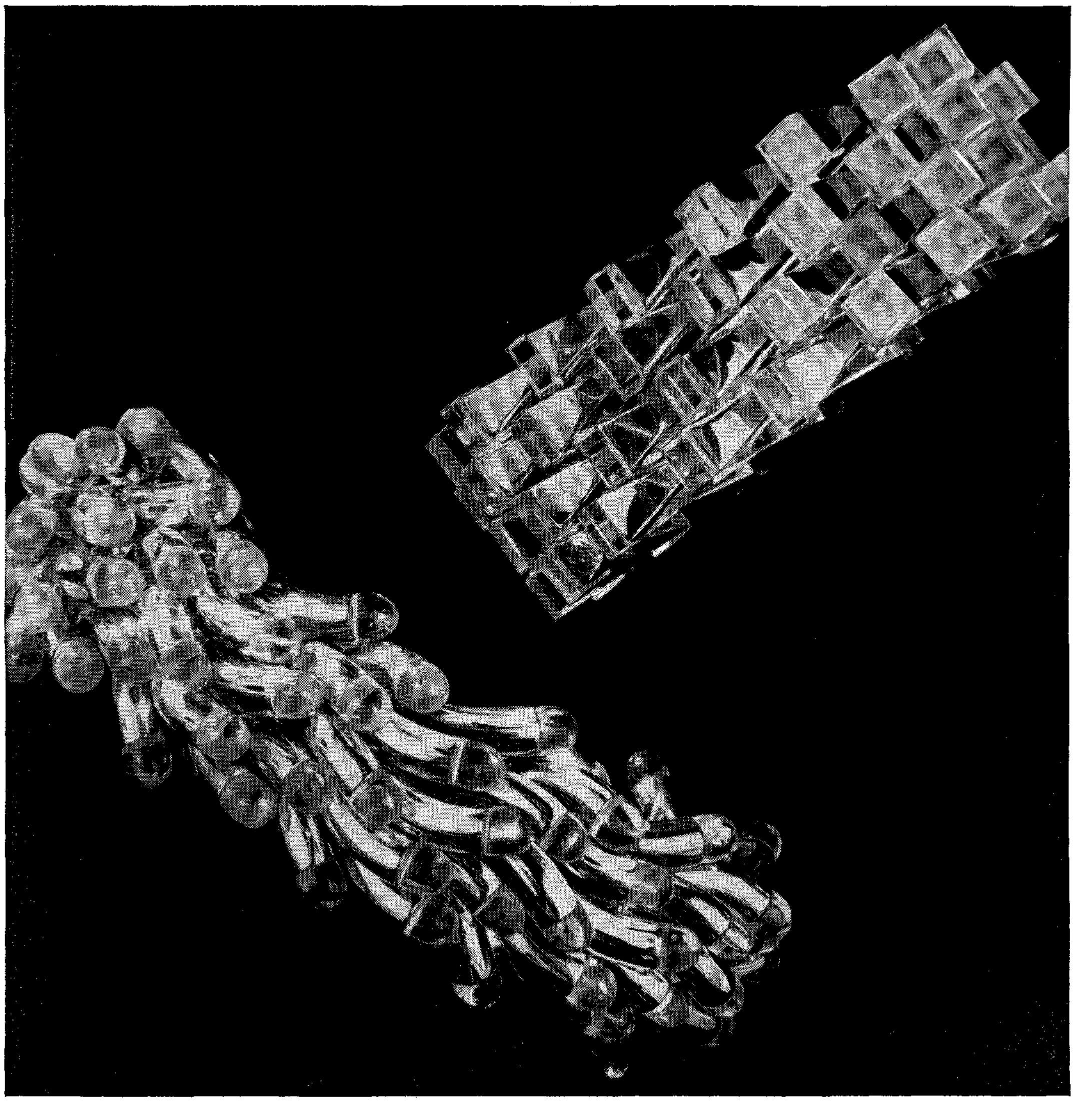

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Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Forty drawings by Adolf Hitler of his architectural visions—colossal monuments and stadiums—of the future Germania, his home in Berchtesgaden, and his bunker, plus photographs of Albert Speer's scale models and of events in the Nuremberg stadium; through Sunday, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ More than two hundred photographs by or about Thomas Eakins, whose paintings, sculptures, and drawings are currently at the Whitney; through Nov. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Reri Grist, Lili Chookasian, Carlo Bergonzi, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Luciano Pavarotti, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Reri Grist, Fernando Corena, Alfredo Kraus, and Tom Krause. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Lili Chookasian, Carlo Bergonzi, Anselmo Colzani, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Tosca," with Régine Crespin, Placido Domingo, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Giacomo Aragall, Mario Sereni, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Jeannette Pilou, Frederica von Stade, Barry Morell, William Walker, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Tosca," with Régine Crespin, Placido Domingo, Tito Gobbi, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Fernando Corena, Alfredo Kraus, and Tom Krause. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Shirley Love, Carlo Bergonzi, Anselmo Colzani, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 1:30: "La Traviata," with Gabriella Tucci, Luciano Pavarotti, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 7: A new production of Wagner's "Parsifal," with Christa Ludwig, Helge Brilioth, Cesare Siepi, Thomas Stewart, Ezio Flagello, and John Macurdy. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Louise Lebrun, Mary Cross Lueders, Michele Molese, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8:15: "Don Rodrigo," with Jeannine Crader, John Stamford, Spiro Malas, and Edward Pierson. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 6, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Wolff, Herman Malamood, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2:15: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Elaine Bonazzi, Richard Stilwell, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:15: "Manon," with Carol Neblett, Michele Molese, John Darrenkamp, and Robert Hale. A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 8, at 1:15: "La Cenerentola," with Frances Bible, Judith Anthony, Jack Bittner, and Thomas Jamerson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 8, at 7:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Wolff, Herman Malamood, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8:15: "The Makropoulos Affair," with Maralin Niska, Barbara Blanchard, John Stamford, and Chester Ludgin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Louise Lebrun, Mary Cross Lueders, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:15: "Manon," with Carol Neblett, Michele Molese, John Darrenkamp, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 2:15: "La Cenerentola," with Kay Creed, Lois Crane, Jerry Jennings, and Thomas Jamerson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Evans, Salvador Novoa, and Richard Fredricks. A benefit performance; for tickets, call 255-5820. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Aldo Ceccato conducting on Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 6, at 2; and Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:30 (all with Tamás Vásáry, piano). . . . ¶ Milton Katims conducting on Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 13, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 16, at 7:30 (all with Gina Bachauer, piano).

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Sixten Ehrling conducting, with Judith Raskin, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with the de Pasquale String Quartet. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8:15.)

Melbourne Symphony Orchestra—Willem van Otterloo conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30, with Thomas Christian, violin, and Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30, with Ronald Turini, piano.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30, with Michael Rabin, violin. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:30, with Lorin Hollander, piano.)

Musica Aeterna—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Nathan Milstein, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Mannes Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Virtuosi di Roma—Renato Fasano conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 2:15.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting an all-Beethoven concert, with Joan Marie Moynagh, soprano; Sidney Johnson, tenor; and Andrew Foldi, bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing, with Leslie Guinn and Arthur Burrows, baritones. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing a program of vocal chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

Emil Gilels—Piano, in the second of two concerts, this one a Schubert-Liszt program. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin, in an all-Bach recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—The New Cleveland String Quartet. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 2 and 8.)

Claude Frank—The second in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 2:15.)

Roman Totenberg—Violin, with the Boston University Chamber Orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—The second of two all-Bach programs, this one the Goldberg Variations played on the piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Daniel Barenboim—The fifth in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Robert Preston—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers

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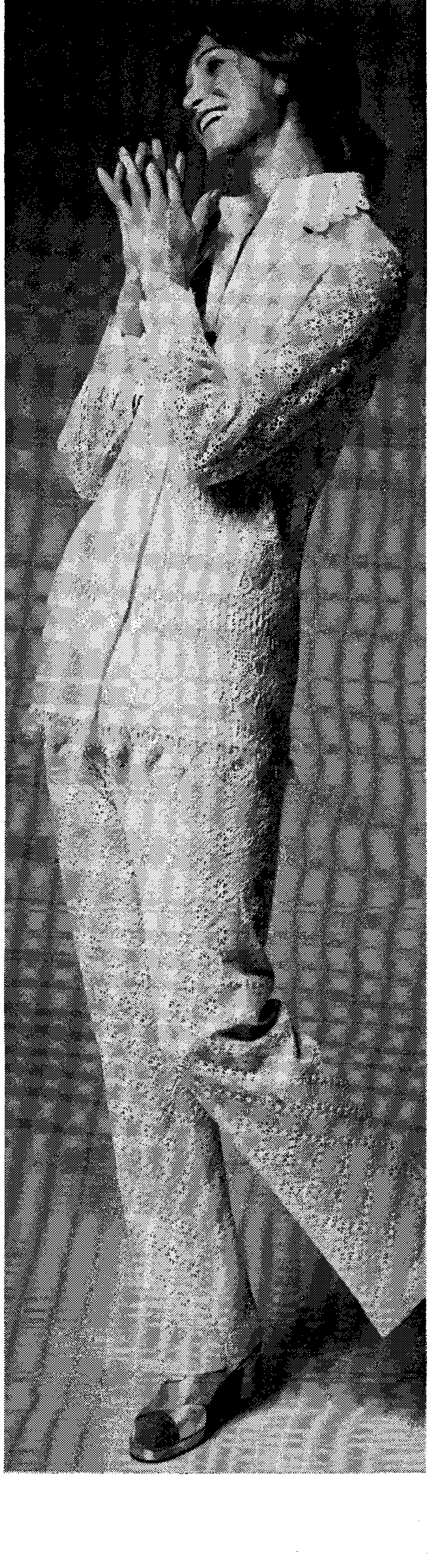

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Yvonne Loriod—Piano, playing Messiaen's "Les Vingts Regards sur l'Enfant Jésus." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Nov. 9, at 8:40.)

George Crumb—Piano, in a program of his own music based on texts of Lorca. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Ivan Nunez—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Abreu Brothers—Classic guitarists. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8:40.)

Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Rose—Piano, violin, and cello, in the first two in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 11, and Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Charles Bressler and Albert Fuller—Tenor and harpsichord, in a recital of "musical images," with Fortunato Arico, viola da gamba. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Yvonne Loriod and Olivier Messiaen—Pianos, playing Messiaen's "Les Visions de l'Amen," as well as works of other composers. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8:40.)

John Williams—Classic guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Alarius Ensemble of Brussels—A program of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Concert of Swiss Music—Performed by Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Gilbert Kalish, piano; Arthur Bloom, clarinet; the Lark Woodwind Quintet; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:15.)

Zara Doloukhanova—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Bernard Kruysen and Albert Fuller—Baritone and harpsichord, in an all-Monteverdi program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Nicolai Petrov—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Bert Lucarelli—Oboe, in a program called "The Romantic Oboe." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 9.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jethro Tull—A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Albert King, the New York Rock Ensemble, and the Flying Burrito Brothers—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 6-7, at 8 and 11:30.

Steve De Pass—A benefit concert. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

The Clancy Brothers—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:40.

Small Faces with Rod Stewart, Black Sabbath, and If—Fillmore East. Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8 and 11:30.

Ten Years After, Buddy Miles, and Brethren—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8.

Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention, Sha-Na-Na, and J. F. Murphy and Free Flowing Salt—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, at 8 and 11:30.

Billy Taylor and Others—A benefit concert. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 5:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 12, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

College Football—**saturday, nov. 7:** Army vs. Syracuse, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Georgetown, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . **saturday, nov. 14:** Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Oregon, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Fordham, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Holy Cross, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 1.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Pittsburgh. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 7:35.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Tuesday, Nov. 10. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 7.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 7. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 7; the Ladies Handicap, Wednesday, Nov. 11; and the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 14. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 14. The Gardenia, Saturday, Nov. 7, and the Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 14. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Thursday, Dec. 31. The Washington, D.C., International, Wednesday, Nov. 11 *(for this day only, post time will be 12:30).*

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:12.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—**operas for children:** "The Magic Flute," with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 3.). . . **amato opera company:** An abbreviated version of "Aida," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **dragon marionettes:** "Cinderella." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Sunday, Nov. 8, at 2.). . . **salvatore guida:** "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, Nov. 8, and Saturday, Nov. 14, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.). . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . **meri mini players:** "Peter Pan." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **performing arts repertory theatre:** "Babes in Toyland," Friday, Nov. 6, at 10:30. . . . ¶ "The Silver Button," Thursday, Nov. 12, at 10:30. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424.). . . **traveling playhouse:** "The Adventures of Pinocchio." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Universe of Atoms." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Veterans Day at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

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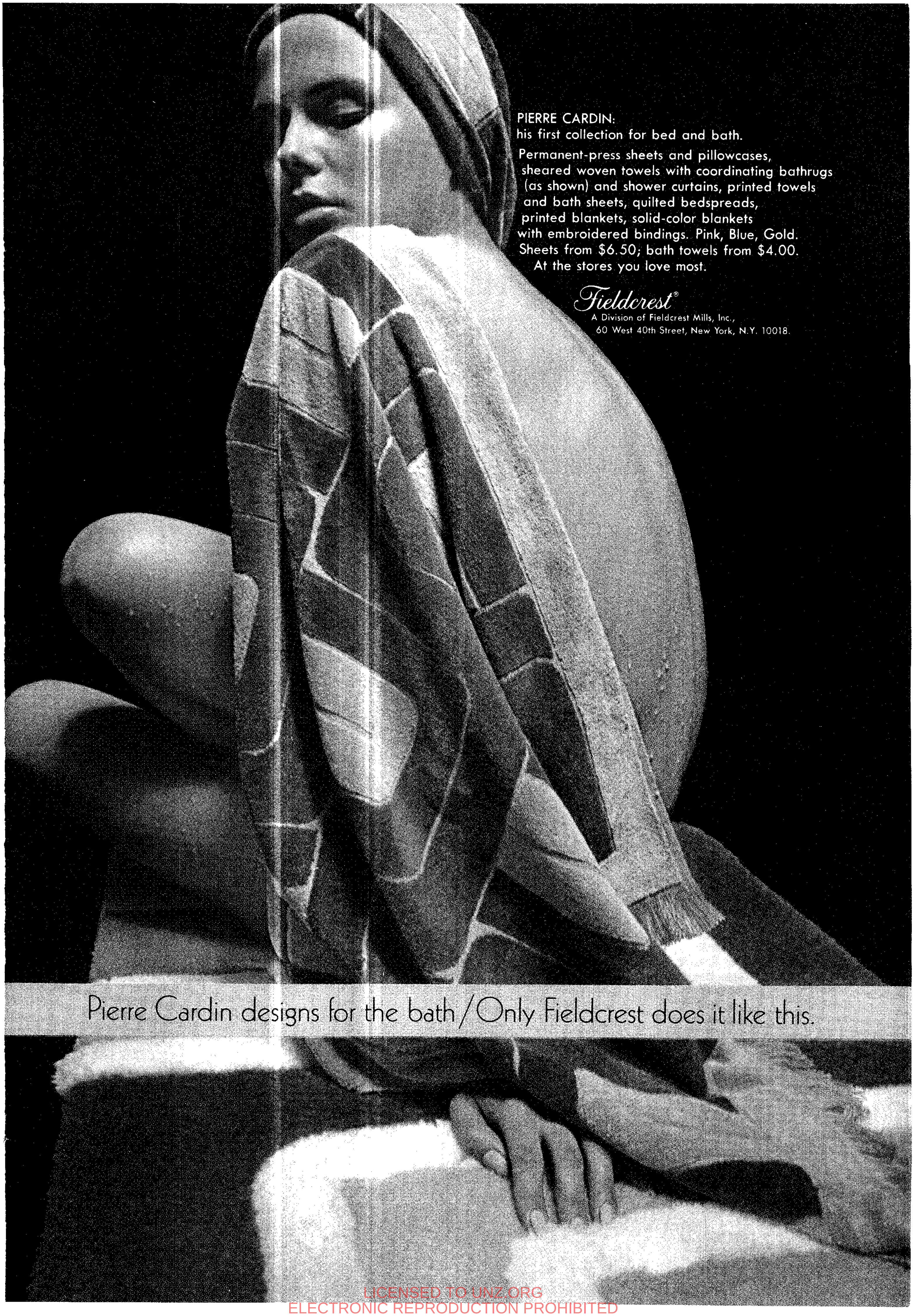

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Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday and on Veterans Day from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Lecture—"Philadelphia 1876: A Victorian World's Fair," by John Maass. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Friday, Nov. 6, at 8. Admission is free.)

Prose Readings—Chaim Potok reading from his novel "The Chosen." (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 4-5, at 10:15 and 2: Modern and old-master prints, belonging to several collectors.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 6, at 2: Meissen, Vienna, Delft, and other porcelains, pottery, and glass; from many owners.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 10:15: Ethnographical art, including African, Oceanic, and American-Indian examples; the property of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Fortess, Dr. and Mrs. Robert M. Browne, and others.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2: Georgian and Regency furniture and decorative objects, from the estate of Irma N. Straus and from other sources.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 2: American silver, from various owners.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8: German Expressionist and other twentieth-century drawings, sculptures, and paintings; from a number of sources, including the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 6.... **NOTE:** On Saturday, Nov. 14, at 1:30, there will be a benefit auction of drawings, including works by Peter Arno, Charles Addams, William Steig, Charles Shulz, and Milton Caniff, at PB-84, 171 E. 84th St. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 11-13, from nine to five.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "The Sky Pilot" (1921), with Colleen Moore.... ¶ Nov. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "Playing Dead" (1915) and "The Wishing Ring" (1914).... ¶ Nov. 5 at 8: "The Goose Woman" (1925), directed by Clarence Brown.... ¶ Nov. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "Let Katie Do It" (1915) and "How Molly Malone Made Good" (1915).... ¶ Nov. 7 at 11:30: "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.... ¶ Nov. 7 at 3 and 5:30: "The Love Trap" (1929), directed by William Wyler, with Laura La Plante and Neil Hamilton.... ¶ Nov. 8 at 2 and 5:30: "The Beloved Rogue" (1927), with John Barrymore.... ¶ Nov. 9 at 1:30: "Timothy's Quest" (1922), with Joseph Depew.... ¶ Nov. 9 at 3:30: A program of three short films.... ¶ Nov. 9 at 6 and Nov. 10 at 2: "Winter Light" (1963), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Gunnar Björnstrand and Ingrid Thulin.... ¶ Nov. 10 at 5:30: A program of five short films by Barry Gerson.... ¶ Nov. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Beggar on Horseback" (1925) and "Paths to Paradise" (1925), both incomplete films.... ¶ Nov. 12 at 2 and 5:30: "The Criminal Code" (1931), with Walter Huston.... ¶ Nov. 12 at 8: "The Kiss Before the Mirror" (1933), with Nancy Carroll and Frank Morgan. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Nov. 4: "Anything Goes" (1936), with Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman. ... ¶ Nov. 5: "Has Anybody Seen My Gal" (1952), with Piper Laurie and Rock Hudson. ... ¶ Nov. 6: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" (1949), with Bing Crosby. ... ¶ Nov. 7: "Going My Way" (1944), with Bing Crosby and Risë Stevens.... ¶ Nov. 8: "The Big Broadcast of 1938" (1938), with W. C. Fields.... ¶ Starting Nov. 11: "The Agony and the Ecstasy" (1965), with Charlton Heston and Rex Harrison. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Nov. 17, 19, 21, 24, and 28, and Dec. 1, 5, 8, 12, and 15.

College Football—**SATURDAY, NOV. 21:** Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field; Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia; and Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton.... **SATURDAY, NOV. 28:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia.

Professional Football—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Giants vs. Washington Redskins, Nov. 15.... ¶ Giants vs. Buffalo Bills, Dec. 6.... **SHEA STADIUM:** Jets vs. Boston Patriots, Nov. 22.... ¶ Jets vs. Minnesota Vikings, Nov. 29.... ¶ Jets vs. Oakland Raiders, Dec. 6.

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 15, 22, 28, and 29, and Dec. 2, 6, and 13.

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (799-4420): The season continues through April 17.... **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 15.... ¶ American Symphony, Nov. 15 and 17 and Dec. 6 and 8.... ¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 18 and 20.... ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano, and Jacqueline du Pré, cello, Nov. 22 and Dec. 4.... ¶ Montserrat Caballé, soprano, Nov. 24.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 1.... ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, Dec. 2. ... ¶ Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 6.... **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Jan Peerce, tenor, and Sergiu Luca, violin, Nov. 15.... ¶ Istomin-Stern-Rose Trio, Nov. 18, 25, and 28, and Dec. 2 and 5. ... ¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 21.... ¶ Nathan Milstein, violin, Nov. 24.... ¶ Ravi Shankar, sitar, Nov. 27.... ¶ American Symphony, Nov. 29, and Dec. 1.... ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Nov. 30.... ¶ Abbey Simon, piano, Dec. 6.... ¶ Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 6.... ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 7-8.... ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 9.... ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 10.... **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 15 and 17.... ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano, Nov. 16 and Dec. 2 and 7.... ¶ Musica Aeterna, Nov. 18.... ¶ Walter Trampler, viola, Nov. 21.... ¶ Eden and Tamir, duo piano, Nov. 28.... ¶ St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Dec. 6.... ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, Dec. 6.... ¶ Clarion Concert, Dec. 8.... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Rosalyn Tureck, keyboard lecture-concert, Nov. 18. ... ¶ Hugo Weisgall, pianist-composer, Dec. 8.... **HUNTER COLLEGE** (535-5350): New York Pro Musica, Nov. 20-21.... ¶ Robert Casadesus, piano, Nov. 21.... ¶ Claude Frank, piano, Nov. 22 and Dec. 6.... ¶ Itzhak Perlman, violin, Nov. 29.

Ballet—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 17-Feb. 14.

Theatre—Several productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: London's Royal Court Theatre production of "Home," by David Storey, starring John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson.... ¶ Carol Channing and Barry Nelson in "Four on a Garden," a comedy by Abe Burrows taken from a French original.... ¶ "The Gingerbread Lady," a new play by Neil Simon, with Maureen Stapleton and Betsy von Furstenberg.

Other Dates—Thanksgiving Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Nov. 18.... ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at Madison Square Garden, Nov. 20-22.... ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 26.... ¶ Moscow Circus on Ice, at the Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Dec. 8-Jan. 3.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 10: "Without a Stitch" and "Man and Wife."
From Nov. 11: "The Sterile Cuckoo" and "Goodbye, Columbus."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Nov. 10: "The Landlord" and "The Christine Jorgensen Story."
From Nov. 11: "Fellini Satyricon" and "Life, Love, Death."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 10: "Something for Everyone."
From Nov. 11: "The Virgin and the Gypsy."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Nov. 9: "Goin' Down the Road."
From Nov. 10: "Five Easy Pieces."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Catch-22."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Pizza Triangle."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Cromwell."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"WUSA."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Great White Hope."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Nov. 9: "Five Easy Pieces."
From Nov. 10: "Where's Poppa?"

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Lickerish Quartet."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Little Fauss and Big Halsy."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Trash."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"This Man Must Die."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Twelve Chairs."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 9: "Women in Love."
From Nov. 10: "Perfect Friday."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 10 (tentative): "The Virgin and the Gypsy."
From Nov. 11: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 9: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From Nov. 10: "Five Easy Pieces."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Sunflower."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 10: "The McKenzie Break."
From Nov. 11: "Dirty Dingus Magee."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Nov. 4: "The Sleeping Car Murder" and "Diabolique."
Nov. 5-11: "The Rise of Louis XIV."
From Nov. 12: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"L'Enfant Sauvage" and "Stolen Kisses."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 10: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "Red Desert."
From Nov. 11: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 7: "Pound."
From Nov. 8: "Groupies."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 10 (tentative): "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx" and "The Christine Jorgensen Story."
From Nov. 11 (tentative): "Performance."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Nov. 8: "The 39 Steps" and "The Lady Vanishes."
Nov. 9-10: "The Magician" and "Torment."
Nov. 11-12: "Smiles of a Summer Night" and "Secrets of Women."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Sunflower."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"A. K. A. Cassius Clay."

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
From Nov. 4, at 8:30: "Song of Norway." (Opening night is a benefit performance.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Patton."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Nov. 4-8: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 9, at 7: "Ryan's Daughter." (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"I Never Sang for My Father."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 9: "The Mind of Mr. Soames."
From Nov. 10: "Five Easy Pieces."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Burn!"

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Goin' Down the Road."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Tristana."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"First Love."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Catch-22."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Nov. 10: "The Computor Wore Tennis Shoes."
From Nov. 11: "Pieces of Dreams."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 10: "A Quiet Place in the Country" and "Leo the Last."
From Nov. 11: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 10: "Darling Lili."
From Nov. 11: "Hello, Dolly!"

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Nov. 4: "Ice" and "Not Reconciled."
Nov. 5-11: "Adalen 31" and "Tropic of Cancer."
From Nov. 12: "Strike" and "Sansho the Bailiff."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 10: "The Out-of-Towners" and "Anyone Can Play."
From Nov. 11: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" and "The Happy Ending."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 5: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" and "Butterfield 8."
From Nov. 6: "Camille" and "Anna Karenina."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 10: "The Virgin and the Gypsy."
From Nov. 11: "Performance."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Adalen 31 (1969)—Bo Widerberg, whose last film was "Elvira Madigan," tells the story of a strike in 1931, from the point of view of an adolescent boy whose father died in it. Widerberg is a young director of great sensitivity and talent, yet, for all its beauty, his film is not a full achievement. In Swedish. (New Yorker, Nov. 5-11.)

A. K. A. Cassius Clay—A documentary film on the fighter's career and his current problems. (DeMille.)

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't good, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Thalia; starting Nov. 6.)

Anyone Can Play (1968)—A dubbed Italian film about four married couples, directed by Luigi Zampa. The cast includes Ursula Andress, Virna Lisi, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. (Symphony; through Nov. 10.)

Burn!—Marlon Brando in a film by Gillo Pontecorvo, the director of "The Battle of Algiers." (Little Carnegie.)

Butterfield 8 (1960)—The John O'Hara novel that seemed perfect for the movie, plus the role that seemed perfect for Elizabeth Taylor—and this is the garish mess it became. Daniel Mann's direction is maybe even worse than the Charles Schnee-John Michael Hayes script. With Laurence Harvey; Dina Merrill, doing a noble wife to end all noble wives; and a vacuum on the screen that is said to be Eddie Fisher. (Thalia; through Nov. 5.)

Camille (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Thalia; starting Nov. 6.)

Catch-22—Political and moral omens of the present in the absurd situation of a Second World War American bomber squadron at loose ends. Directed by Mike Nichols. Alan Arkin is perfect as Captain Yossarian. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable indeed, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks. (Thalia; through Nov. 5.)

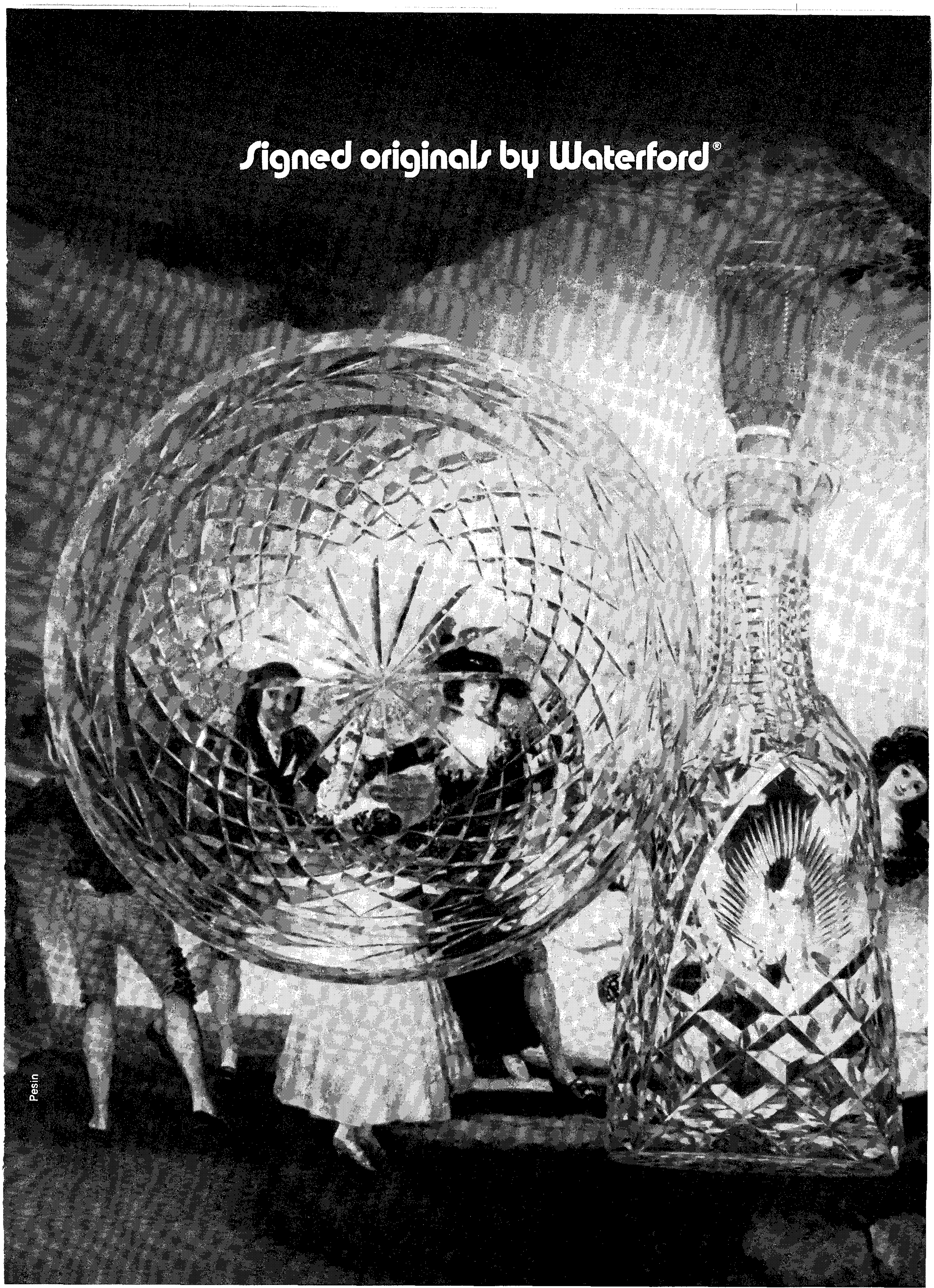
The Computor Wore Tennis Shoes—A Disney film, with Kurt Russell as the boy computer. Directed by Robert Butler. (Cinema Studio; through Nov. 10.)

Cromwell—Richard Harris in the title role and Alec Guinness as King Charles I. Directed by Ken Hughes. (Fine Arts.)

Darling Lili—Blake Edwards directs a spy operetta set in the First World War. Julie Andrews is radiant, and that's it. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 10.)

Diabolique (1955)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's grisly horror thriller set in a provincial school. The headmaster (Paul Meurisse), his wife (Vera Clouzot), and his mistress (Simone Signoret) work together and at cross-purposes to reduce their number by a third. Scary, but so calculatedly sensational that it's rather revolting. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 4.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—Well-heeled Manhattan in a very local sort of married trouble. A pretty masochist, played by Carrie Snodgress, is the wife of a good-looking sadist,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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

played by Richard Benjamin. He is on the way up as a lawyer, and keeps her on the move about entertaining. She takes a lover, but her husband's teeth perfectly match the teeth marks on her shoulder, so all's well in the end. Frank Perry directed. (Beekman.)

Dirty Dingus Magee—A comedy directed by Burt Kennedy. With Frank Sinatra and George Kennedy. (86th St. East; starting Nov. 11.)

L'Enfant Sauvage—In his own film, Truffaut plays a late-eighteenth-century doctor who tries to educate a boy of eleven or twelve who had spent his life abandoned in the woods. The relationship between this august, inquiring, clever man and his marauding charge is wonderfully delicate. Among other things, this remarkable picture gives a finely characterized account of the research mind, and living expression to the new Romantic Age's fascination with Rousseau's Natural Man. In French. (Waverly.)

Fellini Satyricon—The pre-Christian Roman world as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. A tired, oppressive movie, with many freaky people exhibiting their grossness or abnormalities and making faces to tell us they're soulless. In Italian. (Charles; starting Nov. 11.)

First Love—Nymphomania and moth-eaten passion and decadence poured on top of a fine Turgenev novella about an adolescent boy's growing up. Maximilian Schell directed this mélange, superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist but edited by a butcher's helper. With Dominique Sanda. (Paris.)

Five Easy Pieces—An account of the American black sheep. Bob Rafelson directs Jack Nicholson as the rancorous, witty, aging dropout of a musical family who can get no grip on his peculiar ethic of wasting himself. (Coronet; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, U. A. East, and Cinema 57 Rendezvous; starting Nov. 10.)

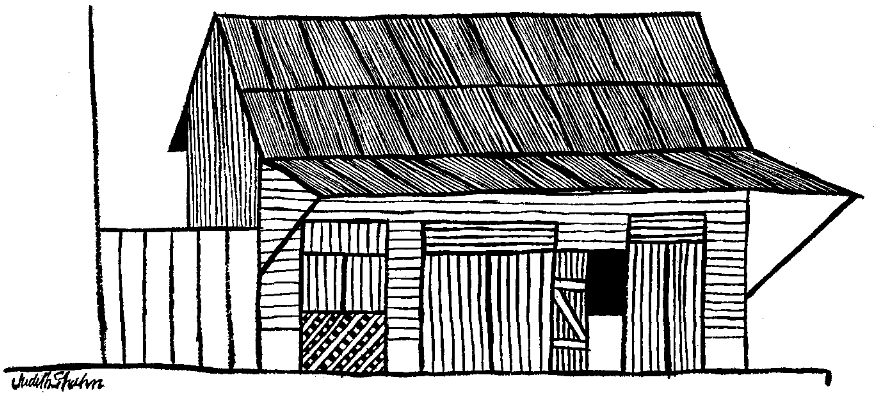
Goin' Down the Road—Don Shebib is so good at blending actors into locations that one has to remind oneself that this is an acted film and not a documentary. The story is about the lives of two totally unhip boys from Nova Scotia who come to Toronto for the legendary opportunities of the big city. Sensitively acted, though the story is too familiar and the film turns out to be a somewhat hollow triumph of craft. (Carnegie Hall Cinema. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Nov. 9.)

Goodbye, Columbus (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Cinema Village; starting Nov. 11.)

The Great White Hope—The movie, directed by Martin Ritt, clunks along like a disjointed play, and James Earl Jones is not able to hypnotize the audience into accepting Howard Sackler's hit-them-with-everything dramaturgy. (Baronet.)

Groupies—A documentary about the young girls who follow rock stars around the country. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Nov. 8.)

The Happy Ending (1969)—Richard Brooks wrote and directed this flamboyantly misconceived story of a Denver lawyer's wife (Jean Simmons) who has gone on pills and booze because her life is empty. It's a sort of female version of "The Arrangement," and it's meant to be a message movie for women's liberation, but this kind of movie never liberated anyone. With John Forsythe, Shirley Jones, and Nanette Fabray. (Symphony; starting Nov. 11.)



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Hello, Dolly!—The whole archaic big-musical circus here surrounds a Happening—Barbra Streisand—and it's all worth seeing in order to see her. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 11.)

Ice—Robert Kramer's comprehensive view of the life style of New York's revolutionary terrorists. Gray and grainy and painfully stagnant, but a revealing account of the anomalies in the urban guerrilla movement. (New Yorker; Nov. 4.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Robert Anderson's drama about the hell of trying to get along with one's parents. Banal as a TV problem play, yet by its surprisingly austere tough-mindedness the movie transcends that genre. Gene Hackman is the son, Melvyn Douglas the self-righteous father. Gil Cates directed. (Festival.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (1963)—Stanley Kramer's Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Spencer Tracy and lots of comics (Milton Berle, Jonathan Winters, Terry-Thomas, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, and so on); rarely have so many done so little with so much. (Symphony; starting Nov. 11.)

Joe—A blue-collar worker (Peter Boyle), who trots out every imaginable hardhat prejudice, links up in an alliance with a sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year adman. John Avildsen directed from Norman Wexler's script. (Murray Hill.)

The Christine Jorgensen Story—With John Hansen in the title role. Directed by Irving Rapper. (Charles; through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Nov. 10, tentative.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini's unconvincing look at a mousy wife's fantasy life. (Her unconscious seems to be stuffed with left-over décor from M-G-M musicals.) A peculiarly ungallant film, and a poor one. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 10.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Elgin; through Nov. 8.)

The Landlord—Hal Ashby's film shows a rich, white New Yorker (Beau Bridges) in combat with a boozing mother (Lee Grant) who plays croquet. To rile her, because she hates Jews and blacks, he buys a New York tenement to lease out. With Pearl Bailey. (Charles; through Nov. 10.)

Leo the Last—Marcello Mastroianni as a prince who tries to lead black slum dwellers in a struggle against his own family. A complex satiric fantasy, set in modern London. Too gimmicky, too showy, but with some unusual directorial touches by John Boorman. The cast includes Billie Whitelaw and Calvin Lockhart. (Regency; through Nov. 10.)

The Lickerish Quartet—*Luxe* porno. Directed by Radley Metzger. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

Life, Love, Death (1969)—A killer of prostitutes is turned in to the police by his mother-in-law and executed. Directed by Claude Lelouch, shooting through windshields and rear-view mirrors. In French. (Charles; starting Nov. 11.)

Little Fauss and Big Halsy—Michael J. Pollard acts like Harpo Marx but makes the mistake of talking; Robert Redford makes the mistake of acting cute and raunchy. The film, directed by Sidney J. Furie, is about motorcycle racers, and it's insufferably smirky. (Cinema I.)

The Magician (1958)—It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met. . . ," but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument about magic vs. rationalism and gets somewhat tacky. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 9-10.)

Man and Wife (1969)—How to. (Cinema Village; through Nov. 10.)

The McKenzie Break—German POWs trying to break out of an Allied detention camp. With Brian Keith. Directed by Lamont Johnson. (86th St. East; through Nov. 10.)

The Mind of Mr. Soames—Terence Stamp comes out of a coma after thirty years and acts like a baby. With Robert Vaughn and Donal Donnelly. Directed by Alan Cooke. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous; through Nov. 9.)

Not Reconciled (1965)—Jean-Marie Straub's fifty-one-minute film about Nazism. In German. (New Yorker; Nov. 4.)

The Out-of-Towners—A Neil Simon screenplay about some of the more notorious perils of life in New York City. Maybe it would seem funnier to visitors than to natives, but only if they were desperate for a comedy. Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis in the title roles. (Symphony; through Nov. 10.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—Barbra Streisand and George Segal in the William Manhoff play, directed by Herbert Ross. (Loew's Ciné.)

Patton (1970)—George C. Scott as Patton in an epic designed to satisfy those who think he was crazy and those who think he was great, but not those who don't just want to have their prejudices greased. Franklin J. Schaffner directed; it's a magnificent-*looking* production. (Guild.)

Perfect Friday—A British crime comedy with Ursula Andress, Stanley Baker, and David Warner, directed by Peter Hall. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 10.)

Performance—A soaringly humorless thriller, set in Mod London as no Londoner would recognize it, with Mick Jagger and James Fox in the middle of a plot that offers hallucinogenic mushrooms, face-slashing, transvestism. (Midtown; starting Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting Nov. 11, tentative.)

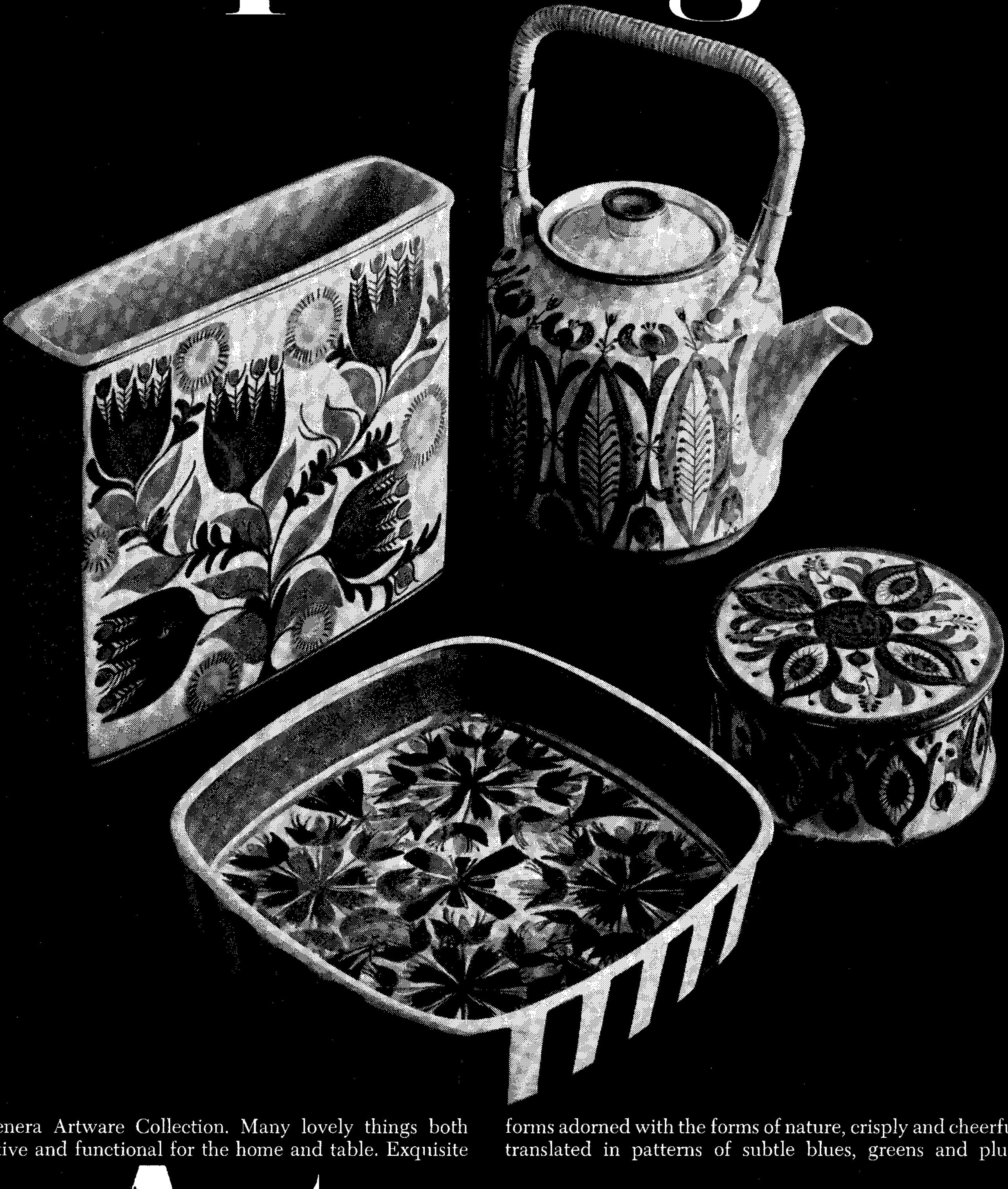
Pieces of Dreams—Celibacy and pill problems, a welfare worker (Lauren Hutton) who lives in a glassy penthouse, and Peggy Lee singing the title song all prove too much for the parish priest, played by Robert Forster, and he drops out. Directed by Daniel Haller. (Cinema Studio; starting Nov. 11.)

The Pizza Triangle—A comedy with Marcello Mastroianni and Monica Vitti. Directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

Pound—Robert Downey's satire (plotless, as this sort of satire now obligatorily is) about a lot of people represented as dogs, as if in a comedy of Jonsonian humors. There is a lot of stress on the characters' grotesqueries; the film's theme, it begins to seem, is not so much the moral hideousness of our species as the sorry lag of most of us behind the physical splendors of Miss Rheingold. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Nov. 7.)

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes—Robert

Royal Copenhagen.



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Stephens as Holmes and Colin Blakely as Watson, directed by Billy Wilder, from a script he did in collaboration with I.A.L. Diamond. (Music Hall.)

Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest somewhere. (Greenwich; through Nov. 10, tentative.)

A Quiet Place in the Country—Art drives men mad, say the movies. Franco Nero is the crazy painter here. Vanessa Redgrave dotes on him, and wears black underclothes to tie him up in sex games that look like let's-play-electric-chair. Dopey. (Regency; through Nov. 10.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the pollution so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 10.)

The Rise of Louis XIV—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of a young monarch, from a boy written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee into one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 5-11.)

Ryan's Daughter—The new David Lean film from a Robert Bolt script, with Robert Mitchum, Trevor Howard, Sarah Miles, and Christopher Jones. (Ziegfeld; starting Nov. 9, at 7.)

Sansho the Bailiff (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of a master film artist. In Japanese. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 12.)

Secrets of Women (1952)—Eva Dahlbeck, Anita Björk, and Maj-Britt Nilsson tell the stories of their marriages, in this early (and uneven) Ingmar Bergman comedy-melodrama. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 11-12.)

The Sleeping Car Murder (1966)—Somebody is bent on murdering all six occupants of a certain train compartment, but why? Simone Signoret is one of the murderees and Yves Montand is the detective. A good thriller, directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 4.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 11-12.)

Something for Everyone—Angela Lansbury practices high-comedy techniques in a sort of broken Hans Andersen fairy tale mixed up with "Midnight Cowboy" and a lot of *Lederhosen*. Michael York plays a bisexual footman. (Gramercy; through Nov. 10.)

Song of Norway—The life and music of Edvard Grieg, with Toralv Maurstad and Florence Henderson. Directed by Andrew L. Stone. (Cinerama; starting Nov. 4, at 8:30. Thereafter, nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Sterile Cuckoo (1969)—A good script (by Alvin Sargent) gives Liza Minnelli and Wendell Burton the kind of witty, lyrical roles that actors sell their souls for. A nice little movie, directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Cinema Village; starting Nov. 11.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and casually pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Waverly.)

Strike (1925)—Eisenstein's brutal, brilliant first film. One of the most startling débuts in the history of movies. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 12.)

Sunflower—Sophia Loren, with infant son, searching in Russia for amnesiac Marcello Mastroianni. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Orpheum and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love, Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Elgin; through Nov. 8.)

This Man Must Die—Claude Chabrol's technique sags in this attenuated suspense story about a father's quest for the person who killed his son in a hit-and-run accident. Not even good pulp. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—An account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Proof that planes and ships can be pedestrian. (Criterion. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Torment (1947)—Alf Sjöberg directed this famous study of adolescent despair and mean-spirited, authoritarian education. It was written by the twenty-five-year-old Ingmar Bergman, who worked on it as Sjöberg's assistant. (The following year, Bergman became a director.) Stig Järrel plays the sadist schoolmaster; the student and the shopgirl whom he victimizes are played by Alf Kjellin and Mai Zetterling (who have also become directors). Gunnar Björnstrand and others of Bergman's troupe may be glimpsed in small roles, looking very young. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 9-10.)

Trash—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. The high points in this torpid Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey, are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous. (Cinema II.)

Tristana—Made by a master now at the easy height of his powers. Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian played by Fernando Rey is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (Lincoln Art.)

Tropic of Cancer (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (New Yorker; Nov. 5-11.)

The Twelve Chairs—A satirical adventure story with Ron Moody. Directed by Mel Brooks. (Tower East.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her—Marina Vlady, as a lower-middle-class wife turned part-time prostitute, is in the center of Godard's lyrical essay-film, but the "her" of the title seems to be Paris as well. Social comment, made in the most personal of styles, delicately. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 11.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (U. A. East; through Nov. 9.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Art and Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ Midtown; through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Nov. 10, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Nov. 11.)

Where's Poppa?—A comedy with George Segal and Ruth Gordon, directed by Carl Reiner. (Coronet; starting Nov. 10.)

Without a Stitch (1970)—A porno Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Directed by Annelise Meineche. In Danish. (Cinema Village; through Nov. 10.)

Women in Love—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make an extravagant, sensuous experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. Read the book first; then go to the film for the virtuoso tableaux and for Glenda Jackson's bold, tense performance. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Nov. 9.)

WUSA—With Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Plaza.)

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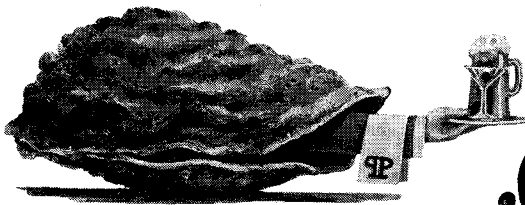

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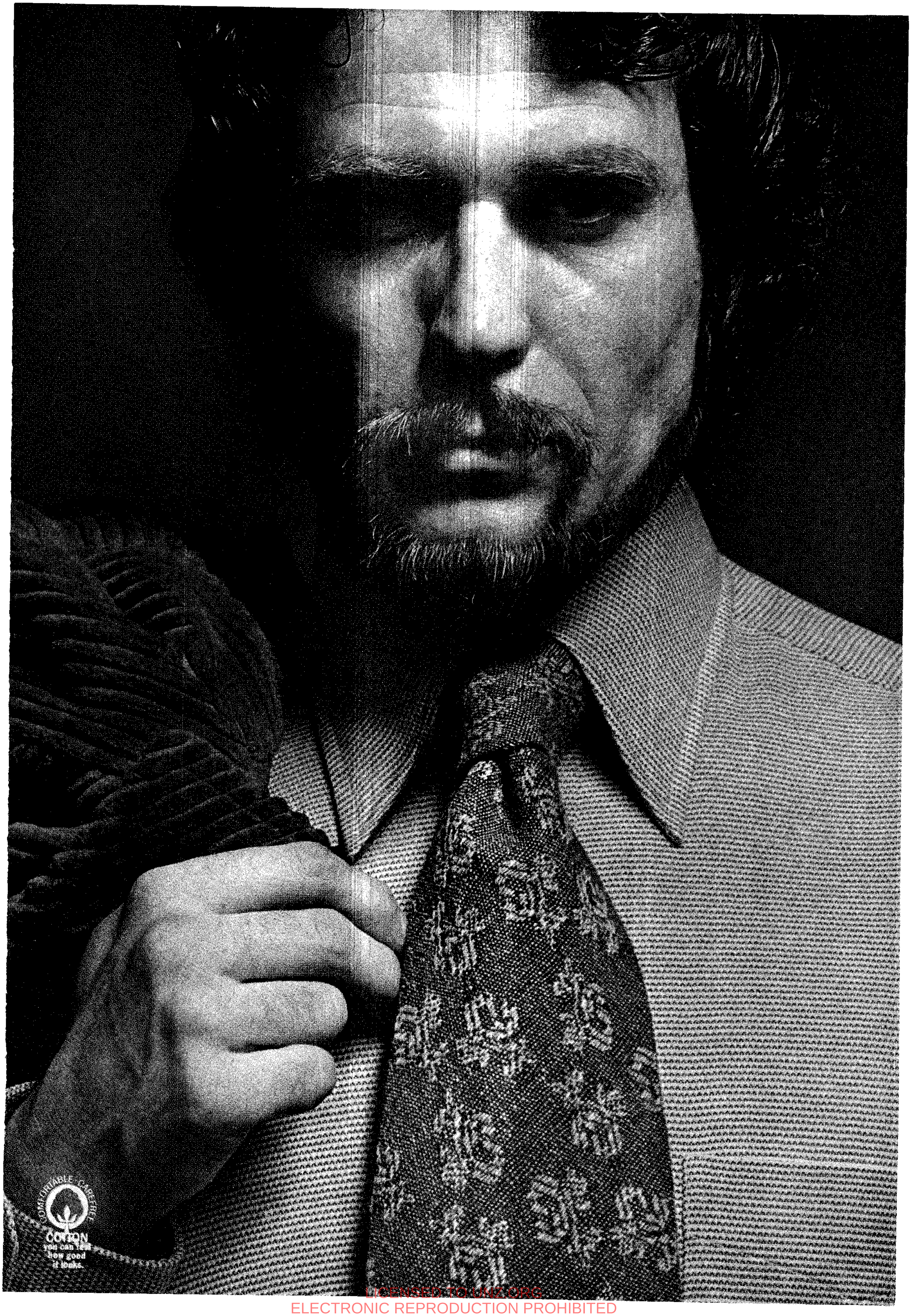
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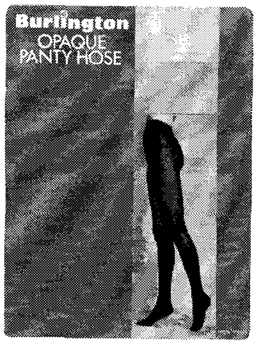

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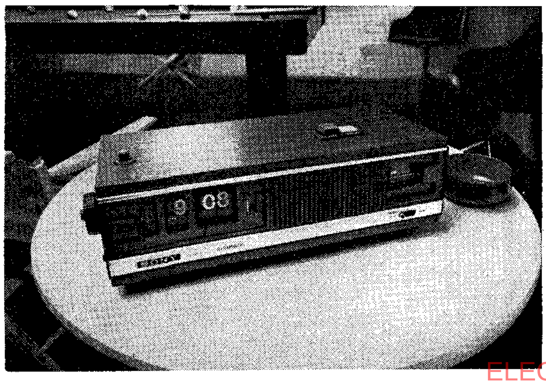

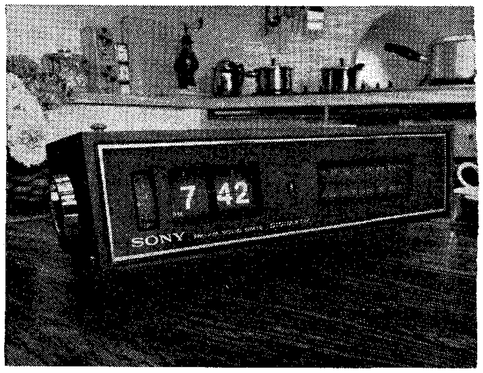

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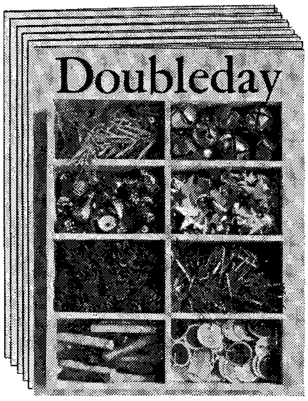

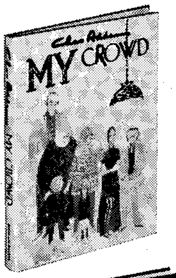
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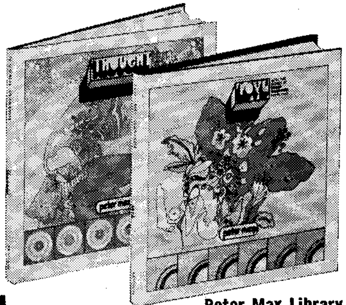

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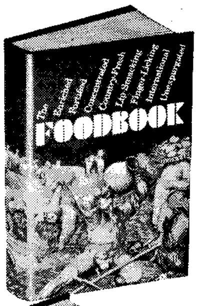
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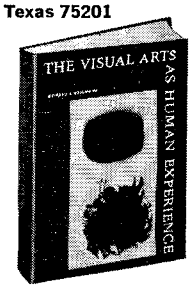
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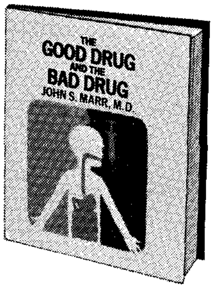
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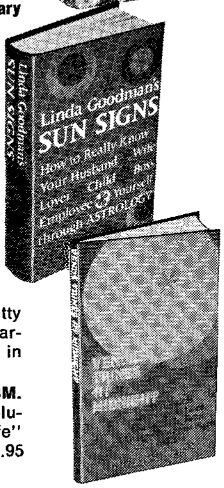
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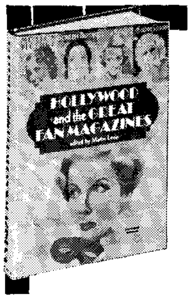

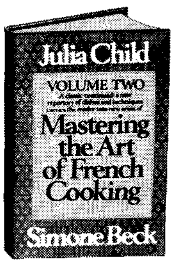

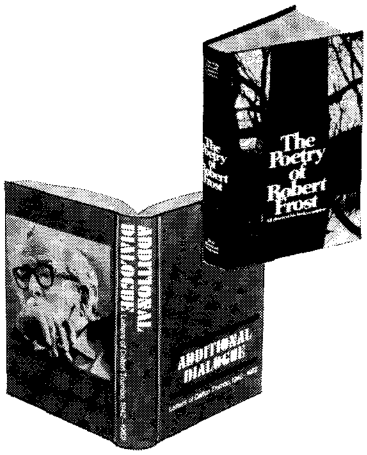

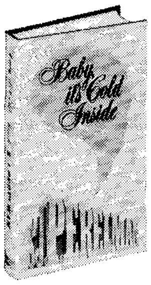

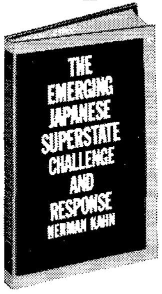

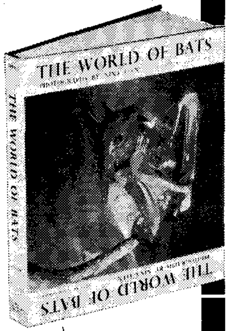

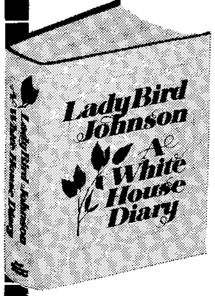

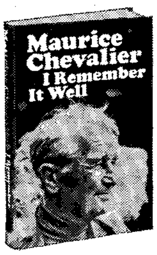

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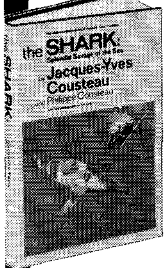

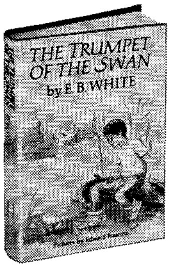

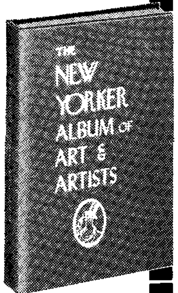

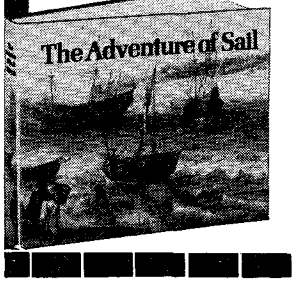

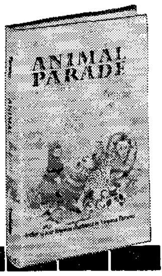

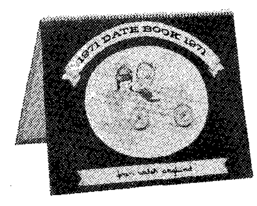

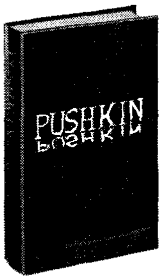

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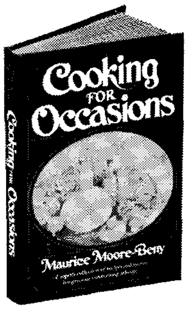
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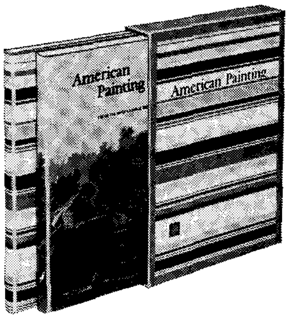
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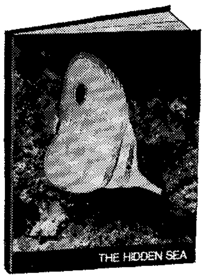
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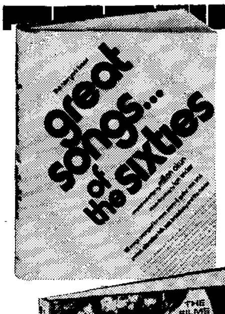
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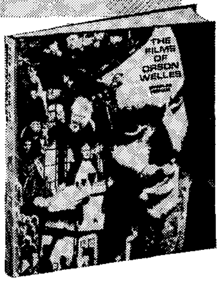
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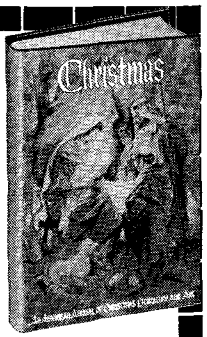

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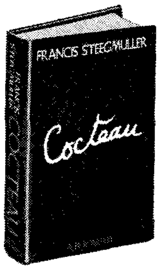
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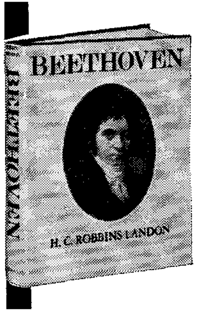
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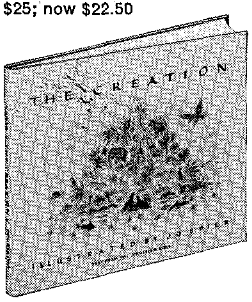
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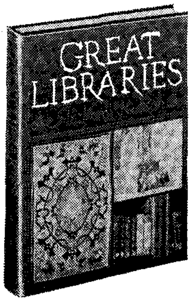
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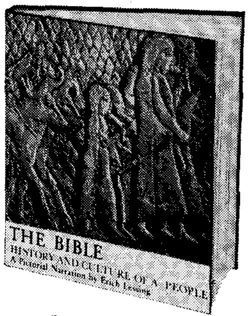
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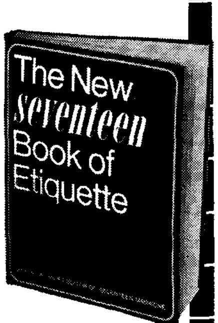
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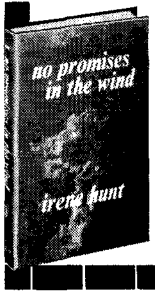
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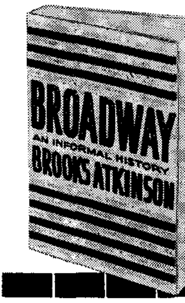
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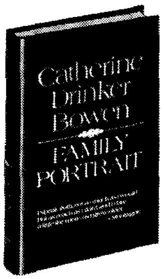
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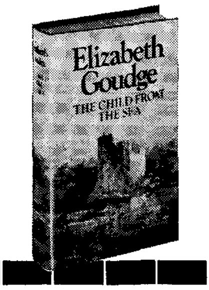
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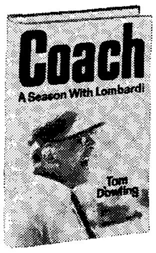
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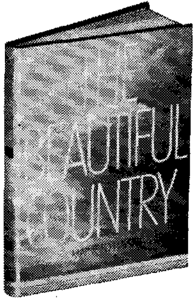
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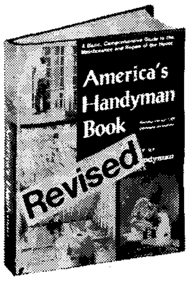
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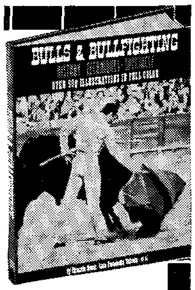
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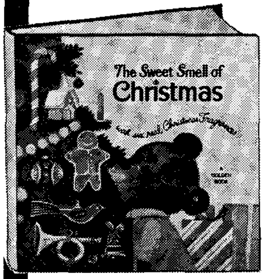
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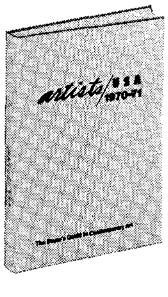
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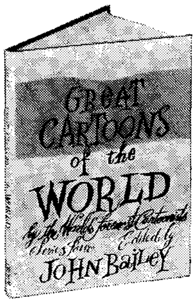
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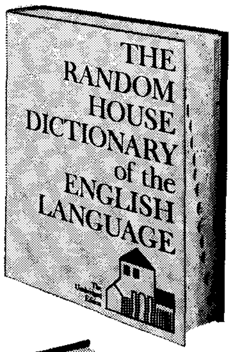
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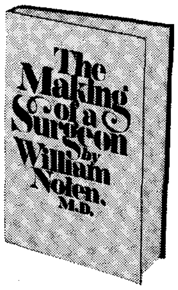
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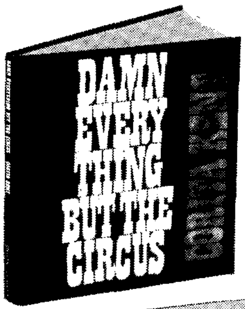
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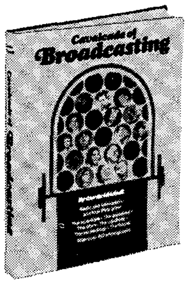
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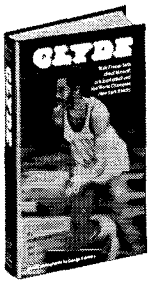

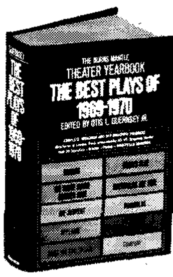
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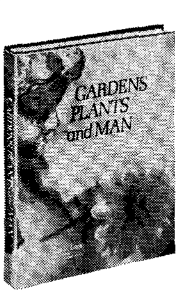
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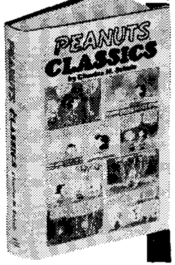
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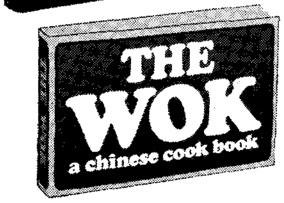
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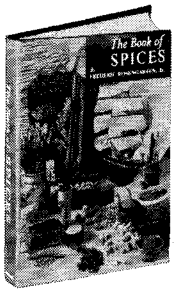
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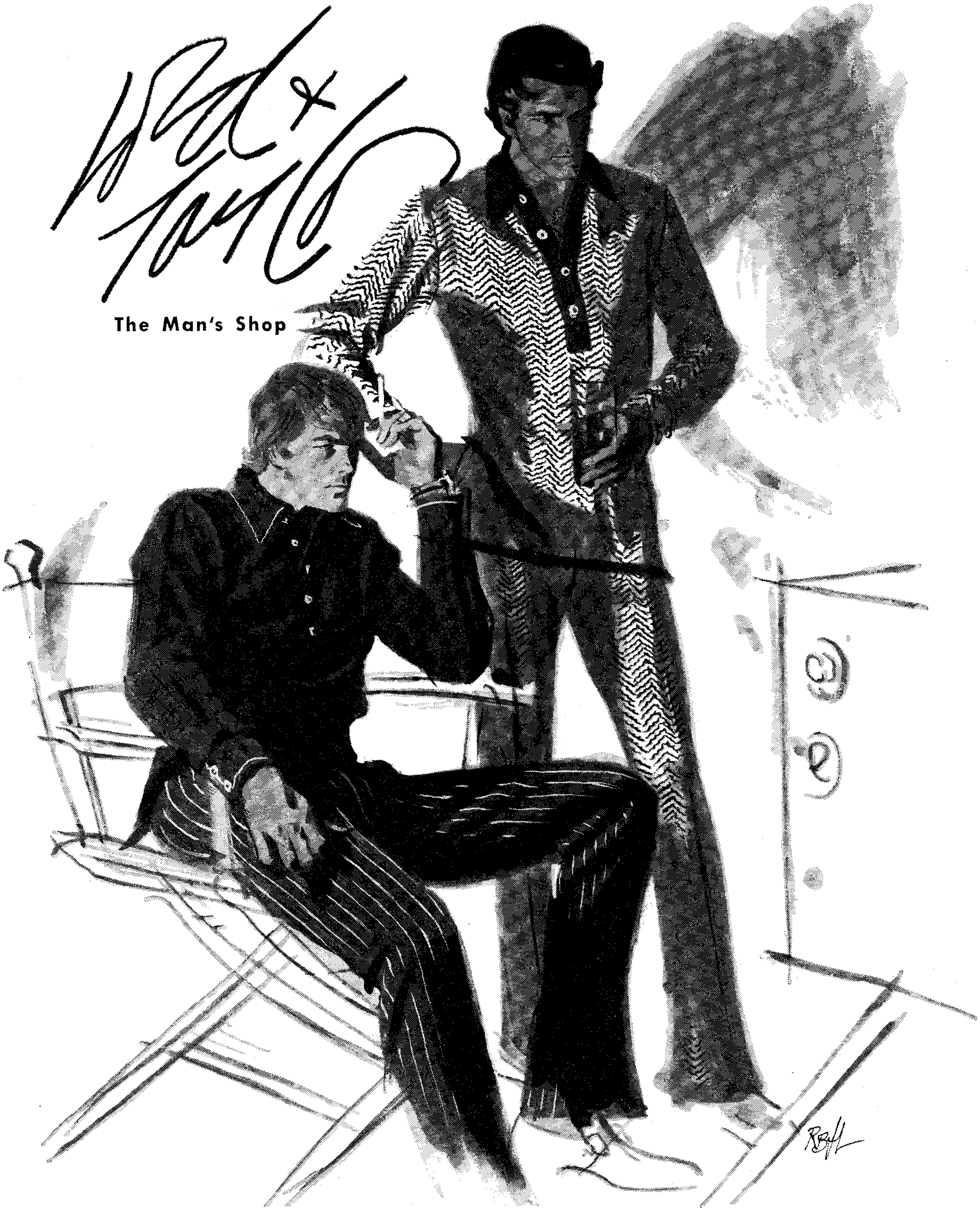


John Weitz knows a man likes his comfort. His new knit loungers could be the easiest living yet. *Superbly styled in a soft, washable Orlon® acrylic knit, to wear at home now and* Christmas morning. Solid color top, 20.00 Herringbone top, 22.00 Striped or herringbone flared pants, 20.00 All, navy/white or brown/white. Tops, S, M, L, and XL; pants S(30-32), M(34-36), L(38-40). From our John Weitz collection by Towne and King in The Man's Shop, Street Floor, Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue at 39th Street—call WI 7-3300. And at all Lord & Taylor stores.

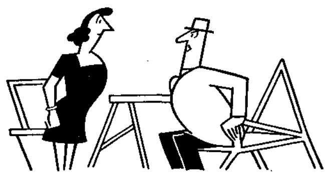
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THIS note arrived the other day from a dogged humanist who likes to keep us up to date on developments in his continuing battle with the modern idiom and its implications:

" 'Containerized'! I was subjected to this barbarism for the first time only three weeks ago, and have formed a sort of grim attachment to the concept. It was one of those unflappable airline representatives at Kennedy who introduced me to it. I had just come in from London and was demanding a rather fragile package, having arranged to carry it off the plane to customs, when the gentleman appeared at the ramp and informed me that my missing package had been safely 'containerized,' along with all the other baggage. Only a few days later, at one of the steel-and-Lucite furniture shops downtown, I happened to complain to a saleslady that the object posing as a chair that she was trying to sell me was not very comfortable; *she* announced that people who understood it thought of it not merely as a chair but as 'a container for the body.' Since then, I have repeatedly heard the words 'container,' 'containerize,' 'containerizer'—and even, on one occasion, 'containerizability.' We seem to have developed an urge to containerize everything. Andy Warhol, with his Brillo boxes and his Campbell's Soup cans, was once content to treat our containerizing iconically. (Those same soup cans are back on the market, blown up into picnic boxes and wastepaper baskets, so now we are able to pack our soup cans into soup cans, and even throw our soup cans away in soup cans when we are done with them.) Today, an artist by the name of Christo goes around wrapping up in plastic—or containerizing—Wall Street and a sizable portion of the Australian coastline. I am beginning to wonder who will come up with the first scheme to containerize the earth. (As I understand it, Buckminster Fuller has already developed the technology for containerizing whole cities.) Certainly our spaceships, satellites, and moon flights have given us both the perspective and the ability to deal with the earth as an object possessing what might be called 'a high containerizability quotient.'

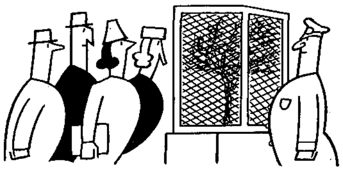


"Since my first encounter with 'containerized,' I have started to appreciate our old foreign policy of 'containment.' In the old days, if a nation began to look aggressive—Russia, China—our objective was to *contain* it. But lately we seem to have arrived at a refinement of this scheme. We have stopped containing the potential enemy and have started containerizing ourselves and our friends, whoever they are. 'Vietnamization,' it seems to me now, might just as well read 'containerization.' Human beings, let me add, have always had an instinct to containerize themselves and each other and all the rest of the world. They just didn't have a word for it. Take our ghettos, our Indian reservations, the shantytowns of South Africa, or the *bidonvilles* of Casablanca, Rio de Janeiro, and even Paris. Then, of course, there are the suburbs, the summer resorts, the country clubs, the hippie communes, the zoos, the game preserves, the aviaries, and the aquaria. I could go on, but I won't."

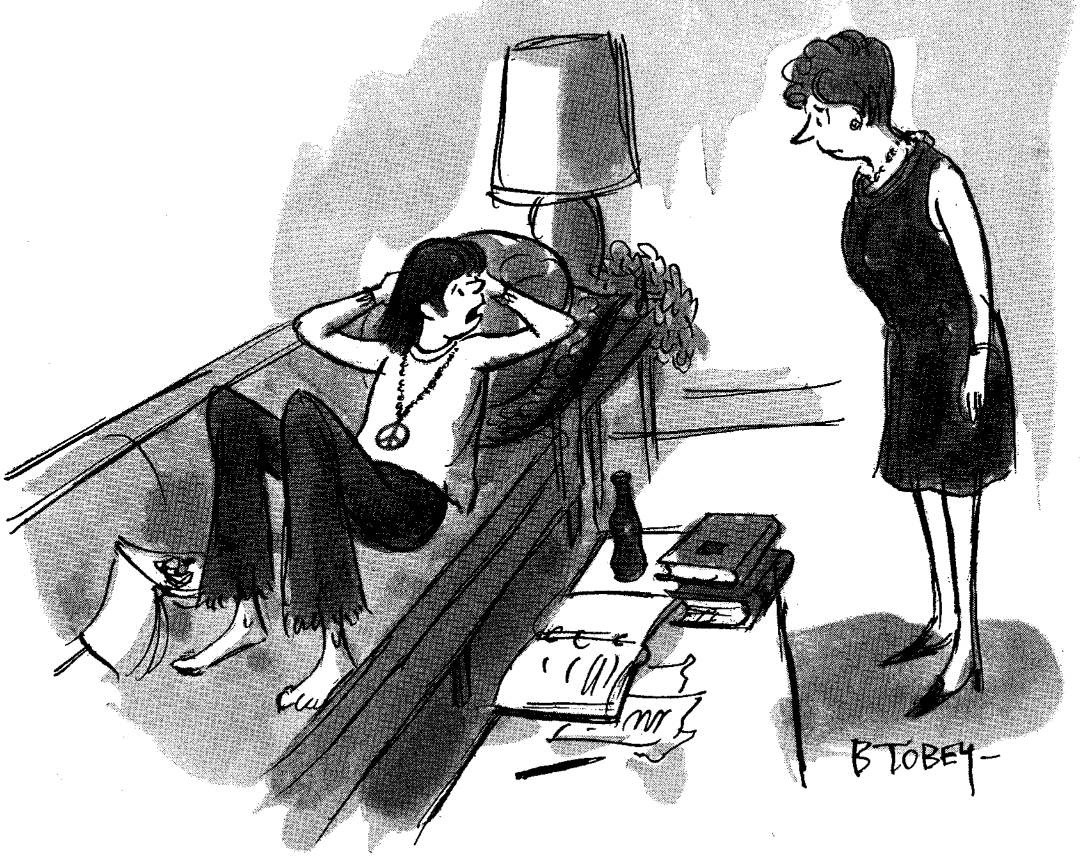
Old Juniper

WE journeyed out to Washington Avenue, in central Brooklyn, one sunny day last week to welcome to these shores a spindly juniper tree that, although barely three feet tall, is between eight hundred and a thousand years old. The tree—a gnarled but leafy *bonsai*, the Japanese name for both the art of growing dwarf trees and the trees themselves—is the newest acquisition of that admirable container of flora the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, which already possesses what its director, Dr. Louis B. Martin, believes to be "the finest *bonsai* collection east of the Mississippi—possibly in America." A relative newcomer to the Garden himself (he was the director of the Denver Botanic Gardens when he was appointed to the new post, last year), Dr. Martin predicted that "this new *shimpaku*—that's the Japanese term for the species—will be our masterpiece."

After its flight from Tokyo, the *bonsai* was subjected to an insecticide bath, and then, under the scrutiny of an inspector from the United States Department of Agriculture, the tree was locked securely in a screened box, where it will be visible but out of reach of the public for the next year. When we saw it, the tree, still damp from the insecticide, had been placed on exhibition in its box on a table in the center of the Garden's Observatory Greenhouse. "We had thought of having a party to honor its arrival," Dr. Martin said, "inviting our members, and the Japanese Consul, and maybe the press as well, but the man who sold it to us was understandably reluctant to part with it, and we had to wait until he was able to bring himself to ship it, so we were never quite sure when it would get here."



We asked Dr. Martin how the Garden had come to acquire the *bonsai*, and



"Study hard for what? So I can ride the bar car to Darien every night belting down doubles?"

• •

he told us that it had been bought anonymously by one of the Garden's members, who had been shown the tree last year in Omiya—in central Japan, north of Tokyo—while he was taking part in a tour led by Dr. George S. Avery, who preceded Dr. Martin as the Brooklyn Garden's director. "The owner was Kyuzo Murata, and here's what he told Dr. Avery about it," Dr. Martin said, and he handed us a copy of a letter in which Mr. Murata, who set up the *bonsai* exhibition at Expo 70, presented proof of the tree's age and noted that when it was exhibited for the first time, in 1929, it won the highest award at the All-Japan Bonsai Exhibition in Tokyo. "Recently, air pollution in Japan has been becoming unbearable for human beings, and especially for trees," Mr. Murata wrote. "I am not against progress, but trees do not understand it. They just have to suffer and sometimes die quietly." In his part of Japan, Mr. Murata continued, "there is no place like the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, where all necessary facilities are available, and above all it is most important that the American people, who are relative strangers to our fine art of *bonsai*, will have a chance to appreciate the tree." His letter concluded, "I know the Brooklyn Botanic Garden will love and care for my tree, not just professionally but wholeheartedly. Anyway, it is all right now, and I am feeling as if I am giving my own daughter to an American to be married."

After we had read the letter, we were introduced to Mrs. Franklin B. Tuttle, a tall, white-haired woman, who is chairman of the Garden's governing committee. "I can sympathize with Mr. Murata's reluctance to part with the tree," she said. "It is said that *bonsai* come gradually to reflect the personality of the people working with them—rather like a painting or sculpture—and after you've given part of yourself to something it's only human to want to keep it."

The new *bonsai*, Dr. Martin agreed, is as much of a museum piece, in the plant world, as any painting or sculpture. He pointed through the screen at the trunk of the tree. "That twisted and gnarled driftwood effect has been cultivated carefully over centuries," he said. "That's all deadwood now, and the only thing that is keeping the tree alive is the dark, serpentine band of cambium that is sort of twisted around the rest of the trunk. That's the tree's lifeline to its roots."

We noticed that a strip of white gauze had been wound around one of the *bonsai's* upper branches, and when we asked its purpose, Dr. Martin directed us to the greenhouse laboratory of Frank Okamura, the Garden's oldest worker in point of service, and its specialist in *bonsai*. A short, muscular man with a black beard just beginning to be flecked with gray, Mr. Okamura was potting a sprig as an exhibit for three *bonsai* courses—two beginners' classes and one senior class—that he teaches. He told us he was deeply concerned about the strip of gauze, since it indicated that the *bonsai* had been seriously injured—possibly during packing. "You can see that the wood under the gauze is starting to turn color, and I'm afraid that at least that branch of the tree is dead."

We asked whether this could prove fatal to the entire *bonsai*.

"I don't think so," Mr. Okamura said. "You know, we'll all be watching it and doing everything we can." He told us that his experience in the art of cultivating and treating *bonsai* went back half a century—to the time when, as a boy, he helped the old men in his home town, three miles from Hiroshima. Although he could verify that the newly arrived *shimpaku* is the oldest *bonsai* he has ever seen, he said he was unable to calculate its age with any more precision than the eight hundred to a thousand years that Mr. Murata had vouched for. "It's impossible to estimate the age of a *bonsai*, even after its death," he said. "Then, of course, you can cut into the trunk and count the rings, as in any tree, but in *bonsai* the dry wood decays and tends to flake away. That's what gives the trunk the driftwood effect, which we call *sharimiki*." In any case, Mr. Okamura told us, he had been encouraged upon learning that the Japanese who had cultivated this *bonsai* had named it Fudo, after the deity charged with guarding the Buddha against all evils. "The name worked long for them," he said, "and I hope it will help us, too, to preserve the tree."

Religious Rock

WE'VE had a report from our religious-rock correspondent:

"Back to St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Lexington and Fifty-fourth—high ceiling, early-twentieth-century stained glass, good acoustics. Promotion première of Decca album 'Jesus Christ, Superstar'—upbeat rock opera with religious slant. Usual rock-religious promo-première crowd—your hip crowd, your religion crowd, your promotion crowd. Meaningful interaction among the three groups—the ministers come on hip, the hip come on like salesmen, and the promotion people come on pious.

"I didn't care for the opera very much myself. Music-wise, basically fifties rock, with a little ragtime, a little Moog synthesizer, a little George Melachrino. Title song, upbeat with a religious slant, could move on the charts. Opera-wise, too much recitative for my taste. Theology-wise, updated, reworked, some nice points, wanders from the Book. Sales may be hurt by controversial handling of the Institution of the Last Supper passage. I personally thought Christ seemed a little petulant, if you know what I mean. Lyrics on the weak side. Sample lyric:

Hosanna Heysanna Sanna Sanna Ho
Sanna Hey Sanna Ho Sanna
Hey JC, JC won't you smile at me?
Sanna Ho Sanna Hey Superstar

"At this performance, they just played the record, actually, and projected the lyrics on a screen by means of slides, but production potential is there.

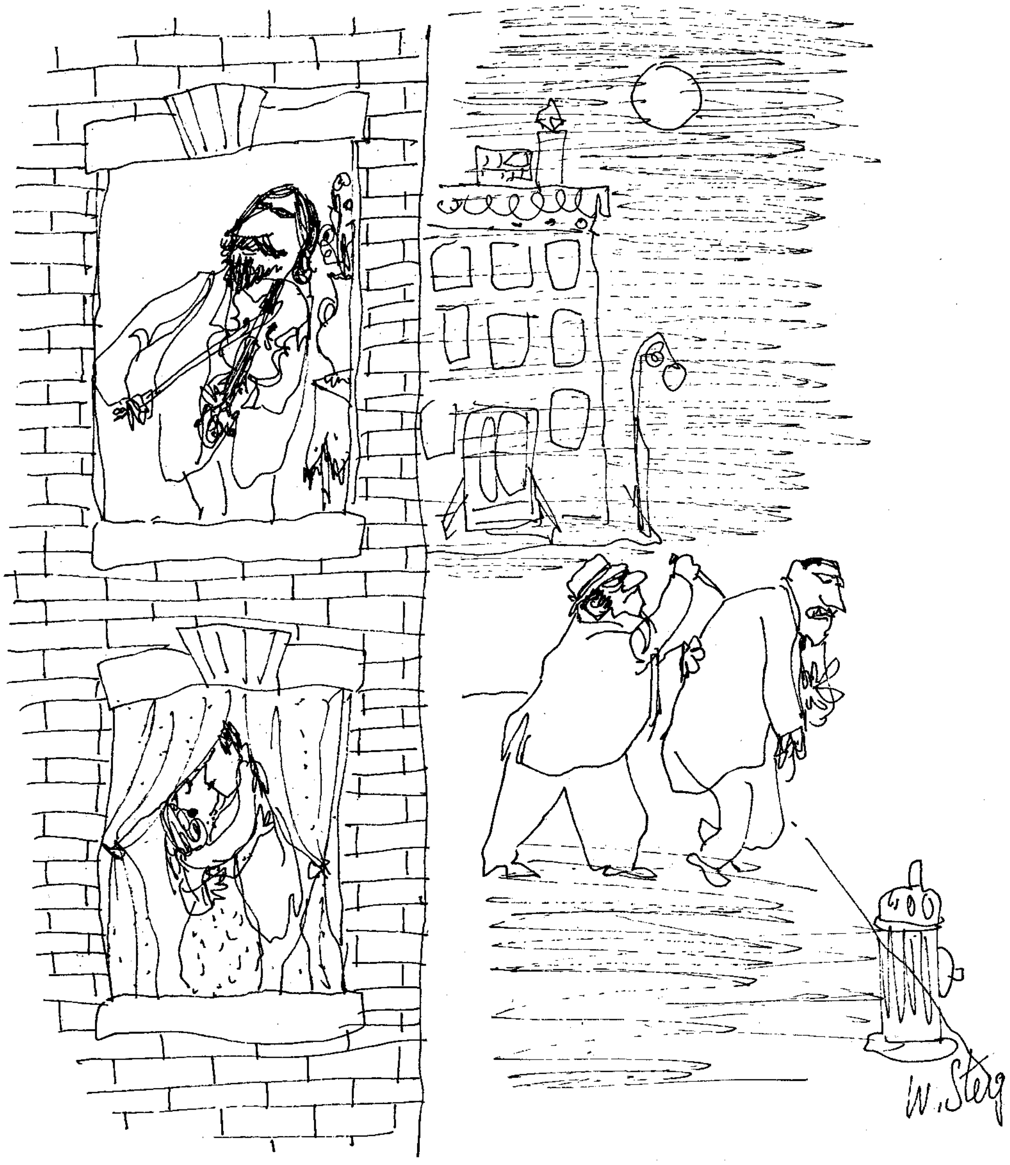
"Went on to a party in the Parish Hall afterward to make personal contact with Herb Gordon, national promotion director for MCA Records, of which Decca is a subsidiary. Gordon told me that Decca is going to hit all markets on a national level and preserve the excellent taste that has gone into the preparation and packaging of 'Jesus Christ, Superstar.' 'FM stations all over the country have flipped over the album,' Gordon said. 'It's a natural for underground stations, but we're going for any kind of air play we can get. We're going all out with advertising, in-store promotions. Also Sunday schools and churches. We mailed hundreds of albums to major religious leaders.'

"I talked next to a major religious leader, Pastor Ralph E. Peterson, senior pastor of St. Peter's. Pastor Peterson said, 'I liked it. It reached me. But the composers are hung up on old-fashioned piety.'

"Finally hit the composers, just to nail this one down. Composers are Andrew Lloyd Webber, music; Tim Rice, words. Rice said, 'We're thinking of doing a musical based on the Cuban missile crisis, but that's only an idea.' "

For the Defense

ON the eve of his departure for Vietnam, we had a chat with a lawyer who was about to set up a three-man office in Saigon to furnish free civilian legal defense for servicemen facing courts-martial—the first enterprise of this sort ever, Stateside or overseas, let alone in a combat zone. The attorney is Henry M. Aronson, a thirty-six-year-old Yale Law graduate, who since 1967 has been directing a program called the Manhattan Court Employment Project, for the Vera Institute of Justice. We called on him at his New York office, in the Criminal Courts Building—it's decorated with an Avedon poster of Dwight Eisenhower and Humphrey Bogart, and a Ben Shahn lithograph captioned "Thou Shalt Not Stand Idly By"—and he told us that his venture is being sponsored by the Lawyers' Military Defense Committee, a Cambridge-based group that was founded this year by, among others, several academicians and lawyers who were perturbed about the administration of military justice. They wanted to make a reality of the theoretical right of court-martial defendants everywhere to civilian counsel. In Vietnam, the right has been largely illusory; except in special cases—the Green Berets and My Lai, for instance—few servicemen have had access to civilian counsel. "Every defendant in a court-martial is assigned military defense counsel, and my associates and I have no intention of trying to embarrass, denigrate, or supplant military counsel," Mr. Aronson told



us. "Unless one of our clients simply can't abide having military counsel, it would be folly for us not to draw on the military counsel's knowledge and experience. We're not going to Vietnam because we think we're hot shots, or better lawyers than the military counsel are. We're going because there is a range of cases in which military counsel are, or appear to be, intimidated or limited in their actions, and in Vietnam appearance can be as important as actuality. I have in mind cases in whose outcome the military has a vested interest—where, for example, the command might wish to avoid publicity, as in the trial of a man for failure to obey an order, which might raise questions about the legality of the order. One of the root problems with courts-martial—I'm trying hard to remember to use the correct plural—is that the same authority appoints the prosecutor, the defense lawyer, and the judges, and then reviews the verdict. It isn't surprising that some G.I.s have reservations about the extent to which they can rely on, and confide in, their lawyer, since he's been selected by the same guy who's trying them."

Mr. Aronson, who was making his first trip to Asia, didn't know where he'd be living in Saigon, but he already had a three-room office lined up, at 146-bis Pasteur, which he'd heard was within easy walking distance of the Hotel Continental, in the center of town. "Most of the courts-martial we'll be involved in will take place at divisional headquarters outside Saigon," he said. One of his major worries was how he and his colleagues would travel around Vietnam, but he expected to get transportation arrangements worked out satisfactorily with the military command; he already had a letter from General Abrams' Chief of Staff describing his mission as "an innovative undertaking."

"I'm totally naïve about how much we can accomplish," Mr. Aronson told us. "I don't even know how we'll find our clients." The chances are that clients will find him, and quickly; the night before we saw Aronson, he had had a phone call from a man in New Jersey whose son, an Army lieutenant, had phoned *him* from Vietnam, where he was being held in the Long Binh Jail (known out there as "L.B.J.") on a charge of killing a Vietnamese civilian during a military mission. The lieutenant had told his father, "Get hold of Henry Aronson." Aronson had no idea where the officer had heard his name. "I don't know how it's going to happen, but I'm convinced that Private X or Lieutenant Y will learn we're there and get in touch with us," he told us. "I suspect that after we've been on the scene for a while one of our main problems will be to establish criteria whereby we determine which of several prospective clients to take on. We will certainly try to concentrate on cases in which lawyers from the Judge Advocate General's Corps might feel uncomfortable, or in which there's a G.I. who doesn't trust *any* officer."

Aronson has committed himself to stay in Vietnam for a minimum of one year, and the Cambridge committee is trying to raise the necessary funds. He has a somewhat fiscal background himself. Born and brought up in Seattle, he got a B.A. and an M.A. at the University of Wisconsin—the latter in business administration. He interrupted college to serve in the Army, as an enlisted man, for a couple of years, during which he sat in on a few courts-martial but was never personally involved in one. In 1963, he moved to Hartford, where he worked in corporation law for a group of insurance companies. The following summer, he went to Mississippi as a volunteer lawyer in civil-rights cases. He planned to stay two weeks and stayed three years. It was because of his litigation work in that embattled area that the Cambridge committee heard about him and invited him to go to Saigon. "I'm tremendously excited about our opportunities in Vietnam," he said to us. "Our work there will be consistent with everything I've done and everything I've always wanted to do. I like litigation, and the prospect of engaging in it in an unexplored area is awfully appealing."

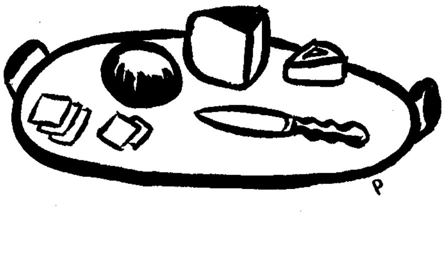
Paint

WE had a telephone call last week from Elaine Breiger, who runs "Red, Yellow, Blue, and Glue" art classes for pre-schoolers at the Ninety-second Street Y.M.-Y.W.H.A.

"We're going out to paint shop-windows on Madison Avenue," Mrs. Breiger told us. "Join us. It's for MAGIC."

"How's that?" we said.

"Madison Avenue General Ideas Committee. They started the MAGIC Promenades on Madison Avenue on Tuesday evenings. I dig that kind of involvement with the community. Besides, I like taking the painting outside the classroom. Coming?"



"You've involved us," we said.

"Great!" said Mrs. Breiger. "Meet us on the Gristede's corner of Seventy-fourth Street in an hour. Look for eight kids wearing costumes and me with the paint."

We rushed over to Madison Avenue, and got off the bus at Sixty-ninth Street, because we spotted some nifty-looking pumpkins and skeletons painted on the windows of a shop called Sportique Unlimited. The skeletons were white. The pumpkins were orange. The painters were identified on the window by their signature: "Horace Mann School." "Where are they?" we asked Stephanie Coppedge, a tall, pretty young woman wearing the *Women's Wear Daily* skirt length and holding a six-month-old miniature long-haired dachshund, who kept kissing her on the mouth. Mrs. Coppedge was in charge of Sportique Unlimited, which had coats made of calfskin that looked like baby giraffe; muskrat suits; and a jukebox playing (no charge) Creedence Clearwater's "Green River."

"Up Madison," Mrs. Coppedge told us. "A lot of schools are involved in the painting. My boss, Peter Kilar, is chasing them. He and his wife own Sportique, and he is vice-president of MAGIC. This is Muffie Bancroft's dog."

"Were they wearing costumes?" we asked.

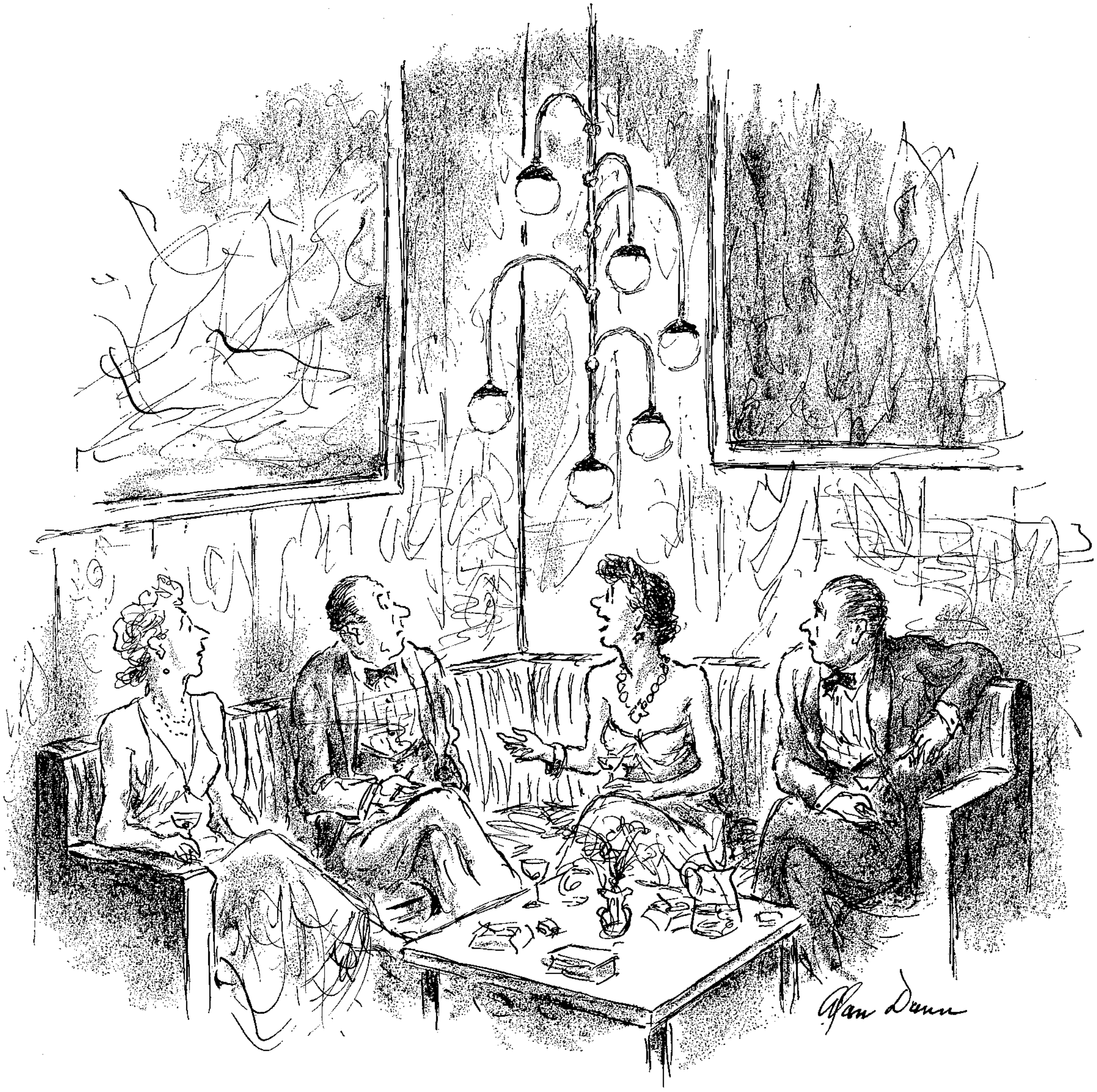
"I couldn't tell," Mrs. Coppedge said. "They did our windows so fast we couldn't look out. Don't you love our skeletons?"

"Yes," we said.

"The Kilars are great people," she said. "Princess Furstenberg is a very good friend of mine, and she's going to design some special things for us. All of us are friends, and that makes it nice. That's what we're trying to get up on Madison Avenue. Friendliness. We want to get people's enthusiasm up. People write us letters saying they hope the Madison Avenue Promenade won't stop. Unfortunately, it's getting cold."

We said we'd better move on to look for the children painting the windows.

"Don't miss Certified Cleaners' window, next door, and W. G. Lemmon & Co. House Equipment's window, with the cute witches," Mrs. Coppedge said. "They're giving Madison Avenue a very friendly atmosphere. The atmosphere is especially friendly



"My idea of an American presence in the Mediterranean stops at Jackie's yacht."

on Tuesday nights. Husbands whose wives spend money here never got to know us before, and now they do. We started out serving champagne here on Tuesday nights. Now we're switching to hot cider."

We hurried up to Seventy-fourth Street, where we found Mrs. Breiger opening cans of paint in front of Gristede's while eight children in costumes jumped around on Gristede's flower stand. Mrs. Breiger, who is dark-haired and attractive, was smiling. The children were Nicholas (Superman), Erik (a wolf), Mark (Underdog), Jackie (Little Red Riding Hood), Peter (a construction worker), Sally (a grown-up lady), Austin (a camp counsellor), and Jason (a painter). Some of the children were four years old. The rest were five.

"Why costumes?" we asked Mrs. Breiger, who was grinning at a pot of brushes.

"Makes it festive," she said. "MAGIC wants to get the children involved. Their theory is: Get the kids and you get their parents. Watch this." She handed brushes to the eight children. They gave a kind of group holler and made for the paint. Gristede's windows were clear except for signs near the top reading "S & W Elberta Peaches—Halves or Slices—17 oz. Tin 35¢" and "Sacramento Tomato Juice—2 18 oz. Tins 45¢." The kids dipped their brushes in the paints—red, yellow, blue, and white—and, whooping with excitement, started in on the windows. A group of observers gathered.

"I like working with kids," Mrs. Breiger said, watching the children with obvious pride. "I get turned on, working with them."

As the kids dipped the brushes in the cans of paint, which were on the sidewalk, they dripped big blobs of it until they reached the windows. They really splotched it on—abstract style, mostly. The Gristede's clerks and customers came out and gave them looks. One clerk said, "My God!"

"They probably thought they were getting *arty* painters," Mrs. Breiger said happily.

Peter (the construction worker) drew a fairly round red pumpkin on the window and gave it blue eyes, a blue nose, and a blue mouth.

"Great!" Mrs. Breiger said to Peter.

Erik (the wolf) painted a white pumpkin with white eyes, a white nose, and a white mouth, and then wrote, in capital letters twice the size of his pumpkin, "ERIK."

"Great!" Mrs. Breiger said to Erik.

A tall, handsome man who was passing paused and admired the way Gristede's window was getting decorated. The crowd of observers looked puzzled and watched in silence. Then the tall, handsome man picked a brush out of Mrs. Breiger's can of brushes. He dipped it in yellow paint and painted a very nice pumpkin right under the Sacramento Tomato Juice sign.

"There!" Mrs. Breiger said enthusiastically. "That's what I call involvement with the community."

The man waved his brush at her, returned it to the can, and got on a bus.

Nicholas (Superman) dipped his brush in blue paint and made what looked like a couple of Chinese letters near the bottom of the window.

A small, wiry man with heavy sideburns came over to Mrs. Breiger. "Hey! Don't get paint on the sidewalks!" he said.

"But it's drip paint. It's supposed to *drip*," said Mrs. Breiger.

The crowd of observers stood silent.

Mrs. Breiger pointed a brush at the splattered sidewalk. "Doesn't it look *gorgeous*?" she asked. "It looks *gorgeous!*"

After staring at the splatter for several seconds, an elderly lady with white hair who was carrying a Gristede's paper bag filled with groceries got involved. "It's gorgeous," she said.

THE REGULARS

THE Ashers graded the days of their vacation, which they spent at the Sun 'n Sea Motor Inn in Key Biscayne and at the Whispering Sands Resort Motel on Sanibel Island, C+, B, D, A, B−, C+, B, A−, D, F, C. These grades reflected the weather.

During their vacation, the Ashers noted license plates from twenty-eight states and two Canadian provinces.

The bad things that happened on their vacation (and which they wrote down) were:

1. No gas cap.

On the way from the airport to the Sun 'n Sea, a woman in a station wagon, in which a little boy intently turned a toy steering wheel, kept honking her horn and shouting at Asher. Motorists frequently blew their horns at him or shouted unintelligibly as they passed. Asher almost never knew why. Off and on, he appealed to his wife, who didn't drive. She reminded him that he had made her navigator, and that such appeals didn't come under her department. On this occasion, however, Asher finally understood that he was leaking gas. He parked: no gas cap.

On Key Biscayne, Asher drove from one gas station to another, looking for a gas cap.

"Make a note of the mileage," he told his wife.

"What ever for?"

"I'm going to have Hertz deduct it."

"We've only been in Florida forty-five minutes and you're already preparing to create a scene."

"But I'm in the right."

2. No Unit 21.

The Ashers had come to Key Biscayne every year since 1963, when they had honeymooned at the Crandon Park, formerly the Crandon Palm. In 1965, they switched to the Sun 'n Sea. There they had always had Unit 21, which differed from nearly all the other units in that the bathroom was on a breezeway and had a louvered window. Each year, the first thing Asher did after he put down the bags was stand on the toilet seat, unplug the ventilator fan in the ceiling, and crank open the window.

This year, they had Unit 33: not on a breezeway.

"I specifically requested Unit 21," Asher told his wife, trying the bathroom light switch, which also operated the fan.

"You can still unplug it," she said.

"But the point is," Asher said, raising his voice so he could be heard above the great melancholy roar of the fan, "the point is that this unit has adjoining units on both sides, so the possibility of people having their television on too loud at night is twice what it is in Unit 21."

3. Spooky galleys.

In years past, the print above their bed at the Sun 'n Sea had shown a curve of beach, some palm trees, the wrecked hull of a native fishing boat. This year, the print showed several fantastic galleys that seemed to be rotting in a backwater, sails in theatrical tatters, oars drooping in the stagnant, faintly phosphorescent water. Asher's wife maintained that it actually glowed in the dark; Asher said she was overreacting.

Asher peeked into some other units, including 21. The galleys were hanging all over.

"What do you think made them put them up?" Asher's wife asked.

"What do you think they did with fifty-four native fishing boats?" Asher asked.

4. Portuguese men-of-war.

The ocean was choppy, turbid, and dotted with innumerable men-of-war, so Asher was loath to go swimming. He sat on the beach in his collapsible chair, from which an accumulation of baggage tags fluttered; he had bought the chair the day before they got married and took it to Florida each year.

Asher's wife spread her towel beside the chair and sat down.

"I'm waiting for a lull," he told her, "but they keep coming."

5. No binocs, no bird book.

Asher had forgotten his binoculars and his Peterson.

"If you see one you don't know," Asher's wife told him, "ignore it."

6. No mask, no snorkel.

Asher had forgotten to pack his wife's face mask and snorkel. He said he was sorry, adding that there was too much sediment to see anything anyway.

7. No pajama bottoms.

Asher had packed two pajama tops and no bottoms.

8. No pumpernickel raisin, no whole-wheat onion.

Asher's favorite restaurant was Chippy's, in Coral Gables, because pumpernickel raisin bread and whole-wheat onion rolls came in the bread-basket. This year, the nights the Ashers were there they didn't serve any.

9. South Dixie Highway at night.

The traffic had become murderous.

10. Abner's.

This was a restaurant on the South Dixie Highway, where they ate one night. Asher had chosen it on account of the modern architecture: it was walled with dark glass. Inside, large color transparencies portrayed slices of rare roast beef and succulent ribs. Their orders came in woven-plastic baskets and didn't resemble the photographs. Asher sat with his chin in his hand, looking through the dark glass at the murderous traffic and at his reflection.

11. Stephen.

Asher's stepdaughter called from New York to say that Stephen, his stepson, had ridden his ten-speed bike over "Santana," "Let It Bleed," and "Revolver."

12. Andrea.

Stephen called to say that Andrea, Asher's stepdaughter, had spent the food money on Indian jewelry.

13. "Z."

A comic strip.

14. "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice."

"Why do the protagonists in these movies always wear jockey shorts?" Asher asked his wife. "Nobody *I* know wears jockey shorts."

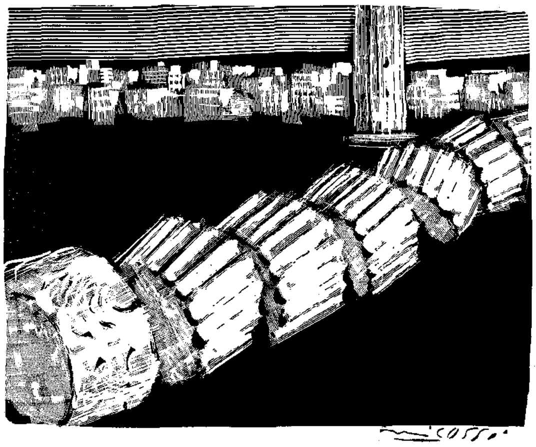
15. No upstairs at the Whispering Sands.

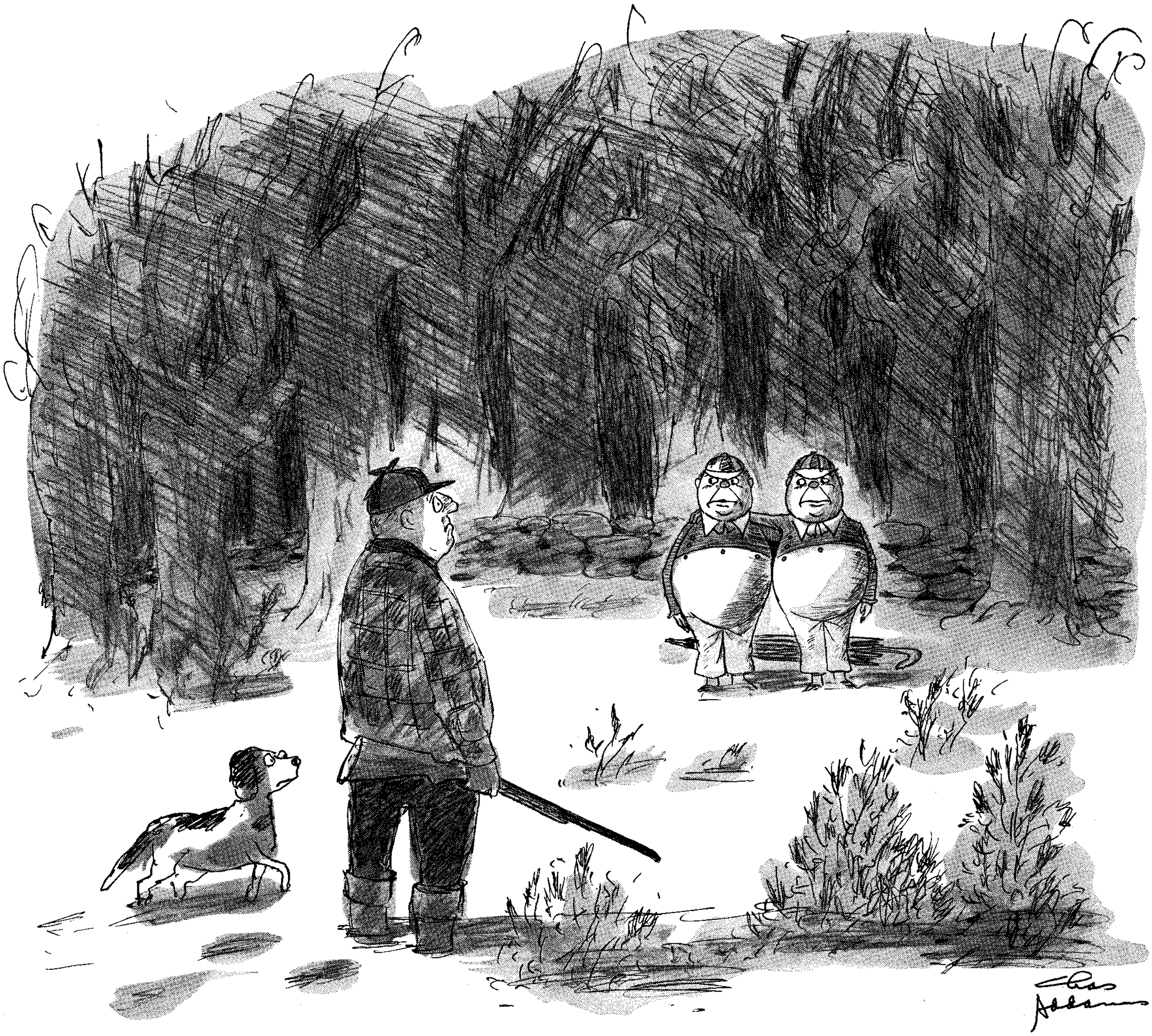
This was the third year the Ashers had gone to Sanibel. The first two times, they had a unit on the second and top story near the Gulf; the Whispering Sands was built at right angles to the water. This year, they had a unit on the first floor.

"I can't see the ocean from my bed," Asher's wife said after Asher had put down the bags. "On the second floor, I could see the ocean."

"It's the Gulf," Asher said.

When he returned from the office, where he had gone to complain, Asher said, "I told them I had specifically requested a unit on





"Goodness, no! Our names are Frank and Bob Finley."

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the second floor as near the Gulf as possible. I *told* them to refer to my letter, which they did. They agreed that I had specifically requested a unit on the second floor as near the Gulf as possible, but they didn't *have* any. They said their regulars liked the first floor because they didn't have to lug their bags up the stairs."

THE good things that happened on the Ashers' vacation (and which they wrote down) were:

1. 9 A.M. plane.

The Ashers had reservations on a 10 A.M. flight to Miami, but because Asher liked to allow plenty of time for eventualities they got to the airport so early they made the 9 A.M. flight, which gave them an additional hour in Florida, fifteen minutes of which, Asher pointed out, they wasted looking for a gas cap.

2. Brindley's.

Asher had forgotten to take pipe tobacco. Vernon's, in the Key Biscayne Shopping Center, had his brand—Brindley's Mixture.

3. Chinese hairless.

Window-shopping on the Miracle Mile one night, the Ashers saw a strange dog. It was black and hairless, except for a tuft that grew out of its forehead. Asher's wife said that the dog looked as though it was made out of clay. Its owners were a man in plaid shorts and a woman who wore socks and heels. Afterward, Asher's wife said the woman must have been the man's mother; Asher said he had assumed she was his wife. The man told Asher the dog was a Chinese hairless. Asher's wife said she hadn't known Chinese hairlesses existed. Asher said he had heard of them. The man said he had never heard of them until he heard on television that a woman who owned four Chinese hairlesses had died, and that they were available on a first-come, first-serve basis. "So we went over and got one," the man said. "One was gone already. We got the second."

4. Maids.

Until this year, the Ashers' chambermaid at the Sun 'n Sea had been Augusta. Each year, Augusta asked them why they didn't bring the children with them, and each year they told her they were going to bring them next year. When they didn't, Augusta would throw up her arms and chide them for breaking their promise. This time, they had another chambermaid. They asked her whether Augusta still worked there; the new maid said she did. The next day, they met Augusta by the linen room.

"I heard someone was asking for me," she said, "and I knew it had to be you. Where are the children?"

Later, Asher said to his wife, "I like the maids at the Sun 'n Sea. They do the dishes. The maids at the Whispering Sands don't do the dishes."

5. Portuguese men-of-war gone away.

For two days, following a shift in the wind.

6. Lifeguard.

At Crandon Park, the Ashers met Wayne, a lifeguard they had got to know the year before. It turned out he had seen "Z" the same night as the Ashers, at Wometco Twin II, opposite the Dadeland Shopping Center; in fact, he and his wife apparently had sat behind them. Asher's wife said she thought she had heard a familiar laugh. Wayne said he thought "Z" was a comic strip, too. He and his wife hadn't seen "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice."

7. Sandbar.

The sandbar off the beach at Crandon Park had become much bigger since last year, and nearer shore. You weren't allowed to swim to it, but, as he had the year before, Wayne let Asher swim over with him. While Wayne jogged around the bar, Asher looked for shells. Then Wayne and Asher waded to a farther bar, on the edge of the deep. On the way, Wayne told a story about another lifeguard who had been marooned on the second bar; a hammerhead had entered the channel between it and the first bar. He said the lifeguard had run about on the bar, yelling and waving his arms, but nobody could figure out what he was up to. When Asher told the story to his wife, she said Wayne had told it to them last year. She also said that last year Asher had brought her back a shell.

8. Elderly waitress.

Asher's wife said Asher gave the elderly waitress at Chippy's a hard time. Asher said that he was only kidding around. Asher's wife couldn't finish her turkey sandwich. The elderly waitress put it in a doggy bag for her, but she left it in the booth. Two evenings later, when they next ate at Chippy's, the waitress said she had run outside on the sidewalk with the doggy bag, looking for Asher's wife, but she had disappeared.

9. Unidentified bird.

Asher saw a bird he couldn't identify sitting on the end of one of the groins at the Sun 'n Sea. He waded out with his notebook and pencil to sketch the bird, which must have been fearless or exhausted, since it didn't fly away. Where the bird was, the water was up to Asher's shoulders. His first attempt was ruined when spray wet the page. When Asher came out of the water, a woman said to him, "How could you write out there? *I* couldn't do it." Asher told his wife what the woman had said, adding, "Why didn't she say, 'Why are you writing out there?' Or, 'What are you writing out there?'" Asher's wife asked to see his drawing. "You made the bird look like me," she told Asher.

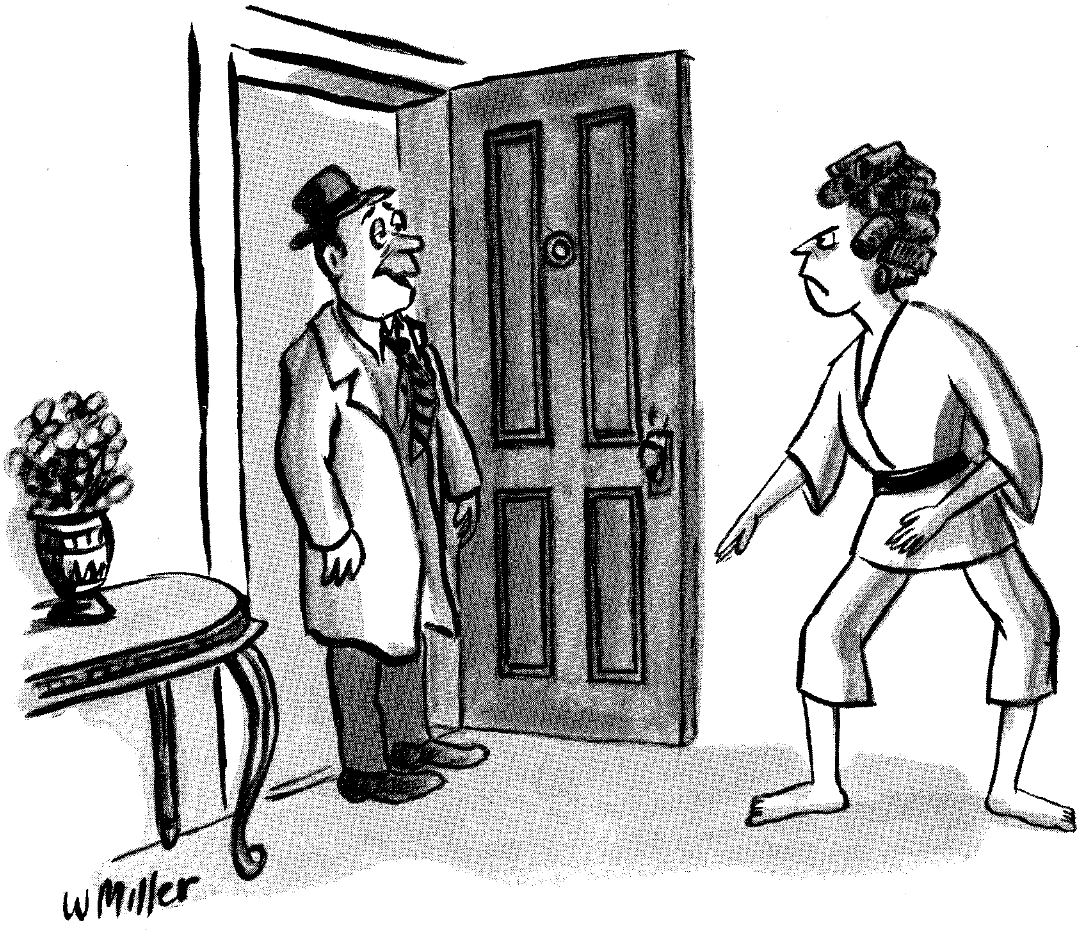
10. Swimming backward.

On Sanibel, the littoral current was so strong that no matter how hard Asher swam against it he was swept back along the shore. He told his wife about it and made her watch the phenomenon. Asher roared with laughter as he streamed backward, the scenery slipping by. Asher's wife took his picture with their Instamatic.

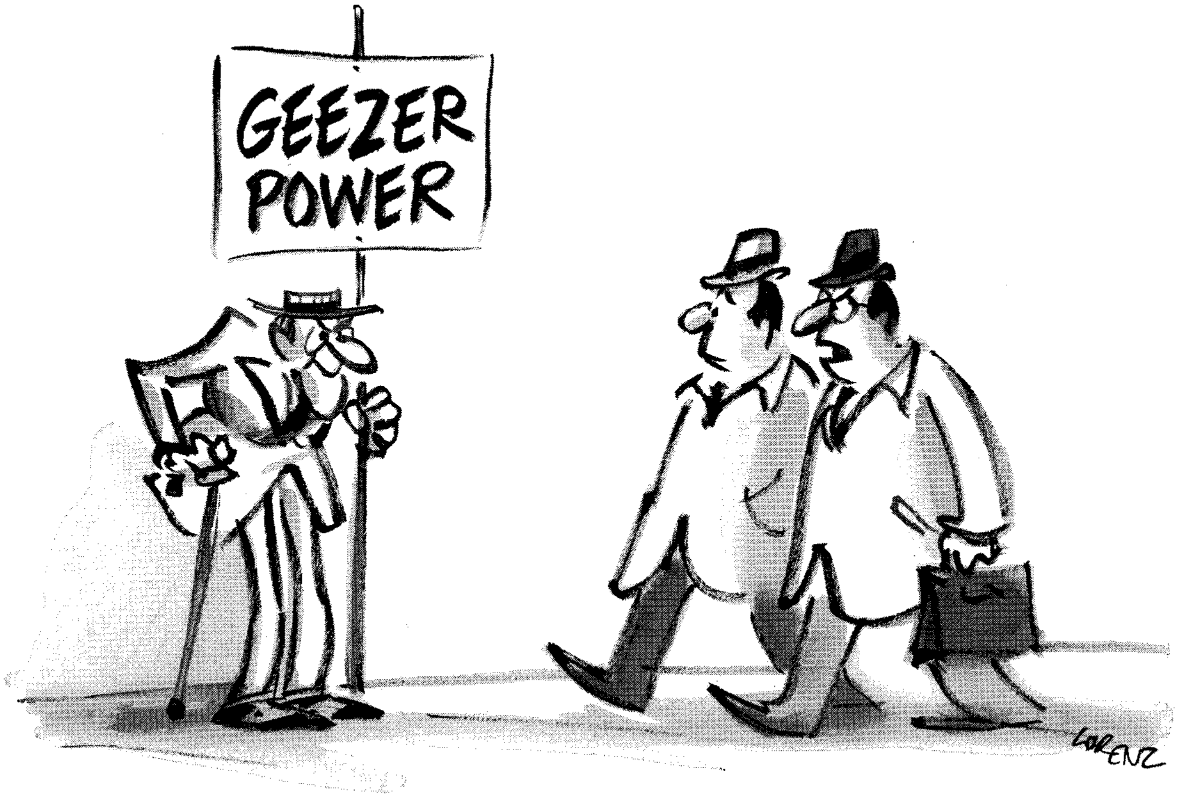
11. Laughing fit.

On the F day, Asher and his wife were lying in Asher's bed at the Whispering Sands, beneath a collage composed of seashells, sand dollars, and starfish, when they started laughing and couldn't stop. Neither remembered what had set them off. Asher thought it might have been because of their plight—meaning the rain. Asher's wife thought it was because Asher had been loath to let her in his bed.

THE pictures the Ashers took at Key Biscayne showed: Asher standing by their car, a blue Impala custom coupe, in the Sun 'n Sea parking area, smoking his pipe; Asher's wife standing beneath a palm at Crandon Park in her flowered bathing suit; Asher standing on the beach at Crandon Park in his red bathing suit; Asher's wife standing in the Sun 'n Sea parking area; Asher standing on the pool deck at the Sun 'n Sea in his blue bathing suit, smoking his pipe; Asher's wife lying on her stomach on a chaise on the pool deck; Asher's wife looking up a moment later; Asher swimming ashore at Crandon Park, with just



"Please, no karate chops this P.M., my little brown-belted pumpkin seed."



“Another crackpot group!”

his head visible; Asher stepping ashore a moment later; Asher's wife standing by the shuffleboard court at the Sun 'n Sea; Asher standing by the shuffleboard court. One picture didn't come out.

The pictures the Ashers took on Sanibel showed: Asher standing on the beach in his red bathing suit; Asher's wife standing on the first-floor walkway of the Whispering Sands; Asher making a turn in the Whispering Sands pool; Asher's wife lying on a grassy bank by the pool in her flowered bathing suit; Asher being swept backward, laughing; Asher's wife standing on the terrace of their unit; Asher standing on the first-floor walkway; Asher's wife kneeling in the surf in her orange bathing suit; Asher in his bed in one of his pajama tops; Asher's wife in her bed in a nightie with pink ribbons she had bought to wear on her *honeymoon*; Asher leaning against the trunk of their car before leaving for the airport, smoking his pipe; Asher's wife holding the car door open on her side a moment later.

When they had looked at the pictures, Asher remarked on how little change there had been. The years were differentiated by the cars, he said. To a lesser extent, by their bathing suits.

“Age,” Asher's wife said.

How imperceptible! That is, Asher added, from year to year. One is able to believe that one looked that way last year and will look the same next year.

His wife assured Asher he was the same.

Asher wondered, speaking of bathing suits, what had happened to the bathing suit she was wearing when she thought he had drowned.

It had been the first year they had stayed at the Sun 'n Sea. Asher had told his wife he was taking a dip, but he had struck out alongshore and out of sight. When he finally returned, she was standing in the doorway of Unit 21, in a French bikini, a peach print with ruffles, sobbing.

It was the only time she had cried in Florida, Asher said. A mockingbird had been singing by the shuffleboard court, did she remember?

She said she had cried on their honeymoon, in the public library.

They had gone to the Miami Beach Public Library to read their wedding announcement in the *Times* and *Tribune*. Asher had composed it and given it to one of his wife's friends, who worked on the *Trib* and said he would take care of it. The announcement wasn't in either paper. Asher's wife said they mightn't have had room for it that day. Asher looked in the papers dated two days after their marriage; it wasn't there, either.

Now, once again, Asher dwelt on how her friend had let them down.

Asher's wife said she had cried in the public library because Asher had let her down, because she thought he would be interested in her, that he would want her, that they would go out—

“Chippy's is out,” Asher said.

—that she would be able to wear her new dresses, she added.

“You wouldn't even lie on the beach with me,” she said. “You brought that chair!”

She said she used to look forward to going to Florida, to having a good time. She said she had always thought he was going to change. It was she who had changed. It used to eat her heart out.

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“I remember the first time I saw you,” she said. “You looked like a nice person, but you didn't want to talk. I should have remembered that.”

“Nonetheless,” Asher said, “you cried when you thought I had drowned.”

“I cried because I didn't know what I would tell your father,” she said, “and I didn't know what to do about the car.”

Asher said he often felt like that little boy in the station wagon—that he was wrestling with the wheel, but which way was he going?

When he had swum out of sight, he recalled, gleaming bait fish had leapt out of the sea, over his head, and there was, overwhelmingly, a sense of brightness. Terns dived, disappeared, reappeared. Light transfigured their wings. At some point, he was going to have to turn back.

—GILBERT ROGIN

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The FTC said Coca-Cola advertises Hi-C as nutritious, high in vitamin C and suitable for children with meals and snacks. In fact, the agency said, “Milk and citrus fruit juices are more suitable.”

“Hi-C is not made with fresh fruit nor Simon's “Last of the Red Hot Lovers” which opened last night at the National appears today on page 62.—*Washington Daily News.*

The kids aren't going to like *that.*

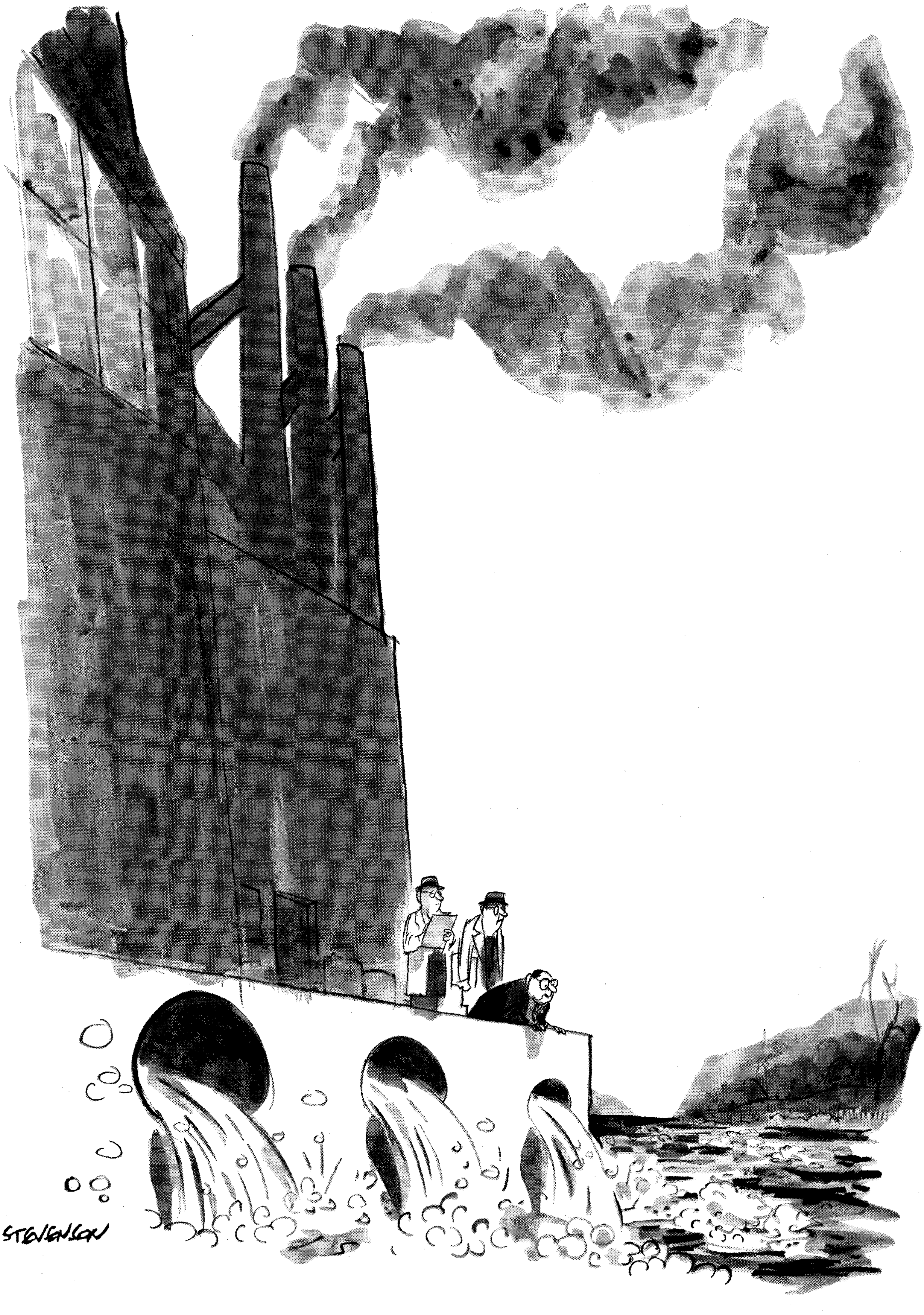
LETTER FROM COAST TO COAST

Alone and lately loitering beside
The margin of our Old Swan Swamp, between
Cattails' exclams and periodic green
Sleeves of slack water dotted with wood duck,
I hear a joyous and archaic noise
As you plane down and drop your PBY,
Still rocking, at my feet, and clamber out,
Still twenty-four, in ensign's whites and white
Limp cap bereft of wire, to share your pint
(Green River) with me. Since it is not so,
It never happened, and instead you go,
At forty-three, a lost alumnus, to
The wildwood of Los Angeles to take
A new, maybe a false, identity,
Why then I'll reconstrue you from the start
In hopes of finding you yourself again.
Scene One: interior: a vaulted, bare
Chicago armory; in middle air,
The film-winged monoplane which you have built
Outflies all opposition, hangs aloft
Far longer than the others, and you win.
Scene Two: exterior: night: playing fields
At an Ohio college, '39.
You, freshman rebel against discipline's
Old sanctions, scourge of upperclassmen, rash
Defender of the innocents, are pursued
By armies of your enemies as you run,
Buck-naked, through the end zone and across
Dim yard lines up the field. (You said you thought
That you were flying then; but you were caught
And, laughing, dunked in gallons of deck paint
To make a coat of many colors.) Three:
Interior: Iowa City. Primary
School husbands yellow Stearmans in the ag-
ricultural college of the corn for miles
Around, around the Hawkeye Hotel room
Where you, on liberty, set up your house
Of love, your folding, falling portable
Cardhouse, your desert tent, your home, with a
Slight girl who knew the words straight off the farm
(A waitress at the Maquoketa Grille),
Whose mouth spoke all unmade-up words, whose warm
Recipience built a mansion house among
The suffering furnishings, a house raised up
On Friday night, pulled down by Monday noon,
Where you would not in lordship walk again.
Four: Whidbey Island. Unforetold cascades
Of fog shield real Cascades, a point of not
Just passing interest to the flying boat
Between the sun, a soft-edged sovereign,
And the hard water, aqua regia,
Which solves all foreign bodiments which fall
Into its see, its jurisdiction. Full
Speed ahead, you climb to overtop
Putative mountains, sketch a new approach
Miles westward of the unseen beach, and turn
Into the wind, into a drunken dream
Of flight you wake from in Scene Five, upon
A couch in the Corpus Christi Officers' Club,
Where a mad captain damns your disarray,
Disgracing your gilt stripe, gilt star, gilt arm
Of service, and your gilded, grounded wings.
War's message ends; over and out, you ride
A Harley's pillion seat down dawn's Midway
Behind a fellow section man, who, rapt
In rye, noise, and discovery of hap,
Yells, "Even the weathervanes are pointing at
Us!" Seven: exterior, years after. New
England engrails in green the blue car you
Drive, laying down a screen of oil smoke,
On your appointive rounds as leader of
Bookish discussions led for learning's love
(And earning's gold, exiguously prized
Out of the firm foundation's flinty side
To keep your children in some penury).
Those children— Eight: interior—a scene
In your old house in Boston; your wife sits
In a chair out at elbows while she knits
Over her belly for the occupant,
And you withdraw to paper and descant
A poem on her state, about to bear,
Open and secret, far away and there.
Again—in our hotchpotic office, shared
In irony and raddled by disdain—
I see you lay aside your work and write
In verse, in longhand, on your own; your right
And dutied (ah, too heavily) mystery,
Too seldom exercised. Your history
Could end here, fashionably out of date
And indeterminate, but a new start,
A radical resection of your life—
New scene (Ten), new career, a brand-new wife—
Here supervenes. In California—
Imaginary only to my mind,
Untutored in fortissimos—I find
You new anew, a new-flown graduate
Embarking on your grand emprise. You write
Of life in space, in aerospace, beyond
Brakes, sprags, and clutches of our antique, fond
Twenties and thirties. I cannot pursue
Mastery that way; between me and you
The gap, once only continental, grows
Spatial and universal; in the prose
Of your curt letters I read new-wave verse
In a galactic Morse I cannot break.
I must retreat (cf. Scene One) and take
You as I found you, or I thought I did;
In the Still River swamp, my motives hid
By noble nature, I await the plane
Which, nonexistent, will not ever come.

SCENE TWELVE: INTERIOR: ENVOY

Prince of infortune, you come back to me
On our green terms by a black happenstance.
The phone rings in my study Sunday night.
It's you, clear clear across a continent
And crying. Your most sympathetic son—
Already paying on the note of his
Grave promise at sixteen—drove north last night
With a school buddy to inaugurate
The fishing season in the high rivers
With a first cast for trout; the singing line,
The Silver Doctor riding, diving under
The downbound water, registering a strike.
No plane came. Earlier, their station wagon—
Shooting the lacets of a Sierra highway—
Devolved upon an intermountain truck
U-turning, straddling the whole road, and struck
It broadside. Both were killed. Now, with your former
Wife, you maintain a mortifying vigil
Over the past and all its presents. Move
As you will in time and station, chance above
All designates your place. I sign this love.

—L. E. SISSMAN



"So *that's* where it goes! Well, I'd like to thank you fellows for bringing this to my attention."

WALKING WITH CHARLIE

HAND in hand, and very properly, Charlie and I cross Fifth Avenue as if it were water. In the Saturday-afternoon traffic it is important not to let go; red and green lights are beacons signalling take care, take care. By the time we reach the other side my right hand is moist, and Charlie's, within my fingers, feels cool and amphibious. With my free hand I bump the stroller over the curb; it is stocked with objects his mother has chosen for him: sand toys, several Matchbox cars, "The Gingerbread Man" in a Little Golden Book, a spoon, his crib blanket—extensions of his personality, definitions of himself. Just to the south the museum broods like a sphinx, and directly across the street a bored Secret Service man keeps vigil over the apartment house where the children of the late President Kennedy are staying. A low wall separates us from the Park, our destination.

Though familiar with the Park, I am a West Sider. I have identified seventeen kinds of warbler in the Ramble, including the Connecticut, and glimpsed a peregrine falcon menacing children's kites over the Sheep Meadow. The broken kouroi in the Greek Rooms of the museum are old acquaintances; so are the hoarse, ironic seals by the Zoo Cafeteria. But I have usually approached their whereabouts from the west, bicycling through the Park with Robert (who has gone to live in another town), and certainly never before in the company of a seventeen-month-old infant.

It is, in fact, the first time I've ever been alone with Charlie. His landmarks clash upon mine. For a confusing second all directions become jumbled in my mind, and the familiar wavers like a mirage. I cannot remember where I was told to go or what we were to do.

What we are doing right now is watching the shiny, colored cars flow by. City-wise Charlie tallies their passing. " 'N a car," he observes, with an almost blasé flick of the hand I am not holding. " 'N a bus. 'N a tackie car. 'N a car. 'N a car." They are his sheep, or birds. Rumble. Honk. Beep. Screech, they call to him. Before I become mesmerized by the traffic, I choose a direction at random, and at once several mothers with strollers and children appear ahead of us; we follow in their tracks.

Soon we find ourselves at the playground, guarded by bronze gates adorned with figures by Paul Manship, out of Aesop: the fox and the cheese, the lamb and the wolf. The gates, when shut, have gates of their own fore and aft to protect them against vandals. The fables seem to warn against flatterers, against opportunists. Charlie is politely inattentive to my comments about the beauty and moral purpose of these gates. I am talking, I recognize, too much. But then, so is he.

Because what is this he's saying? "Mommy. Mommy. Mommy," in accents uncannily close to hers, like some mimic bird. Spoken so purely, the name seems an accusation, an indictment. Because she is not here. How could I have expected to be to him what she is—my sister, who sleepily saw us off at the apartment door, arms hunched above the bulge where Charlie's rival is waiting to be born? Ought I to return him right now?

But Charlie goes on softly saying her name, and his face is as serene as a snowman's. Lightly I buss the feathery top of his head. "Daddy. Daddy," he breathes abstractedly, stroking a polished bronze rosette. He will speak these names all through our afternoon; they become a kind of litany, a primitive om, a hum.

Charlie and I are at the gates. Then he hunkers to examine a curved leaf with burnt edges. He finds a sewer grating. He offers me a glittery arrowhead-shaped stone, and I release it through the grating; together we watch it plop onto the leaves below. A few shabby leaves still cling to their trees, and the sky is mottled with cirrus and cumulus clouds. Leaf dust and blue car exhaust eddy around us. It is a mild, smoky, parti-colored day and, now that I think of it, Halloween.

We enter the playground where a girl died walking her dogs, shot by a sniper in full sight of the nurses and mothers and little children. The playground is empty today. Charlie marches straight ahead. Receding, he dwindles to the size of a red-and-blue doll soldier. He is not at all fazed by the huge slides and swings, the seesaw that looks as if it were meant for giant children with big red hands and ears. Solemnly he makes the circuit of these enormous toys, then sidles over to the sandbox, which is the only thing the playground contains that is the right size for him. Charlie crouches on the brown-sugar sand, singing tonelessly, "Teetaw Margie Daw—"

And the playground quickens with those other inhabitants of Charlie's world, Jack and Margery and Wee Willie Winkie, the ones who dwell in that crazy, funny, disturbing place innocent of the principles of physics or biology, where dogs laugh, frogs go courting, and children suffer outrageous accidents—fall down or are beaten—while the gingerbread man runs triumphantly, thumbing his nose at the farmer's wife. I try to sing along, but

> Seesaw, Margery Daw,
> Sold her bed and lay upon straw

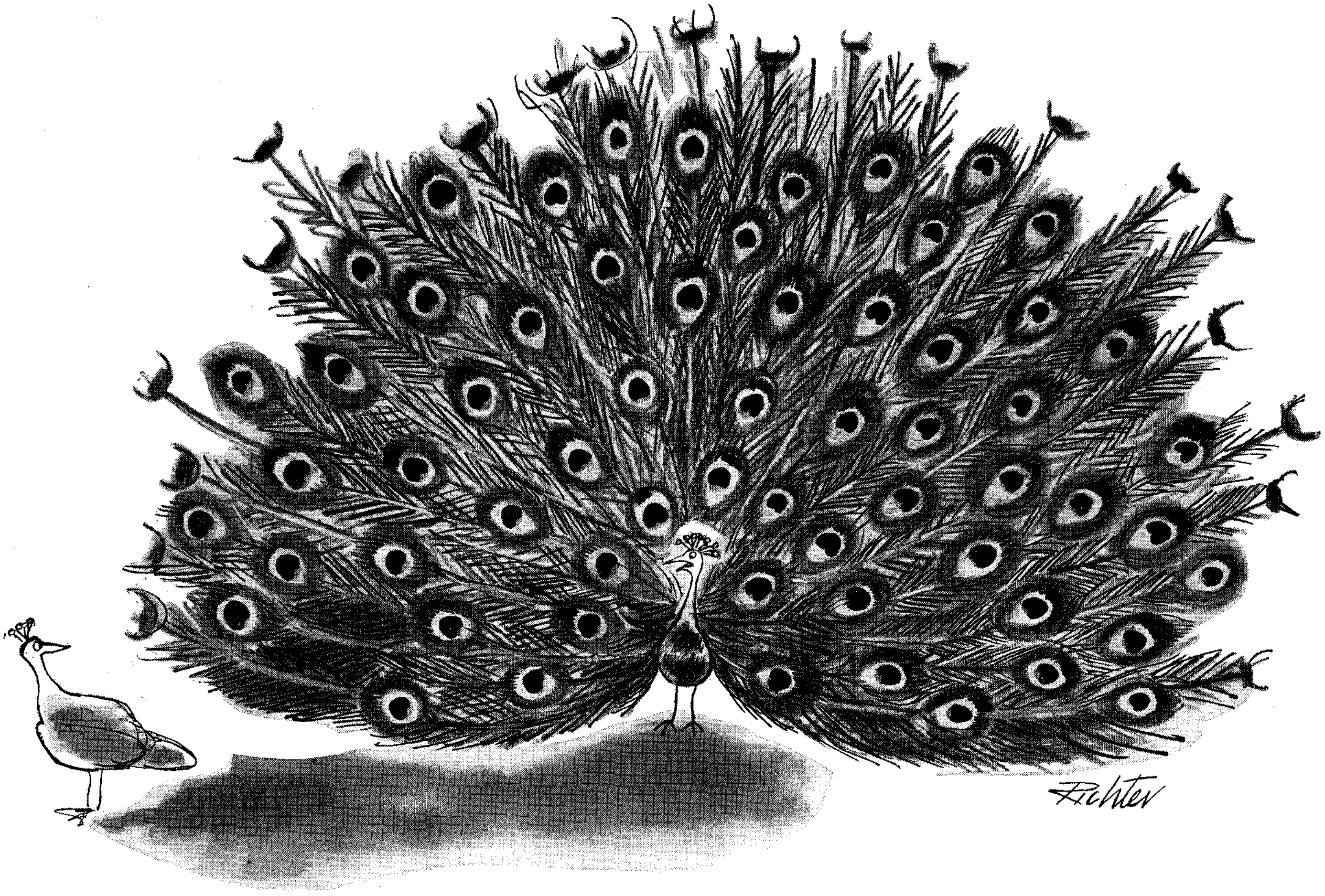
are the words that come to mind. I cannot remember Charlie's version of the song. Some grownups remember better than others. Robert despised memories, though he did claim that his mistrust of a certain relative dated from some early Christmas when she sent him a sinister greeting card, depicting the old man who requests you please to put a penny in his hat—and that may be true, because I do not recall that he ever gave anything to a beggar.

With a blue tin shovel, Charlie pats the sand into heaps. "Row row row," he sings (it is his bathtub song). He sighs. "Mommy. Daddy," he says, climbing out of the sandbox. He takes my hand and we go up a stone ramp with the stroller to the top of the hill that overlooks the playground, with its outcropping of rock, the bone of Manhattan. On the grass a group of young people sprawl indolently in a circle while a large golden dog cavorts around them. Their musical instruments lie in a heap. They seem like a company of troubadours (or beggars), brightly dressed and riding high. They smell of incense. Charlie looks not at them but at a small boy who runs on tiptoes across the grass, grandparental protest streaming after him: "William! No. No. No."

A breathless grandmother tags him at last, carries him, with a jangle of bracelets, over to where we have parked the stroller, watching. The grandfather, who wears a red beret, comes along at a more sedate speed. "He's got the dickens in him today, all right," Grandmother boasts, fanning herself with a handkerchief.

William prepares to take off again, like the gingerbread man, and the grandfather makes a church out of his joined fingers to distract him. "How old is he?" I inquire, instantly jealous for Charlie of William's superior size and energy. It turns out that they are exactly the same age.

If William is sturdier, Charlie is handsomer. He is a conventionally stunning child, with the blank blond



"Go ahead. Join the Women's Liberation movement. I couldn't care less!"

• •

beauty of the very young, but nevertheless such as Raphael might have painted. Today the warmth and wind have lit him, set red circles on his cheeks, made a nimbus of his yellow hair. The blondness, of course, is temporary, and already fading. Still, I do not believe that either my sister or I resembled him at any moment of our lives. "I'm only his aunt," I apologize.

William is swinging an orange papier-mâché basket with a face painted on it; Charlie still has the blue tin shovel. They look at each other. We three custodians allow them to swap. "That's a pumpkin, baby," I explain to my nephew; he echoes, "Pump'n." The grandchild bangs the borrowed shovel against a wooden fence.

"Hiah, *dog*," says Charlie, drifting over to where the teen-agers preserve their circle. Dog leans on his forepaws and woofs softly. A long pink tongue swipes Charlie's face; frowning, he backs away, accompanied by cracked, adolescent laughter. His face crumples, but he does not cry. Quickly I go to him and we stroll out onto the rocks. With papery fingernails Charlie scrapes at a particle of mica, crooning his names. He has left the funny-face basket some way behind him.

It would be pleasant to linger here, but I was urged to *wear him out*, so, feeling almost professional now, I collect Charlie, pumpkin basket, tin shovel, stroller, and Charlie (he has caught some of the dickens from William); returning the basket, we bid farewell to the grandparents and cross the street of cyclists, whom Charlie greets with a friendly "Hiah, *bike*."

We are on a rustic path under tall oaks and sycamores, half-leaved, a tapestry forest. The shadows deepen and there seems to be nobody around. We come to the edge of a cliff. We look down. The canyon below us is a habitat for every species and race of vehicle: blue cars, Buick cars, convertibles, taxi cars, police cars, buses, motorcycles, hurrying east. They sound like the sea. I hold firmly to the dangling hood of Charlie's jacket while Charlie fiercely and obsessively identifies the vehicles in their flight, as though he were necessary to them; he could not stop even if he wanted to. " 'N a car. 'N a tackie car. 'N a bus." Green car, taxi car, taxi car, motorcycle. The time of warblers is long past, and Robert and I will never again eat cheese and drink beer and quarrel in the Ramble. (Once he asked, "Can't you say anything *right*?" and burst into tears, hiding his face in his hands.) The Park belongs to Charlie. I cover his red sneakers with leaves. He shifts and leans against my knee.

My ears ring with the beginnings of nursery rhymes: "How many miles to Babylon?" "There was an old woman lived under a hill." "Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea." "I run and I run as fast as I can." *You can't catch me*, says the gingerbread man. It is Halloween. The Park begins to rustle with presences. Look, one of them is over there, a man in a leaf-green cap slouched against a maple tree, watching us. Well, he is watching us, but he is doing something else, too. Where did he come from? What is he doing? What is *that* in his *hand*?

In a single movement, I pop Charlie into the stroller, wheel it around, and get us back down the leafy path to the bikes and the people. Charlie has noticed nothing wrong! I have performed a responsible act, for a change. I am not even shaking. Best of all, Charlie does not mind relinquishing the cars. Perhaps he enjoys my company.

However, he does not care for being in the stroller, squirms in the seat, wants to walk like a man. To live. As we go up the sidewalk, Charlie, voluble now, greets everybody who passes, every animate thing. "Hiah, man!" he shouts expansively. "Hiah, girl." A gray squirrel glares at us from behind a litter basket, and he murmurs, "Hiah, kirl."

It is getting dark; a policeman rides up to us on a dappled horse. ("*Hi*ah, horsie.") "It's getting dark, lady, and the Park isn't so safe," he warns us gravely. I thank him, and we walk on.

AT the top of the rise, the trees give way to a vast open space, a field that seemingly extends to the horizon, the jagged wall of city. The field looks emerald in the late-afternoon light. Purple and black clouds are blowing across a Walpurgisnacht sky, with the new moon suspended in it like a jack-o'-lantern smile. Near the road is a goal cage with scuffed earth around it, but no one is keeping it. Not far from it a real pumpkin glows warmly on the grass. Whoever put it there is not in view. Charlie runs to it as if recognizing an old friend. "Pump'n. Pump'n!"

With a deliberately silly smile, he tugs at its curved green handle, but the pumpkin only rolls foolishly about its axis and will not be budged. Beside the pumpkin, surrealistically juxtaposed, is a pair of oxblood-colored loafers, approximately size 10. I have the sense that Peter's wife is going to peek out of the pumpkin, or a troop of tiny children file into a shoe. I look around for a barefoot pumpkin owner. However, nothing here is in the least strange to Charlie. One sneakered foot slides into one of the loafers, then the other into the other. Trying to navigate, he falls over backward. "Daddy," he says. He capers away on light feet and looks at the pumpkin lovingly. "Look at the *moon*, baby," I tell him. It is almost too much for him.

Charlie lifts his hands toward the moon and revolves in a dance of admiration, conducting some ceremony of his own. The Park gathers itself and freezes. For a beat in time wind, noise, wheels are stilled. The animals in the Zoo are listening. The gingerbread man stops running. I feel as though all my life I have been travelling toward this spot, to wait beside this baby at the vortex of his joy. In the spooky silvery light, everything is a clue. There are clues all around me, but I cannot interpret them. I cannot even distinguish the mystery.

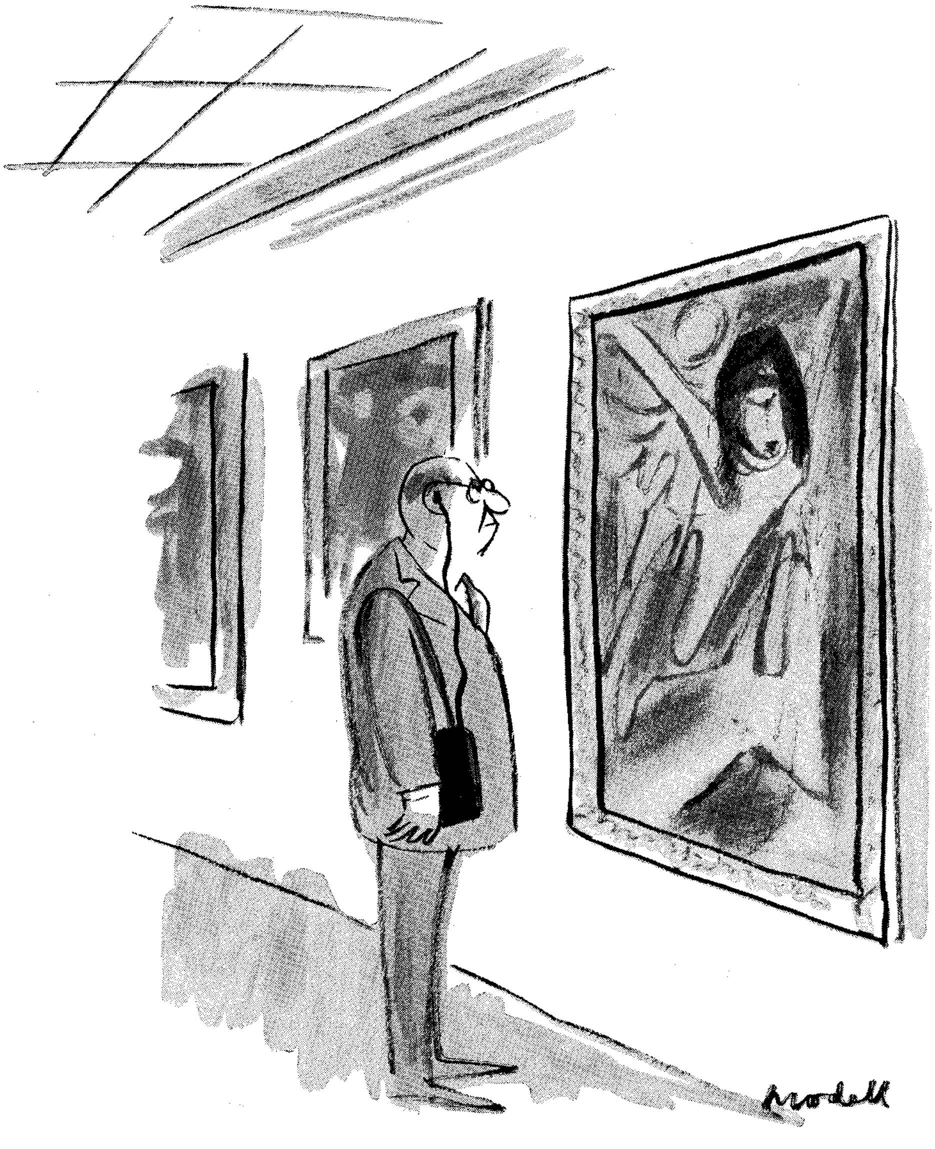
Then a cloud is dragged across the moon, a boy comes along with a loud transistor radio, bats emerge and begin to tumble in the violet air. It is at last time to go. But something else unexpected develops—Charlie does not want to leave the shoes behind. We were so happy for a while, I cannot bear that anything should change it. I carry him under the armpits over to the stroller, but he runs disconsolately away, back to the objects of his fixation. "Daddy." He is trying to tell me something. He cannot make me understand. Somehow he manages to lift one shoe by the heel, trundling it back to me, like a mother cat dragging a large brown kitten. His anxiety makes me hurt too. "Oh, Charlie," I tell him, "I *wish* we could take the shoes. But they don't belong to us. Somebody needs them, somebody with cold feet." But nobody appears to claim them.

Then it comes to me with the simplicity of faith that 10 is not an uncommon size, and all he is trying to tell me is that he thinks these are the shoes of his father. Under this light, with the air full of distant flighty things, it is a supposition too reasonable to dispute.

However, I think I now know where we are and what to say. "Going home, Charlie. Wave bye-bye shoes. Bye-bye pumpkin." We wave farewell to the moon, to the Park and all its kind and dangerous inhabitants. On the sidewalks outside the Park, the first small pirates and witches and Batmen will already be out begging; next year Charlie will be among them. I wish there were more that I could do for him.

Did I ever care so much for another person that even his clothes were holy to me?

I am thirty years old and I have no child and no attachments. If Robert came to me barefoot across the meadow I would turn my back on him, having mastered the knowledge that you can love someone and not be able to live with him, and that there are no grownups who can save you from that. —JULIE HAYDEN

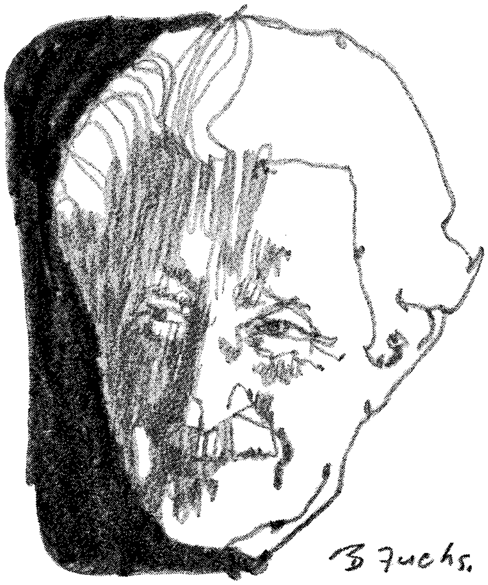


"Now, this one is probably way over your head."

PROFILES

THE MEASURE OF MAN—I

ALTHOUGH in this country Existentialism followed psychoanalysis as an object of both genuine and faddish intellectual interest, the sequence of their development was quite otherwise in history. Søren Kierkegaard, the first and most powerful of modern Existentialists, died, in Denmark, in 1855. In 1856, Sigmund Freud was born, in Moravia, hundreds of miles to the south. It cannot be said that Kierkegaard influenced Freud—they came from almost incompatible intellectual worlds—but they confronted similar problems with equally incisive genius, and I think it is not too much to say that Kierkegaard was the Christian tradition's first great psychologist. (It was only in the eighteenth century that the word "psychologist" began to appear.) He constantly insisted that man's duty to God required not confident prayer but self-analysis, and he saw the individual mind as a scene of successive battles, which become resolved only to be fought again and again, for higher stakes. If we put aside Kierkegaard's strictly religious speculations—and he often did so himself—we are left with an exceedingly canny and modern view of the mind. Instinct struggles with conscience. Society has its rules, but they vary, and there is no way of knowing their absolute value, if any. What appears to be the case may not be the case; indeed, the mind is contrary, devious, and hard to fathom. Moreover (he always insisted), each man's mind has its own particular history and destiny, just as history itself is not a uniform or predictable series of events but an endless number of trials between man and himself.

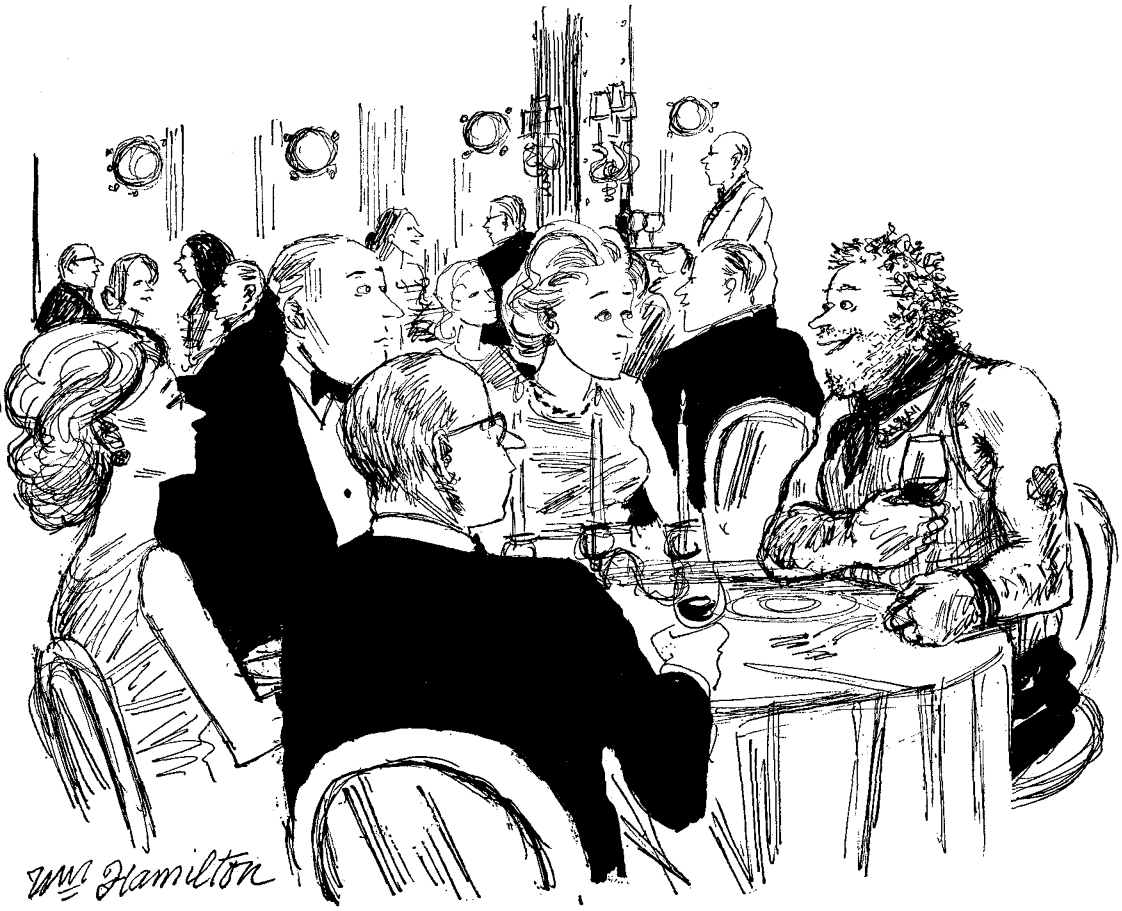


Erik H. Erikson

The radical power of Kierkegaard's gloomy, suspicious mind was no match for nineteenth-century optimism. It was not until 1944 that his "Either/Or" was translated into English—more than a century after it was written, and barely in time, some would say, for a Western world that was about to accept genocide and hydrogen bombs as part of its political and technological "reality." Kierkegaard's moment of favor in this century's intellectual life has to do with his strongly moral, personal, and emotional tone. And yet it can be argued that without Freud's scientific writings Kierkegaard would still be as ignored or misunderstood as he was in his lifetime. We are now rather used to the idea that, almost from the very beginning, we all have to face conflict and tension, regardless of how "healthy" or "well adjusted" we are, or how sensibly and considerately our parents treat us. Freud himself first saw anxiety as a product of a particular conflict and of the mind's tendency to deal with conflict by pushing it forcibly aside (repression). Later, he began to feel that anxiety is far more pervasive than he had imagined, its presence an inevitable or developmental part of everyone's mental life. "It is not repression that creates anxiety; it is there first and creates repression." Once Freud had said that—and had been heard by a culture attentive to his ideas—the anxiety Kierkegaard repeatedly described could be acknowledged in a skeptical, "scientific" age as an utterly irreducible (hence existential) phenomenon. When all the antecedents of adult behavior are revealed, and all the progressively consolidated deceptions of the mind are unravelled, there remains in any patient what Freud called a certain kind of "basic anxiety." Kierkegaard called the same thing "dread" or "fear and trembling"—and the choice of words matters very little. The point is that both men saw life as inevitably painful: growth is painful; the world frustrates the individual and brings pain to him; and, finally, each of us has the painful assurance that there must be a last heartbeat.

If Kierkegaard moved from philosophy and theology to psychology, Freud also made a move. Late in life, his mind left his office to begin the task of placing what had been found out about patients in a perspective that would account for the development of civilization. He became curious about the nature of normal and gifted thinking, as opposed to the disturbed kind. He discussed the relationship of the individual to "the group," be it a group of neighbors, the people in a nation, or the people now gone who survive in personal memories or more general traditions. Freud gradually worked his way from a neurophysiological laboratory to a study of Moses—thus meeting Kierkegaard more than halfway—by stretching the confines of his own point of view, which is surely all that anyone who has actually created a point of view can be asked to do. From various observations Freud extracted a method, a manner of study that made the human mind accessible to study. Since he naturally did so within a specific scientific tradition, and at a particular moment in the history or development of that tradition, he, like Kierkegaard, could fulfill only the one limited destiny any genius has.

But both men had followers. Karl Jaspers and Gabriel Marcel have taken Kierkegaard's century-old work and shown its powerful relevance to modern psychological and philosophical problems. Marcel—like Kierkegaard, a passionate Christian Existentialist—talks repeatedly about "creative fidelity." What he calls "vivifying philosophical minds," like Kierkegaard's, enable the thinker of the next generation "to surpass himself as a simple *Fachmensch*, as a simple specialist." The debt to the past is acknowledged by an assumption of personal responsibility, by an effort of self-assertion worth a hundred sterile vows of obedience to the dead master. When Kierkegaard died, in Copenhagen, at the age of forty-two, a group of students stood guard over his coffin, fearful of the hostility they knew he had aroused. Freud lived into his eighties, and, unlike Kierkegaard, he saw his ideas become extremely influential all over the world. Freud not only lived long enough to attract followers but freely admitted that he *wanted* them, so that his ideas would have wide in-



"The Captain couldn't make it. I'm the stoker."

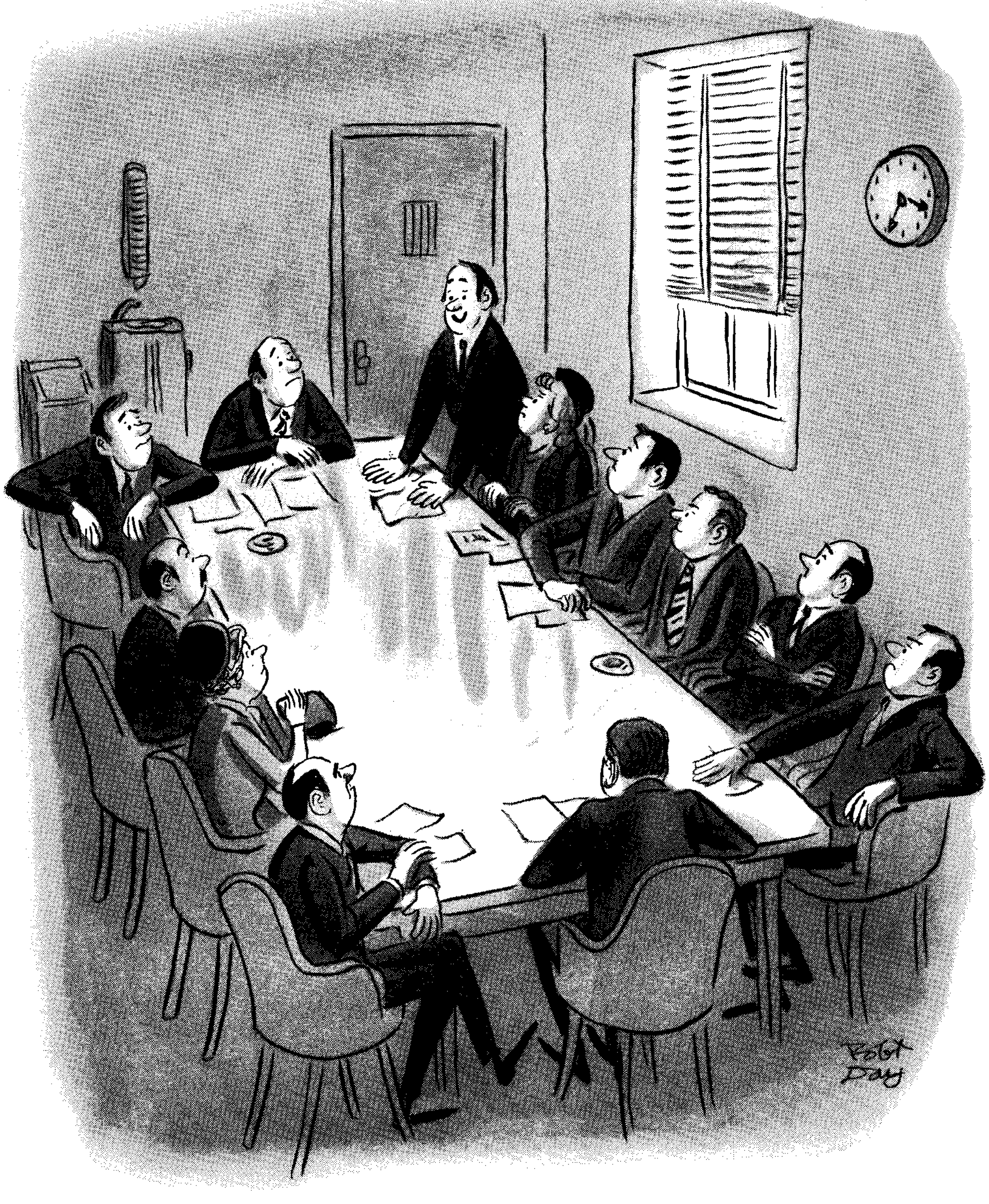
stitutional backing. And after the very first followers came the innovators—some of them, like Jung and Adler, eventually rejected by Freud as hopeless deviants, and others, like Sandor Ferenczi, Karl Abraham, and Hanns Sachs, welcomed as collaborators in a continuing search.

A GENIUS has never succeeded until he has given later generations of men—as Marcel puts it—the courage to surpass the tradition he himself established and free it from hard, thorny dogma. That being so, the unusual career of the psychoanalyst Erik H. Erikson shows how enduring Freud's influence has been. And in many ways, including his insistence that all theories and dogmas must be tested against the world's reality, Erikson has been a follower of Kierkegaard. Erikson's background made it highly improbable that he would ever become the kind of narrow specialist Marcel has described. Though he was born in Frankfurt (on June 15, 1902), at the center of Germany's scientific and industrial brilliance, his parents were Danish, both reared in Copenhagen a short generation's time after Kierkegaard's death. (As a youth, Erikson was told by his mother that during her pregnancy and his infancy she read widely in Danish literature, including a number of Kierkegaard's books, and was also drawn, interestingly, to some nineteenth-century American writers, like Emerson.) Before Erikson was born, his parents were separated, and his mother left Denmark for Germany to be near friends. In Karlsruhe, where she eventually settled, her son, then three, became sick and was seen by a local pediatrician, Dr. Theodor Homburger, who cured the patient and fell in love with the patient's mother. In time, they were married, and the boy, whose real parentage was kept a secret from him, was known as Erik Homburger for many years. (Erikson once told me that he has given some thought to the question of how much "this loving deceit" may have influenced his later preoccupation with problems of identity.)

Young Erik went to *Vorschule*, or primary school, from the age of six to the age of ten, and then to the *Gymnasium* until he was eighteen. His eight years in the *Gymnasium* were extremely important to him later; they were, in fact, his last really sustained bout—just that—with formal education. He went to a "classical" *Gymnasium* rather than a "reform" one, the difference being, broadly, that between a high school emphasizing classical languages and literature and one whose courses are mostly scientific and technical. He studied Latin for eight years, Greek for six, and, of course, German literature all along. In addition, there were ancient history and art, in both of which he excelled, although in general he was not a good student. He has described himself in those days as "selectively attentive," adding that he did not take to the strict and formal Germanic atmosphere, although he came to be deeply appreciative of the classical *Bildung* it conveyed. By the time he was ready to graduate, he felt at a loss—out of place and out of joint. Instead of going on to a university, young Erik wandered through Europe with the same energy and determination that others of his age and background were applying to study. He walked the Black Forest and eventually worked his way to the shores of Lake Constance, where for some months he spent most of his time reading, putting his thoughts down in a notebook he kept, and looking about the countryside. After a year of such "escape," he returned to Karlsruhe, somewhat intent upon a career as an artist, and enrolled in an art school, the Badische Landeskunstschule. But again he became restless, and in 1922 he left for Munich, where he studied briefly at another art school, the famous Kunst-Akademie. He actually did most of his work by himself—enormous woodcuts, which demanded a good deal of physical energy as well as artistic imagination. As in Karlsruhe, he continued doing etchings. Erikson recalls that in the middle nineteen-twenties, at an exhibition in Munich's Glaspalast, his work was shown in the same room as work by Max Beckmann and Wilhelm Lehmbruck.

After two years in Munich, Erikson went to live in Florence, a city he came to love deeply. While there, he gave up sketching altogether and simply wandered through the streets and over the hills, perhaps trying to get from that Renaissance city an inkling of "the measure of man," which he saw being threatened by the quick-stepping Fascisti who then dominated Florence's old streets. The tall, thin young Nordic expatriate with long blond hair was seen by his family and friends not as odd or "sick" but as a wandering artist who was trying to come to grips with himself—a not unnatural or unusual struggle. Erikson was not a member of the Wandervögel, an organization of German youths wedded to the obscure (and potentially sinister) cult of national honor, group travel, vaguely defined "adventures," and folk song. He did, though, live at a time and in a country where the stroller, the apparently aimless but really serious youth, was very much part of the scene, and could count on an occasional free meal in a simple *Gasthaus*, and lodging, too, if a night under the stars was too cold. The future psychoanalyst who was to write about the crisis of identity—whether among contemporary American students or in a great German of the past, Martin Luther—was at least able to go through his own years of discontent and confusion without being singled out for doing so and thereby forced to defend behavior often best allowed to run its course. His friends in Florence were Peter Blos, then a writer, who is now a well-known American child psychoanalyst, and Oskar Stonorov, a sculptor who later practiced architecture in Philadelphia, and was killed recently in an airplane accident that also took Walter Reuther's life. And Erikson also remembers walking with Gaetano Salvemini, a liberal scholar whom Mussolini soon exiled to America.

At twenty-five, Erikson went back to Karlsruhe, and seemed to be settling down to a career of studying and teaching art. But at this point in his life a letter arrived from Peter Blos, in Vienna. Supposedly studying for a higher degree in biology, Blos seemed to be looking for diversions, for opportunities to delay a final confrontation with the academy, let alone the world. While studying in Vienna, he had met Dorothy Burlingham, an American woman who had come there with her children to see, and eventually study with, Freud and his daughter Anna, who was then beginning what was to be a long and distinguished career as a child analyst. Mrs. Burlingham was of an old New York family (her maiden name was Tiffany), and her husband was a well-known lawyer. A number of well-to-do Americans went to Vienna in the twenties to be psychoanalyzed, constituting the vanguard of a far larger movement whose influence would leave a mark on American social, cultural, and intellectual history. In those years, Paris and London beckoned American expatriates who wanted to find (or lose) themselves as writers and artists, or merely as hangers-on. Vienna drew Americans of a different sort, including many who were convinced that William James was right when he told Freud, "The future of psychology belongs to your work," and who, because their minds had been awakened by men like John Dewey, were unable to settle for the strap and rote memory as proper education for a child's mind. Mrs. Burlingham had four young children, and they needed schooling. She wanted them tutored privately, and in the course of events she met Peter Blos and engaged him to do the job in the sciences and in German. He lived with the Burlinghams for two years and, of course, met and came to know the Freud family, to which Mrs. Burlingham grew increasingly attached. When Blos felt that the time had come to move on—perhaps to finish his own education—Mrs. Burlingham and Anna Freud worked hard to prevent the



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loss of a brilliant and charming teacher. They offered the irresistible, at least to the young, unhurried, and idealistic Peter Blos: a school of his own, where he could continue to teach the Burlingham children and, in addition, could work with other English and American boys and girls whose families had brought them to Vienna. A building was obtained—it stood in a garden that belonged to a friend of the Freud family, Eva Rosenfeld—and about twenty children were enrolled. Blos needed another hand on deck, and told Miss Freud and Mrs. Burlingham about his friend Erikson, describing him as a gifted artist whose subjects were often children, an avid student of history, a stubborn individualist who tended to meditate on his own rather than study assigned lessons, and a young man who had no really fixed future in mind. The two women were interested, and suggested that he be asked to Vienna.

So in 1927 Erikson arrived in Vienna, where he and Blos were given full freedom to organize a curriculum and teach it. The result was what could be called a "progressive school," similar in certain respects to some American experimental schools. The children were not graded. They were taught as individuals. They were encouraged to share in planning the day's activities and choosing the subject matter. The children worked with both their minds and their hands. Herr Erik, as he was called, taught them how to draw and paint, how to put together a collection of poems and songs or a yearbook. He also taught them history—and not only German history. They read about Eskimos and American Indians, and they made a variety of tools, toys, and exhibits, so as to give each culture they studied some flesh. At that time, of course, few children were in danger of the excesses later committed in the name of "spontaneity," and the responsibilities of full citizenship were immediately made known to the children Blos and Erikson taught; the school was, in fact, founded to make those responsibilities possible. The children they taught were also teachers who were giving some members of the Freud circle a lot to think about. Anna Freud was trying hard at that time to convert a psychoanalytic interest in childhood as it is recalled by adults into a concern with childhood itself. Under her leadership, the new profession of child analysis was being born—a development that would eventually affect the majority of analysts who don't work with children. Psychoanalysis was bound to become an increasingly theoretical discipline as long as it relied upon dreams and associations, upon retrospective accounts by people who, anyway, had reasons of their own to distort what they remembered and to forget what they most needed to remember. When Anna Freud, who had been an elementary-school teacher, started working analytically with children, she immediately realized how much there is to observe, to sit back and simply notice. In 1925, Freud's ideas

"Now that you're retiring, you won't be renewing this 'Insider's Newsletter,' I assume."

NATURAL CROWN IMPERIAL RUSSIAN SABLE. MAJESTIC SPLENDOUR BY Maximilian

were already becoming beliefs, pure and simple, to some of his followers, so Anna Freud's interest in childhood as a new field of inquiry was bound to be an antidote to that development.

Some of the children taught by Blos and Erikson were the sons and daughters of future analysts. Some of the children were in analysis themselves, and eventually their teacher Herr Erik joined them. It had all started at the Semmering, a mountain pass near Vienna, where the Freud and Burlingham families spent their summers. It was at the Semmering that Erikson had first come to know the Freud family and had been judged a desirable candidate for psychoanalytic training. In those days, one did not apply but was chosen, and it was all done quietly, without endless "interviews" and "evaluations." In town, Anna Freud shared a waiting room with her father at Berggasse 19, where the Freud family lived. Erikson began an analysis with her, and there he went daily, and became more and more involved in a process the obscurity and pain of which he could not have foreseen—particularly since at the time he knew very little about psychoanalysis and was not interested in a career as an analyst, or even as a schoolteacher. In 1927 and 1928, he was still very much the artist, but as his teaching and his daily analysis continued his eyes no longer tried to come to terms with the demands of the canvas. Instead, he was looking at childhood, as it daily presented itself to him in the classroom and as he recalled it while undergoing relentless self-scrutiny with the assistance of Anna Freud.

The years Erikson lived in Vienna—from 1927 to 1933—have been described by Ernest Jones as Freud's time of "fame and suffering." The Professor, as Freud was called by his few local supporters and the increasing number of foreigners who came to study psychoanalysis in Vienna, struggled every day with age and with a painful malignancy that eventually would eat away the roof of his mouth and hasten his death. Nevertheless, he continued to see patients and write prolifically. His daughter Anna was in constant attendance, caring for him and helping him in his work. By 1930, psychoanalysis, once the theory of a single Viennese doctor, had turned into a worldwide intellectual movement. In the worsening political climate in Central Europe, the Freud circle of friends, colleagues, patients, and students from every continent seemed an island of confidence and relative good cheer. Yes, there was a wild inflation, and from the gutter strident political

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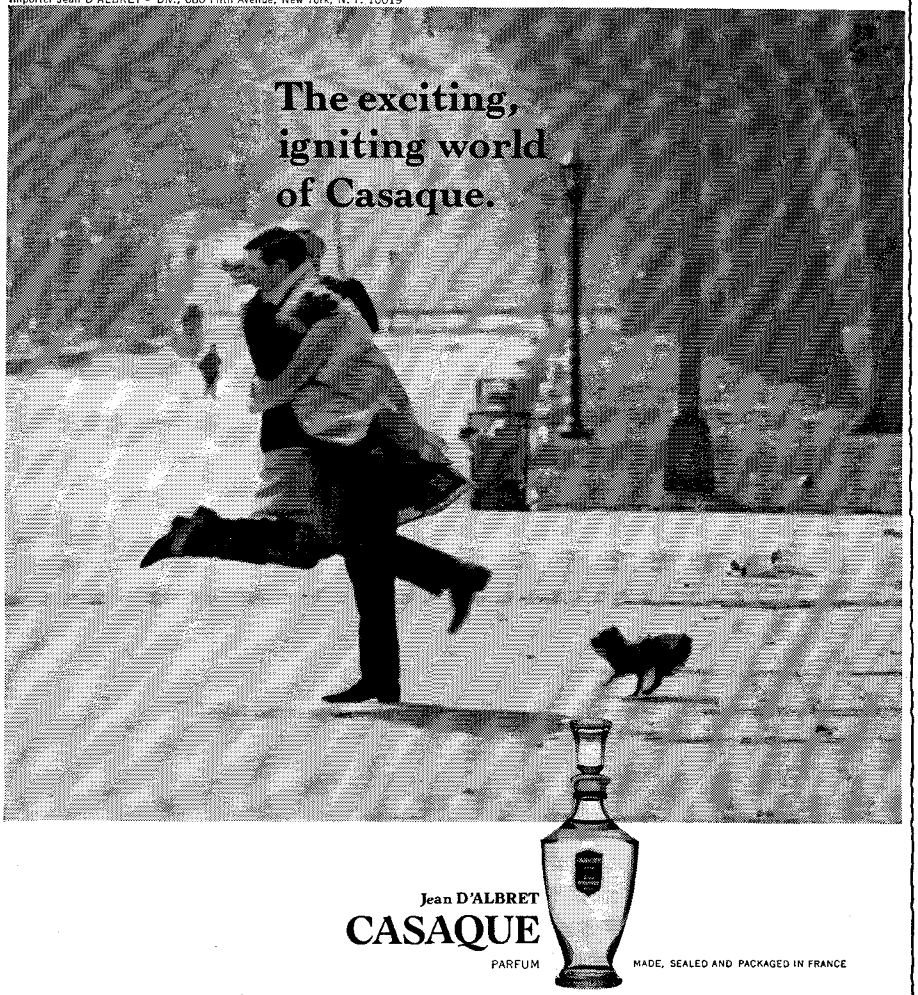
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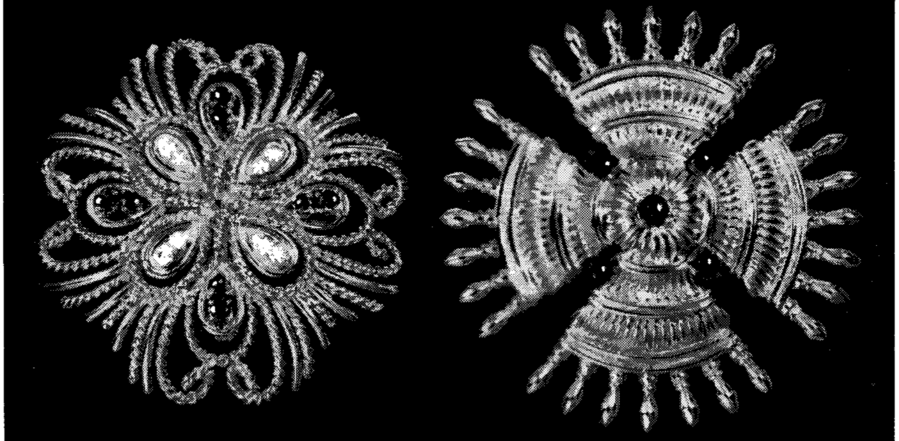

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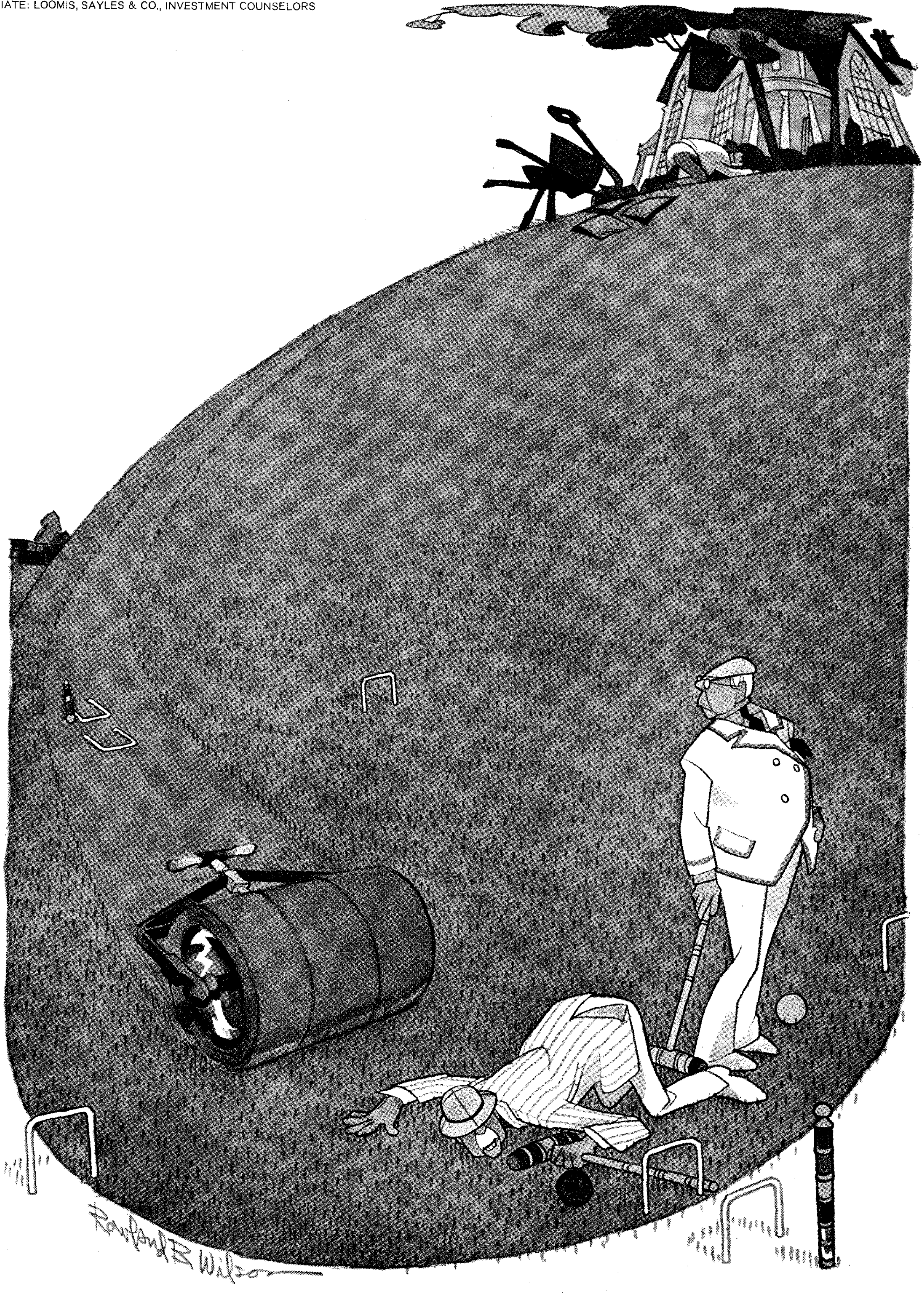

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voices were making themselves heard. But the study of psychoanalysis seemed to offer an urgent and valuable answer to such irrationality, if only enough people could understand themselves in a way never before possible. The atmosphere in the Freud circle was cordial and informal. Analysts did not go to great lengths to avoid their patients, and, indeed, the very nature of analysis was different from what it is today: shorter, more relaxed, less expensive, and far less complicated. Young Erikson could see Anna Freud during the day to tell her about his childhood and later in the day find himself joining with her in a children's party on the shore of the Danube. In 1930, when Freud, accompanied by his family, went to Berlin for medical treatment, his daughter invited Erikson to come along. He could stay in the house of Freud's son, who lived in Berlin, and continue his analysis. The psychoanalyst was not then some solemn, inscrutable, fleetingly seen person who for five years does little but listen, his every word a memorable occasion, his feelings seemingly nonexistent.

When Erikson started his analysis, he had no idea what sort of career it might lead to. He was on scholarship, so that he paid only a token fee to Miss Freud. There was no long-range, highly structured commitment required; he simply taught school as before and had his analytic hour each day. But even that informal arrangement at times caused him to be apprehensive. The wanderer and artist was not yet ready to settle down and listen to others "free-associate." He remembers telling Anna Freud in one session that, no matter how much he had learned about himself, psychoanalysis as a profession was not for him. He had been an artist and he would be one again. Anna Freud's reply was a remark that it seems her father had once made, to the effect that psychoanalysis may need people who can make others *see.* That statement apparently impressed him a good deal. "I began to perceive how important visual configurations were, how they actually preceded words and formulations," he once said to me. "Dreams are visual data, and so is children's play—not to speak of 'free associations,' which often are a series of images, pure and simple, only later put into words." Gradually, he began to take theoretical courses in psychoanalysis and to see some children as patients. His stepfather had wanted Erikson to be a pediatrician like him, and now Erikson did seem to be turning into a pediatrician of sorts. In those years—the late twenties and early

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thirties—Herr Erik both taught and attended school; in fact, he attended two schools, as if hedging his bets on his own future. At the Vienna Psychoanalytic Institute, he studied clinical psychoanalysis with August Aichhorn, Edward Bibring, Helene Deutsch, Heinz Hartmann, and Ernst Kris. He also studied with a Montessori group in Vienna, and was one of two men to graduate during that period from the Montessori women teachers' association, the Lehrerinnenverein. He has often said that his later psychoanalytic studies were influenced by the Montessori education. Certainly the nature of psychoanalytic education in Vienna at that time helped Erikson to be free, open-minded, and curious without feeling entrapped in a commitment before he was ready to make it. Psychoanalysis was itself in a ferment, in the midst of a turmoil-ridden period of growth. Someone unwilling to foreclose many possibilities in his future could feel at home with a profession that was blossoming extravagantly. Freud himself was becoming increasingly preoccupied with applications of psychoanalysis to literature and art, to biography, and to the general issues that face all civilized men: the alternatives of war and peace, the nature of education, the sources of religious faith. For example, while Erikson was in analytic training Freud wrote "The Future of an Illusion," "Civilization and Its Discontents," "Dostoevski and Parricide," a letter to Maxime Leroy on Descartes's dreams, a postscript to his "The Moses of Michelangelo," and, upon being awarded the Goethe Prize in 1930, an acceptance speech (delivered by Anna Freud) that showed how closely akin he felt to the writer and the artist.

It was not only his interesting job and his analysis that kept the wanderer relatively rooted to one place. In 1929, at a Mardi Gras masked ball in the Laxenburg Castle, one of Maria Theresa's homes, Erikson met a young woman, Joan Serson, of mixed Canadian and American background, and immediately fell in love with her. (He was dressed as a Turk, red fez and all, she as a heavily bejewelled dancer.) A few months later, they were married, and by 1933, when he graduated from the Vienna Psychoanalytic Institute, they had two sons, Kai and Jon. Mrs. Erikson—a beautiful and gracious woman whom the Viennese called *Die Schöne*, the lovely one—had received a B.A. in education from Columbia and an M.A. in sociology from the University of Pennsylvania, and in addition she had taught modern dance. Eventually, she became interested in

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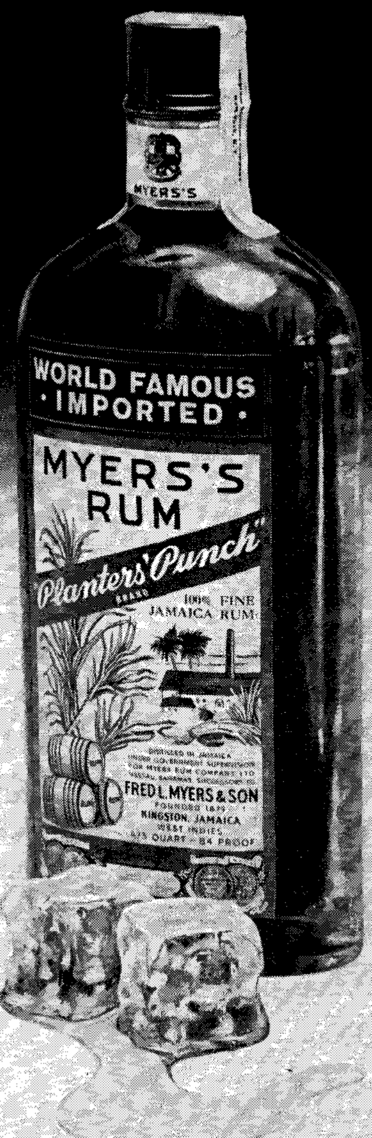

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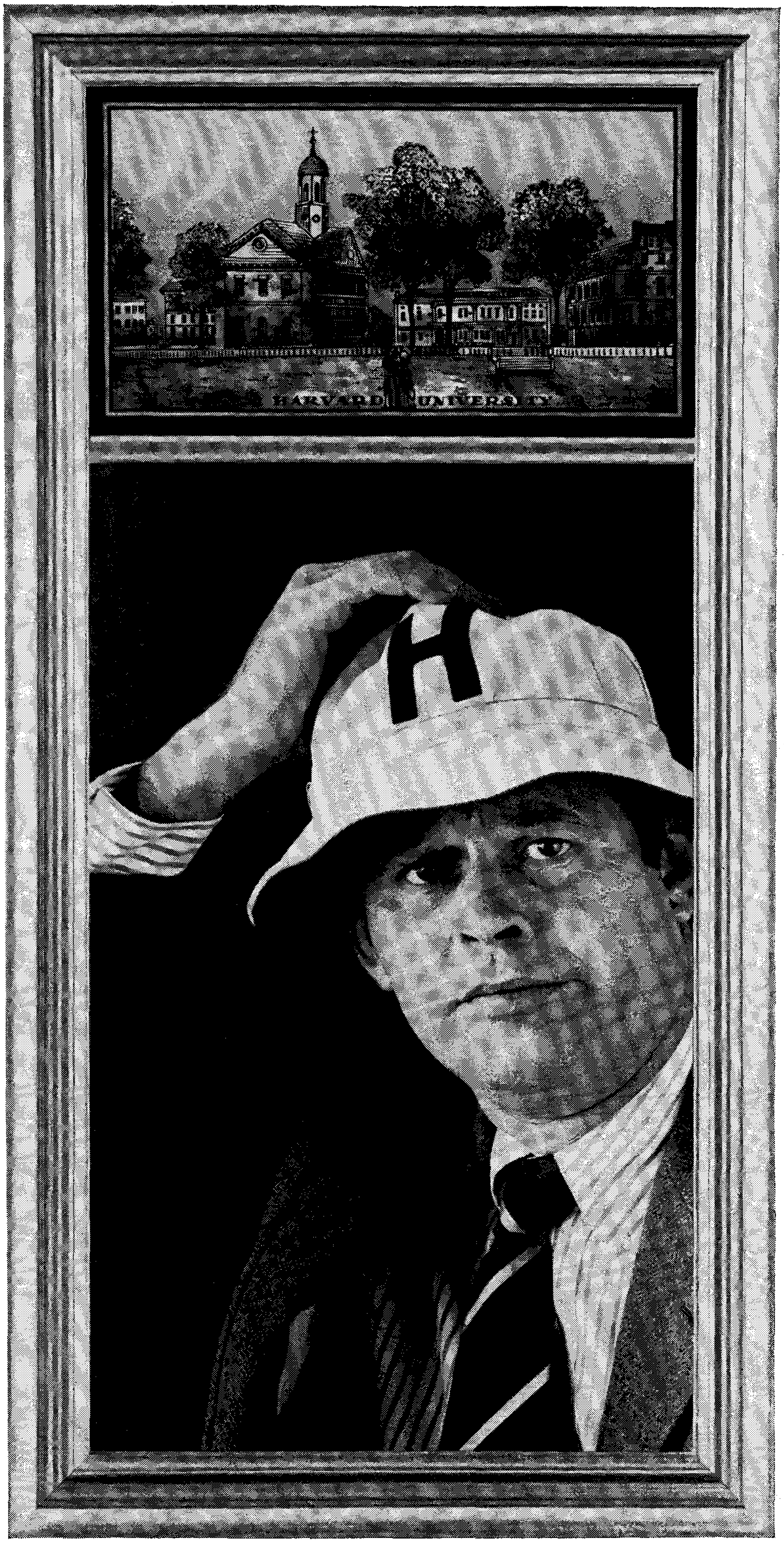

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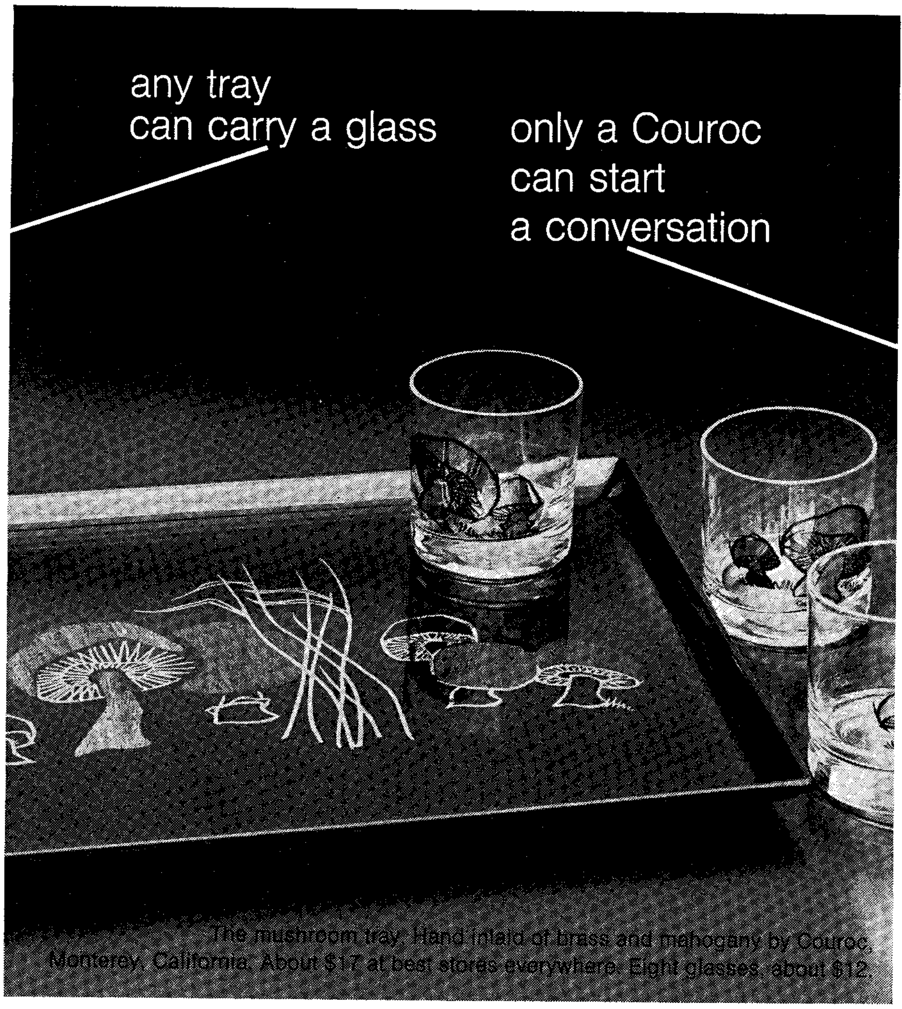
the history and social origins of modern dance. She wanted to earn a doctorate in education at Columbia, and was in Europe to do research on the origins of the various schools of dance that proliferated in Germany after the war. Moreover, she, too, had been analyzed—by Ludwig Jekels, one of Freud's first followers. Mrs. Erikson joined her husband on the faculty of the school that had been set up for the children of people in the Freud circle, and she taught English, English literature, and American history. When the Eriksons' first son, Kai, was born, they would carry him to school between them in a laundry basket and his mother would nurse him during the recesses, which, of course, could be arranged as the need arose. The children would hear Kai crying and exclaim, "*Kai weint!*" His mother would call a halt to the class and tend to her child. In that school, a mother who sometimes nursed her child and also loved to teach young children could only be considered a special asset.

Meanwhile, Herr Erik had at last become as devoted a student of psychoanalysis as he was a teacher of children. He was preparing to graduate from the Vienna Psychoanalytic Institute, and was known there as an exceptionally intelligent and talented candidate. A paper that he wrote in Vienna in 1930, later translated into English under the title "Psychoanalysis and the Future of Education," foreshadowed in both style and content his later development. He begins with a reminder that teachers are not analysts. What he calls the patient's "pitilessly selective life" must be drawn out continuously by a rather passive analyst, who knows only too well the dangers of responding to patients as they variously and unwittingly desire. The teacher has quite another job, although he, too, will inevitably receive from children feelings that cannot help spilling over from home. If the child has learned to be impertinent and spiteful or meek and obliging with his mother or father, he may very well behave in the same way with his teacher, even when the teacher does not particularly encourage him to do so; or the child may do exactly the opposite—make sure he distinguishes his parents from his teacher in all sorts of ways. This is what Freud called "transference"—a relentless and confusing carryover of attitudes from the nursery to the world. In his paper, Erikson pointed out that what the analyst has to look for, and later clarify to the patient, the teacher has to *use:* "Although he is the object of transference, he cannot eliminate his own personality but must play a



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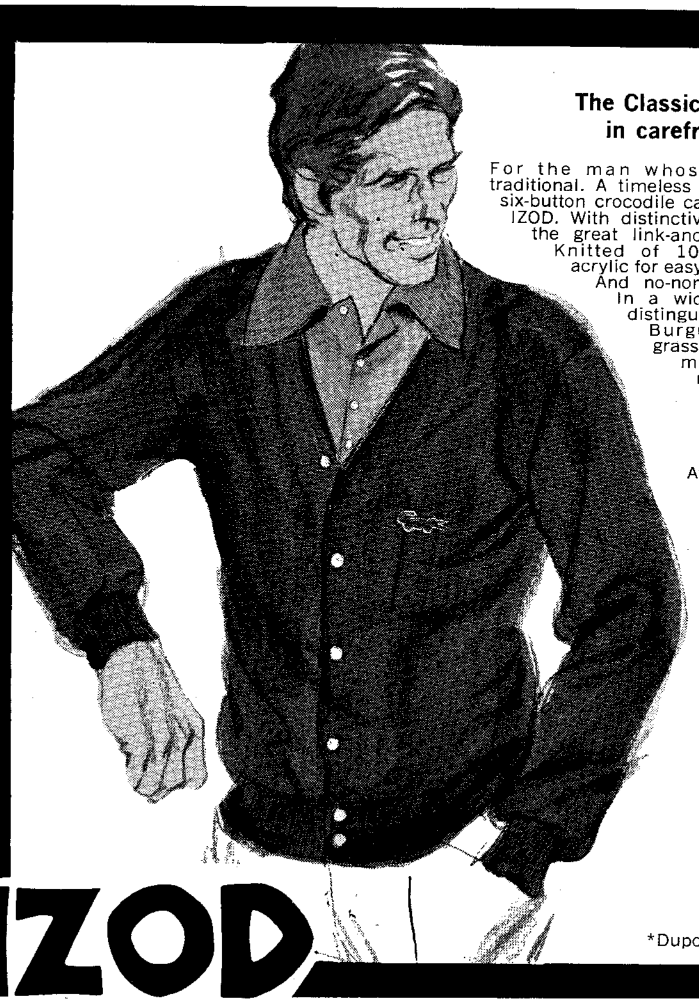
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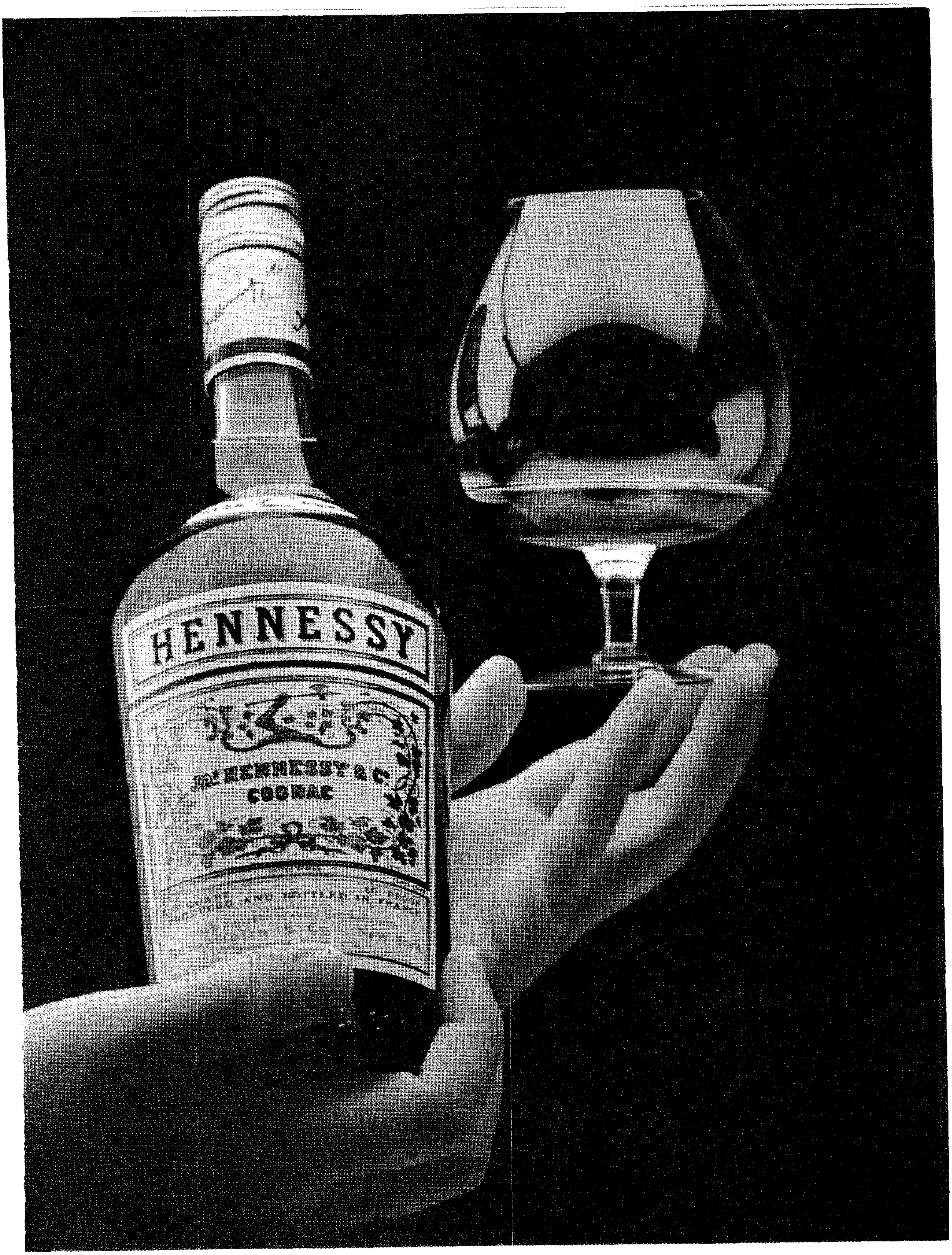
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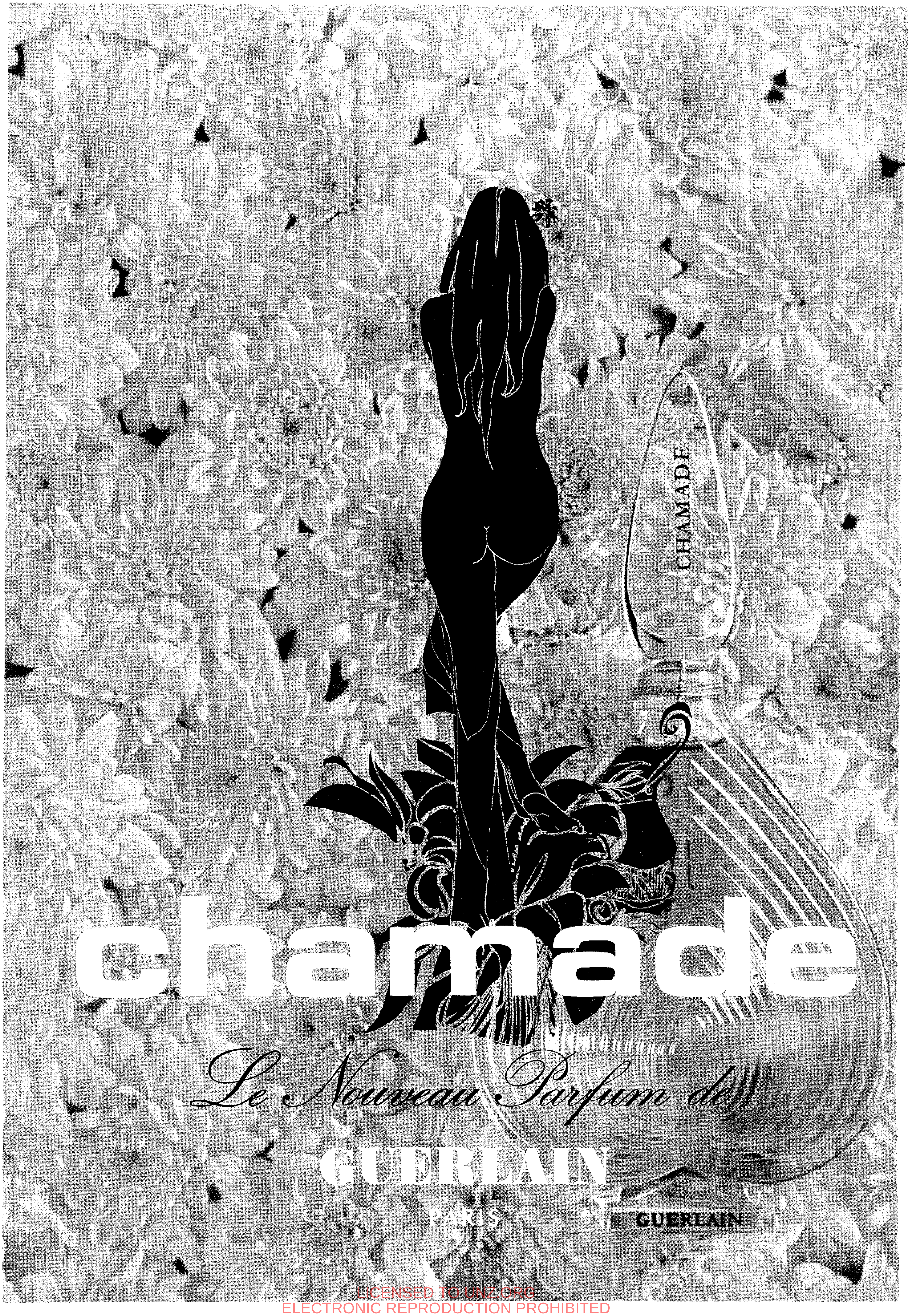
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very personal part in the child's life. It is the *x* in the teacher's personality which influences the *y* in the child's development." The teacher's duty is "to train, to present, to explain, and to enlighten," and Erikson adds that "he should ask himself not where his work touches on the work of the analyst or the worker in child guidance, but where and how it in itself gives him the opportunity to make use of his new knowledge of human instincts." Those words of warning were written at the beginning of a heady decade, when psychoanalytic knowledge was about to be embraced as uncritically and inappropriately as it had formerly been attacked. Particularly in America, social workers, teachers, ministers, and others would use Freud's ideas to answer practically every question known to man.

Erikson finished his analytic training in 1933, just when the school he and Blos had operated was ready to close. Joan Erikson was teaching English not only to children but to analysts, like Robert Waelder and Edward Bibring, who were getting ready to leave for America. Time was short. On the evening of Erikson's graduation from the Vienna Psychoanalytic Institute, he was asked to step out of the room, so that his record could be reviewed and his status as an associate member voted on. When he came back into the room, he was told by Paul Federn, the chairman of the Institute, that he could not be considered an associate member, because it had been decided to make him a full member—a decision that made it possible for him to leave the country right away. The Eriksons first went to Denmark, where a psychoanalytic institute was being set up, but conditions throughout Europe made it seem advisable to consider moving on to America. A chance meeting in Vienna had, in effect, led to the selection of Boston as a place to settle. The meeting was with Hanns Sachs, who in 1912, with Otto Rank and under Freud's direction, had founded the journal *Imago*, devoted to interpreting mythology, art, literature, and religion from a psychoanalytic point of view. Sachs, a Viennese, had moved first to Berlin and then to Boston, where, though he was not a physician, he had received the hospitality of the Harvard Medical School. Just at the time the Eriksons were trying to make up their minds between Denmark and America, Sachs returned to Vienna for a visit, and one afternoon Erikson, who had taken a long walk and then stopped for coffee at a little café, saw him alight from a streetcar, obviously perplexed. He had

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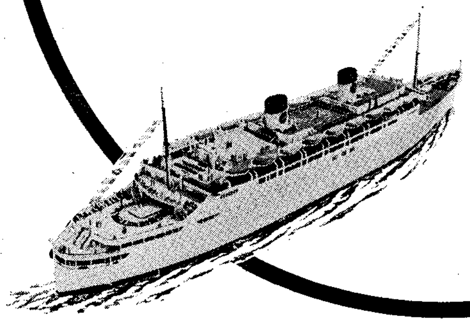

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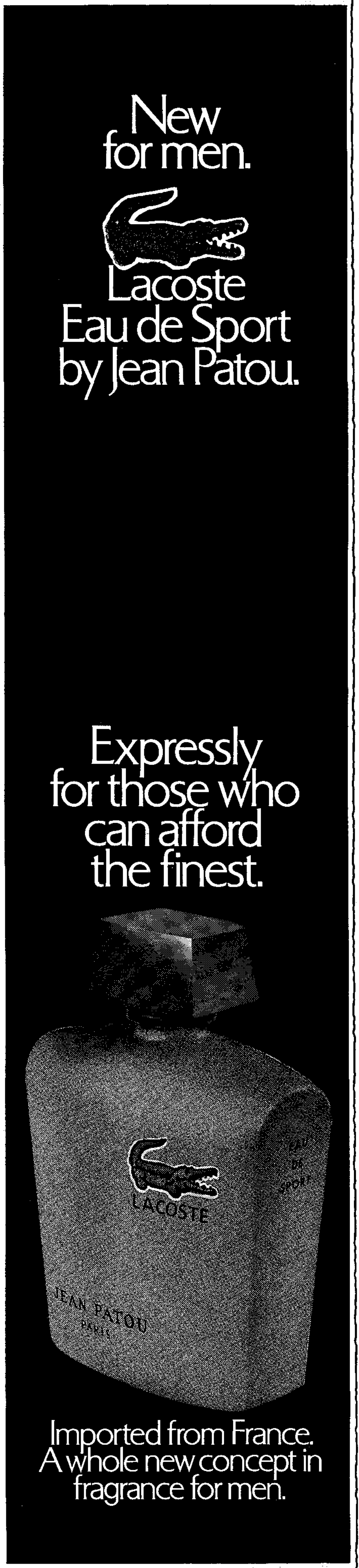

taken the wrong line. They talked, and Sachs told Erikson that there would surely be a place for him in Boston. Erikson had been trained in both adult and child analysis, and was, indeed, one of the first analysts to be so trained. In Boston, he would be the city's only child analyst. Sachs urged Erikson to join him in the United States.

With him on the ship to America Erikson carried a paper that attempted to explain the powerful attraction Hitler exerted upon German youth. It was a first draft—written, of course, in German—and it had to be tentative, because it dealt with history that was still in progress. During the voyage, he met a young American diplomat, George Kennan, who was then a member of his country's legation in Riga, Latvia, and to pass the time Erikson and Kennan together translated the paper into English. Erikson was well received in America, and by Christmas of 1933 Boston had its first child analyst. Like Sachs, Erikson was not a physician—indeed, he had no academic degree at all—but he was nevertheless given a position at the Harvard Medical School and also at the highly regarded Massachusetts General Hospital. He was asked to serve as a consultant at the Judge Baker Guidance Center, a pioneering clinic devoted to the diagnosis and treatment of children's emotional disorders. He opened an office on Marlborough Street—one of several addresses in Boston that qualify as an equivalent of London's Harley Street. Erikson lived across the river, in Cambridge, and he became associated with the Harvard Psychological Clinic. He also enrolled at Harvard as a candidate for a Ph.D. in psychology, but in a matter of months it became clear that his mind still could not accommodate itself to formal academic study; he had become a clinician, and he wanted to spend his time with people. On the other hand, the Harvard intellectual community exerted an important influence on him. Although he would leave Cambridge after only three years, he met people there whose ideas helped shape his entire professional life: anthropologists like Margaret Mead, Gregory Bateson, Ruth Benedict, and Scudder Mekeel, and psychologists and educators like Henry Murray, Lawrence Frank, and Kurt Lewin. As a child analyst, Erikson treated troubled children of middle-class professional background, but at the Judge Baker Guidance Center he encountered delinquent children of the poor who at ten or twelve were already in trouble with school officials and the police. At first, the European analyst could hardly understand such children, but he asked them to play games with him and he watched them carefully. Gradually, he discovered what can be masked by the particularly stubborn silences of frightened children, and gradually his confidence—and his reputation as a clinician—grew. And at Harvard his research allowed him to see students who had no problems at all—or, at least, none that prompted them to seek the help of a psychiatrist. For the rest of his life, he would insist upon balancing clinical work with research, and upon keeping in touch with people who are not usually seen by analysts.

From 1934 to 1936, Erikson took part in Henry Murray's clinic. Their subjects were "ordinary" Harvard students—if there is such a thing. To an immigrant from Europe the students seemed strange creatures, and Erikson told me that at first he was tempted to diagnose them rather harshly. He has described his work with them as follows:

> When the present writer, a psychoanalyst for children, and therefore interested in the psychology of play, undertook to study with others at the Harvard Psychological Clinic the development and character-formation of a group of college men, it seemed of possible interest to place these subjects in a play situation and observe what their late adolescent imaginings would do with it.

Then, before he went into the more technical aspects of his study, he had this to say:

> Play that is of concern to psychology ranges from the first playful movements of the baby to the various manifestations of the need for play in adults. Taking the most fascinating extremes of "play," the child's play on the one hand and the productions of the artist on the other, we find that in spite of the testimony of language, popular opinion tends to evaluate them as antithetic phenomena, finding "no sense" in children's play but looking at the artist's play as burdened—and in modern times, overburdened—with conscious problems and meanings.

After being in America only three years, the author could write straightforward English, and felt able to comment pointedly on the increasing tendency in this country, by both psychoanalysts and the general public, to see everything in terms of abstract symbolism. Today we may be bored by that kind of jargon, but in the mid-thirties our culture's faddish preoccupation with psychoanalysis was just beginning. Erikson, in effect, was setting out to do what Freud had suggested be done—study the way people

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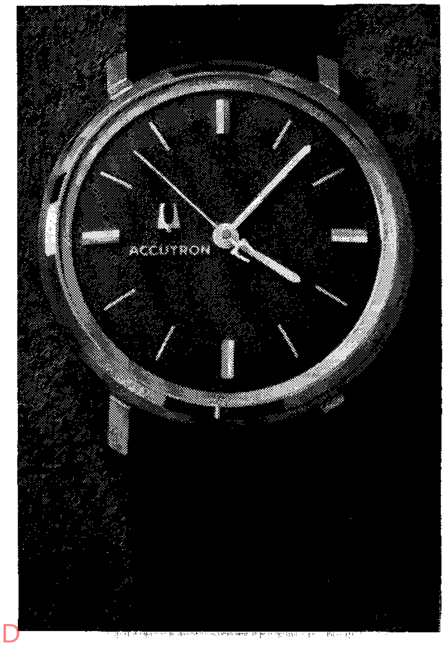

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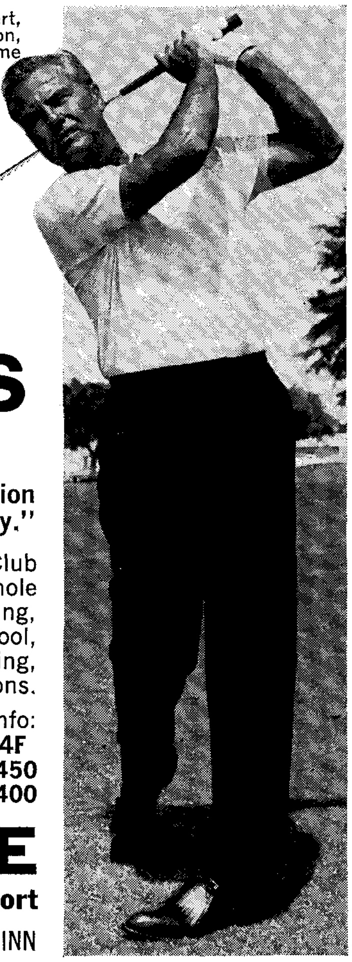

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constantly seek self-expression by finding (or making) in daydreams, in a playground, in the library, or in the theatre the fundamental riddles and conflicts of their own mental life. Erikson wanted to find out what Harvard students would do when provided with an assortment of toys and asked to construct dramatic scenes with them. Again and again, the students took miniature human figures, little animals, small pieces of furniture, toy cars or trucks, and arranged them to produce various kinds of accidents, usually involving automobiles. "Having asked our subjects for a dramatic scene," Erikson noted in the conclusion of his paper describing the research, "we find a product of traumatic tension; instead of tragedy we find accident."

How does one explain such results? Erikson pointed out that the dramatic and the traumatic both do something to the individual's sense of himself. In a drama, the person portrayed is often representative—that is, more than anyone in particular. In an accident, the person risks losing himself, possibly for good. "Both are events which transgress the boundaries of the human ego, the first in widening it beyond individuation, the second in nearly extinguishing it." He had demonstrated that the toys and a chance to do something with them aroused old memories in the students, so that they did what they used to do in their childhood—try to confront and master fears.

In 1936, shortly before his research at Harvard was published (in the *Psychoanalytic Quarterly*, and thereafter in Henry Murray's book "Explorations in Personality"), Erikson left Cambridge for New Haven. He had been offered a position at Yale University's Institute of Human Relations, with freedom to pursue whatever research and study he desired. He was made an instructor in the Yale Medical School, and within a short time an assistant professor. Again, as at Harvard, he was in a medical setting but had close contact with sociologists and anthropologists as well as psychiatrists. Again he did analytic work with troubled children but also took an interest in observations then being made at the university on the normal growth and development of infants.

In 1938, the Eriksons produced a third infant of their own—a daughter, named Sue—who established a historical record at the New Haven Hospital as its first "rooming-in" child. Joan Erikson had wanted to have her third child at home. In Vienna, her two sons had been with her from the moment of birth, and she disliked the

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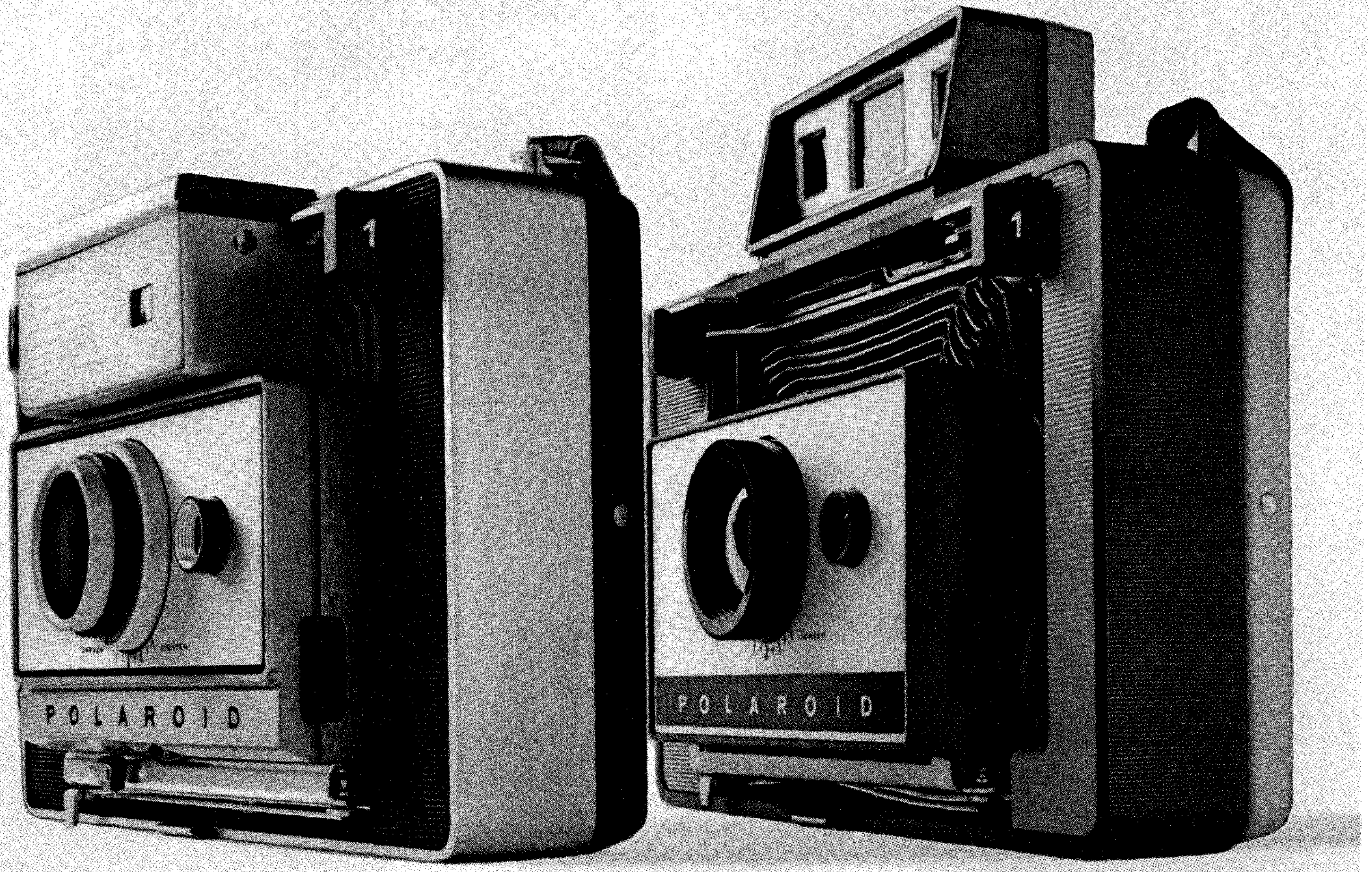

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prospect of not having it that way in America. However, just before she was due to deliver she came down with the mumps, and was sent to an isolation ward of the hospital, where she gave birth to her daughter. The doctors had to do their work outside the maternity ward, and then they had to decide whether a baby whose mother had mumps should be allowed in the nursery with other babies. Their dilemma provided just the opportunity that Joan Erikson had been looking for. She asked that her little girl be kept with her, and the doctors agreed. In later years, rooming-in (as it came to be called) became a service offered with special pride at the New Haven Hospital, though by no means did hospitals over the country rush to follow suit.

That same year found Erikson making a trip in many ways as significant as the one he took from Vienna to Boston. At Yale, he was becoming increasingly interested in the work of anthropologists. During seminars and informal discussions, he began to realize that the kind of patients he saw in Vienna or in New England did not exist everywhere—quite the contrary; right in America, let alone in Africa or Asia, children were growing up with hopes and fears very unlike those a child analyst might expect to see in an office on Marlborough Street, or at Yale University. When Scudder Mekeel told Erikson of a good chance to observe the children of Sioux Indians living on the Pine Ridge Reservation, in South Dakota, Erikson made plans immediately to go West. If Erikson's work with Harvard students demonstrated what lies below the surface of the sane and well-ordered mind as well as the sick one, his work with the Sioux Indians marked the beginning of a lifelong effort to demonstrate how the events of childhood are affected by the encounter with a given society. Mothers and fathers, after all, live in history; their actions as parents bear a relationship to the nation—and, within it, the particular community—they call their own. In 1939, Erikson's "Observations on Sioux Education" was published, and its description of the situation the Sioux then found themselves in was direct and forceful:

> The history of America shows what farmers can do under the poorest conditions if their tradition has provided them with the memory of successful farming, the daily habits of a farmer, or a belief that a God will in the end reward with daily bread him who works hard. But the Indian's consciousness lacks the memories and aspirations of early settlers; his habits and his beliefs are built on the age-old abundance of game which became

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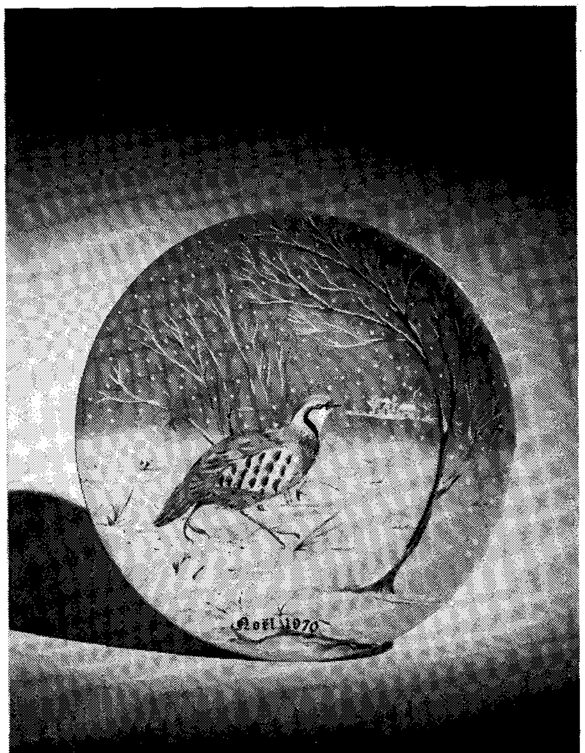
a legend overnight, vanishing too quickly for human comprehension.

In fact, it seems only yesterday, especially for the older Indians, that the three inseparable horsemen of their history's apocalypse appeared on their horizon: the migration of foreign people, the death of the buffalo, and soil erosion. Somehow they still seem to expect that tomorrow the dream will be over.

Erikson asks a central question: "What experiences make certain maladjusted people unwilling to coöperate in their adjustment except under certain unrealizable conditions?" He finds a number of explanations for this sort of apathy. In the nineteenth century, the Sioux were pushed aside by a nation bursting at its seams. The continent was taken over by men who planted seed in it, dug it for gold, covered it with roads and railroads. Now the plains are quiet; their wealth is the wheat and corn that factory farms produce. Yes, the Sioux own their "reservations," but so what? They own the wrong land, in the wrong place. What, then, keeps them so tied to their painful history and their poor land? To some extent, the answer will be found in the swift and terrible experiences their ancestors suffered; they were left dazed and uncomprehending by the time the white man was through with them. Erikson goes to the very start of Sioux childhood for additional answers. He notes that the Sioux actively encourage their infant children to be independent. Only when "strong in body and sure in self" is the Indian child subjected to the inevitable forces and pressures any society brings to bear on the young. Quite a contrary state of affairs holds for other American children, and Erikson strongly emphasizes the importance of the distinction he makes: "In contrast, the dominating classes in western civilization have been guided by the conviction that a *systematic regulation* of functions and impulses in *earliest childhood* is the surest safeguard for later effective functioning in society." Only after a first condition of orderliness and compliance is established in our children do we encourage them to assert themselves as individuals—though whether in fact our society today allows that ethic any substantial realization is another matter. In sum, the older the Sioux becomes, the more he has cause to dream wistfully of a golden age, his first few years, whereas the older we of the American middle class find ourselves, the nearer we are (so we hear) to *our* promised land, success. The drift of particular lives thus differs, the Indian child's away from an initial glory and toward increasing disenchant-



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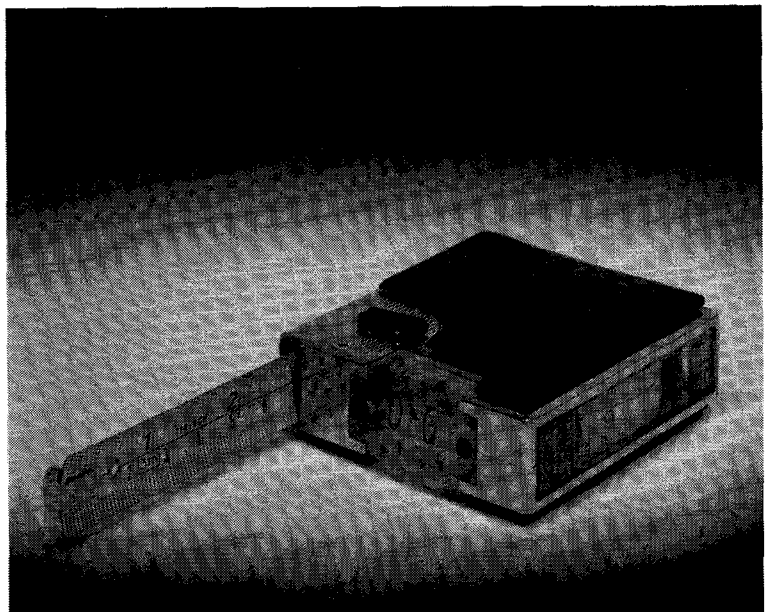

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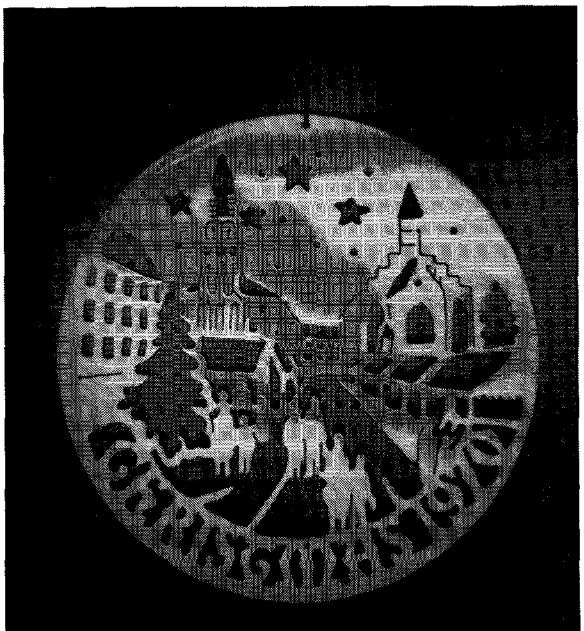

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ment, the white child's away from restraint and inculcation and toward widening power and influence. In a striking way, patterns of child care seem to make historical sense. The Sioux as a tribe, like Sioux children, once knew the freedom and contentment that go with plenty of food and no worry about the demands of neighbors. For many of them, the Black Hills of the Dakotas were a sanctuary, and one shared by thousands of buffalo, which provided not only meat but material for clothes, shelter, weapons, and fuel. The nineteenth-century historian Hiram Chittenden estimated that in the year 1853 alone four hundred thousand buffalo were killed. Slowly, the Sioux got the point: their mainstay, something close to the substance of Providence, was doomed by an invader. In a desperate effort to fend off the white men and the fate they imposed upon people merely minding their own business, the Indians, as Erikson puts it, "tried three methods, all foreign to their nature and all unsuccessful: military warfare in the white sense, the signing of treaties as a nation, and a nationalistic movement of mystic character." By 1890, the Sioux were subdued forever and their children left with an unusual inheritance: the white man's guilty desire to give back some small share of what had been taken away. In Erikson's words:

> The young American democracy lost a battle with the Indian when it could not decide whether it was conquering, colonizing, converting, or liberating, and sent successively representatives who had one or another of these objectives in mind—a historical doubt which the Indians interpreted as insecurity, much as children do when faced with their parents' vacillations. The discrepancy between democratic ideology and practice, furthermore, is nowhere stronger than in the hierarchy of a centralized bureaucracy. The older Indian especially, who has been reared in the spirit of hunter democracy, which leveled every potential dictator and every potential capitalist, has a good, if not malicious, eye for the occasional anxiety for position and advancement among the powerful white officials. But ideologies are not logical systems; they cannot be weakened by the evidence of discrepancies nor reconciled by discussions.

The critical question for a psychoanalyst who has learned enough social and political history to make that kind of observation must be how Indian parents bring up their children in the face of a poverty and dependence that are rooted in military defeat and territorial conquest. Today's Indians have been just barely kept from starvation by a society whose technological competence makes their interests and skills

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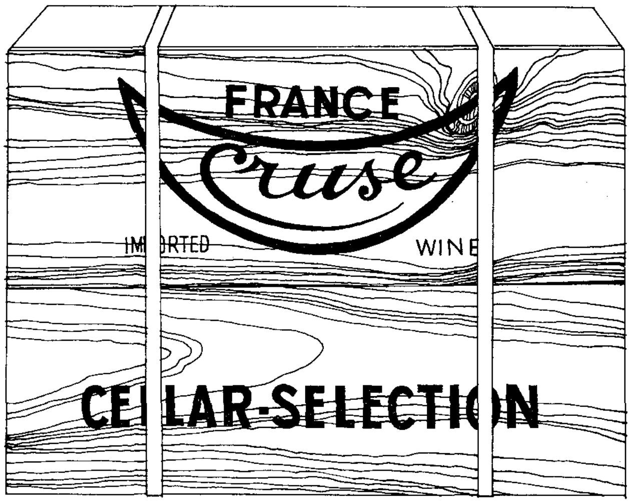

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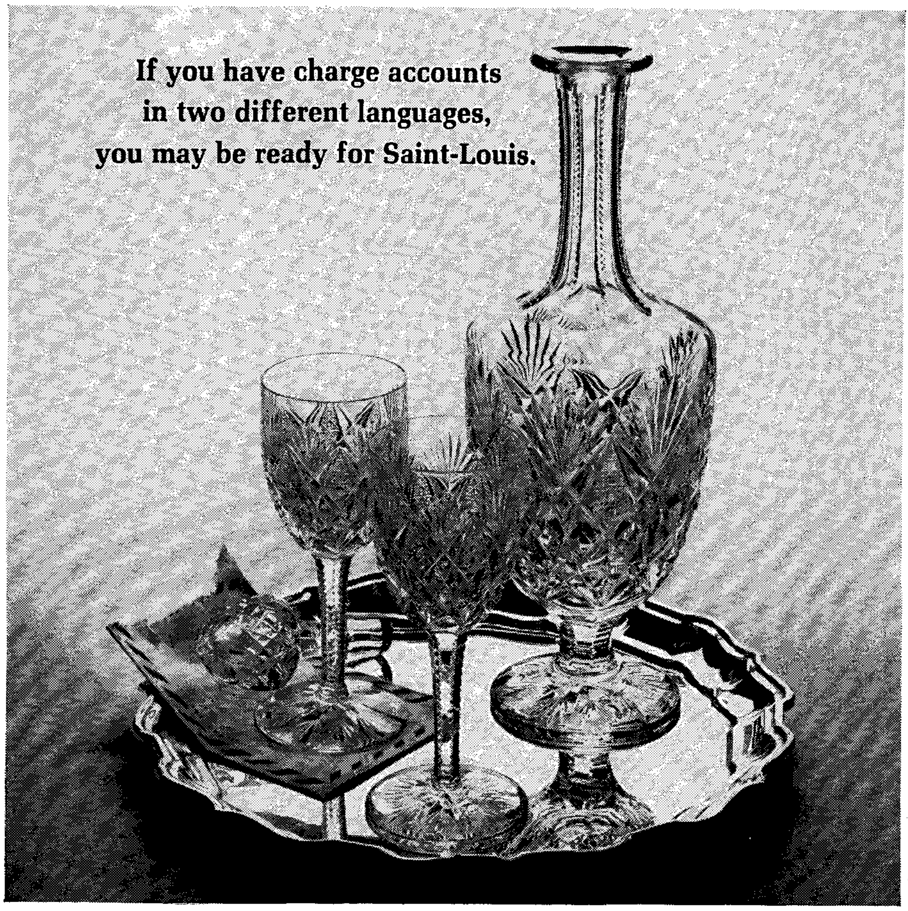
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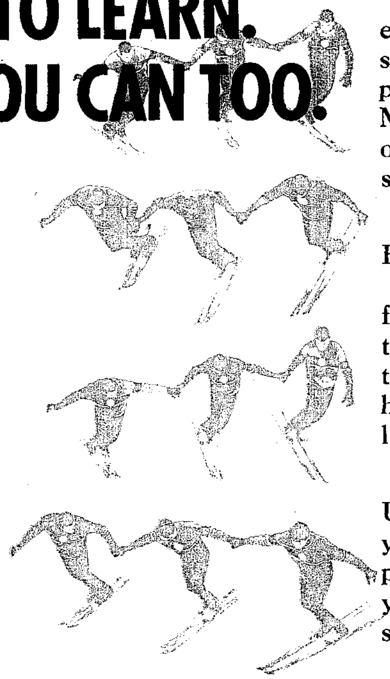

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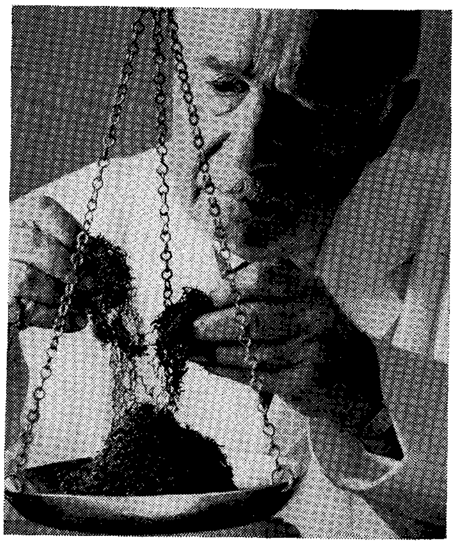

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irrelevant. What now happens to the children of people whose everyday lives continue to be defined by their historical past? For mere survival, one can feel more or less grateful, but perhaps emotions like rage and hate stir in mothers and fathers who are given handouts as a memorial to the failure of their ancestors. Erikson reported carefully on the training of the Sioux child. From the very start, he found, the mother is apt to be more quiet and less nervous than her middle-class white counterpart. The child is easily and freely breast-fed. As a toddler, he is allowed the same freedom his forefathers once possessed. And by the time he goes to school he has learned how to meet (and resist) with reserve and suspicion the outside and alien world of white teachers, nurses, and missionaries.

THE Sioux had once enjoyed wandering, only to find themselves confined to reservations. In contrast, most of the analysts who left Germany and Austria were only too glad to be done with travel, to find themselves safe and at rest on America's eastern shores. To Erikson, though, travel has always been stimulating. For all the bleakness, poverty, and disenchantment he found among the Sioux, his trip to Pine Ridge not only aroused his intellectual interest but stimulated him to make another move. In 1939, he went to California, where he was to stay for more than a decade. In San Francisco, he resumed his analytic work with children, and at Berkeley he was able to pursue his interest in both anthropology and history. He became connected with the Institute of Child Welfare at the University of California, and, in particular, with a study of "normal" California children that was being carried on at the Institute. The study was designed to continue for years—for a generation—so that discrete observations and measurements made at this or that time in the life of one or another boy or girl could be put into some larger context of child development. Erikson's contribution was an attempt to fit all the available information about each child's first decade of life into a summary of, as he put it, "the main configurations in the life span already lived by these children and a prediction of their future course." And again through "experimental play situations" he tried to obtain a sense of their hopes and fears and struggles as growing children.

Among the Sioux, Erikson had found children taught to ignore property, because at any moment, it was still believed, one might be asked to

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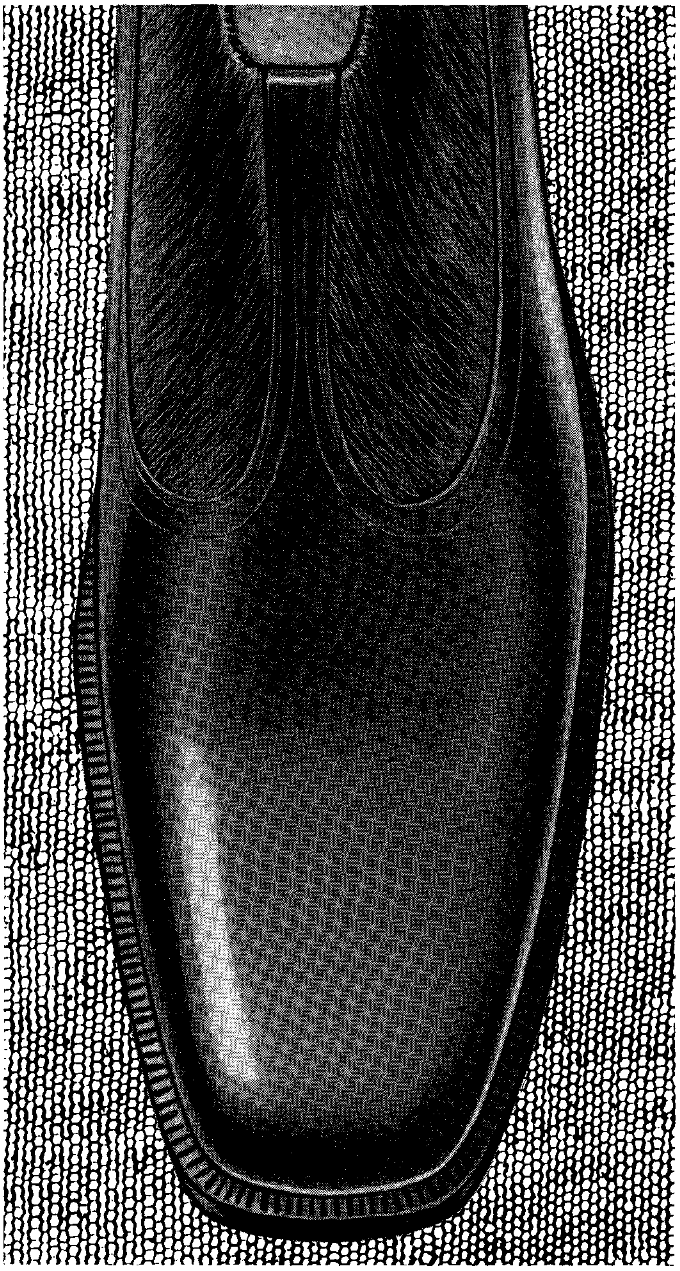
move. In California, he learned from the venerable A. L. Kroeber, then virtually the dean of American anthropologists, about another group of Indians, the Yurok, who did things differently. They taught their children to keep and store whatever they were given, whatever they earned. Kroeber agreed to accompany Erikson in an old Ford roadster up the foggy coast to visit the Yurok, and a few years later, in a series called the University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology, there appeared a monograph by Erikson titled "Observations on the Yurok: Childhood and World Image." It opens as follows:

> Some two hundred miles north of San Francisco the Redwood Highway (U.S. Highway 101) enters the area from which its name is derived. Here the Pacific's humidity—creeping inland as fog, or beating coast and mountains with rains—permits evergreen forests at sea level. Before reaching the Oregon border, the highway crosses the elaborate estuary of the Klamath River and enters the town of Klamath. Here is the center of the ancient Yurok territory. The Yurok lived, and still live, on lagoons and at the mouths of small streams down the coast to Trinidad Bay and up the coast to Wilson Creek (about forty-two miles in all), and on ancient river terraces for about thirty-six miles upstream along the ever-narrowing, densely forested valley of the Klamath just beyond its confluence with the Trinity River.

The vivid prelude emerges as a basis for a reconstruction of the disintegrating Yurok world. Like everybody else, the Yurok live in a particular region, and what some might call facts of geography, history, or economics are for Erikson critically important matters in child development. Where the Yurok lives, what he eats, how he manages his land and water, how he looks at neighboring territory—all combine to influence his daily moods, his thoughts, his attitude toward his children and their behavior. More specifically, the Yurok are, above all, fishermen along a salmon river, and their children have got to know that, and eventually become the same themselves. The Yurok live on salmon as the Sioux once lived on buffalo. Both have grimly learned to live with the power of the United States, but the Yurok were able to do so more easily, because their present work—farming, lumbering, and fishing—is useful as well as familiar to them, and their values in many ways resemble those of the white men, who, of course, are everywhere around. In Erikson's words:

> The observing white man . . . who is at first repulsed by the Yurok's money-mindedness and suspicious compulsive-



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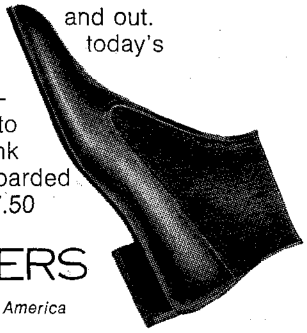

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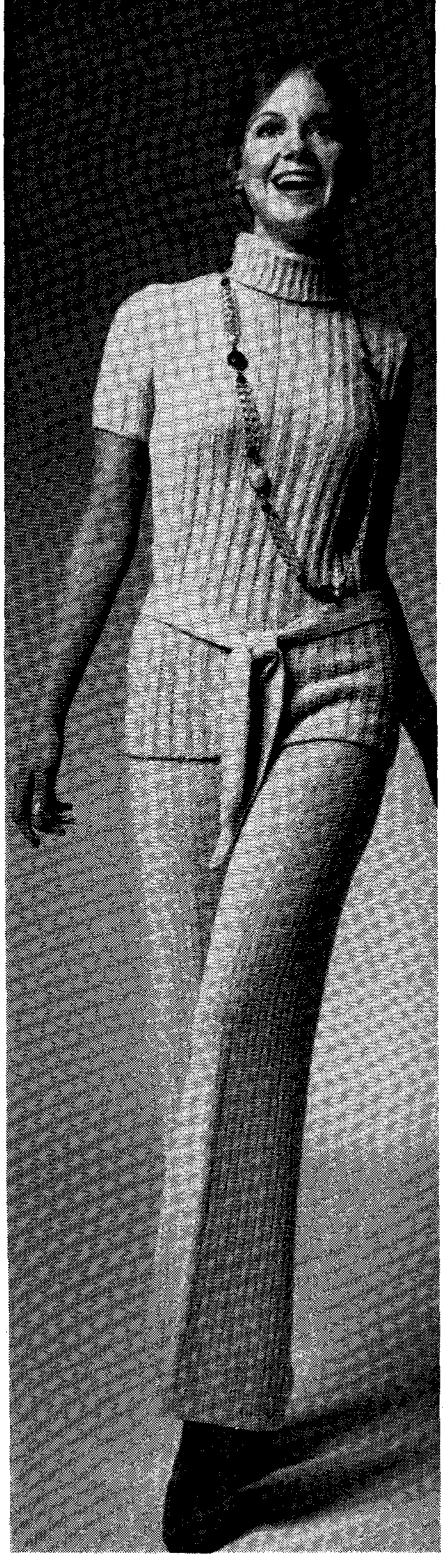


ness, cannot escape the final insight that his relations with the Yurok lack alleviating romanticism because Yurok and white man each understands too well what the other wants, namely, possessions.

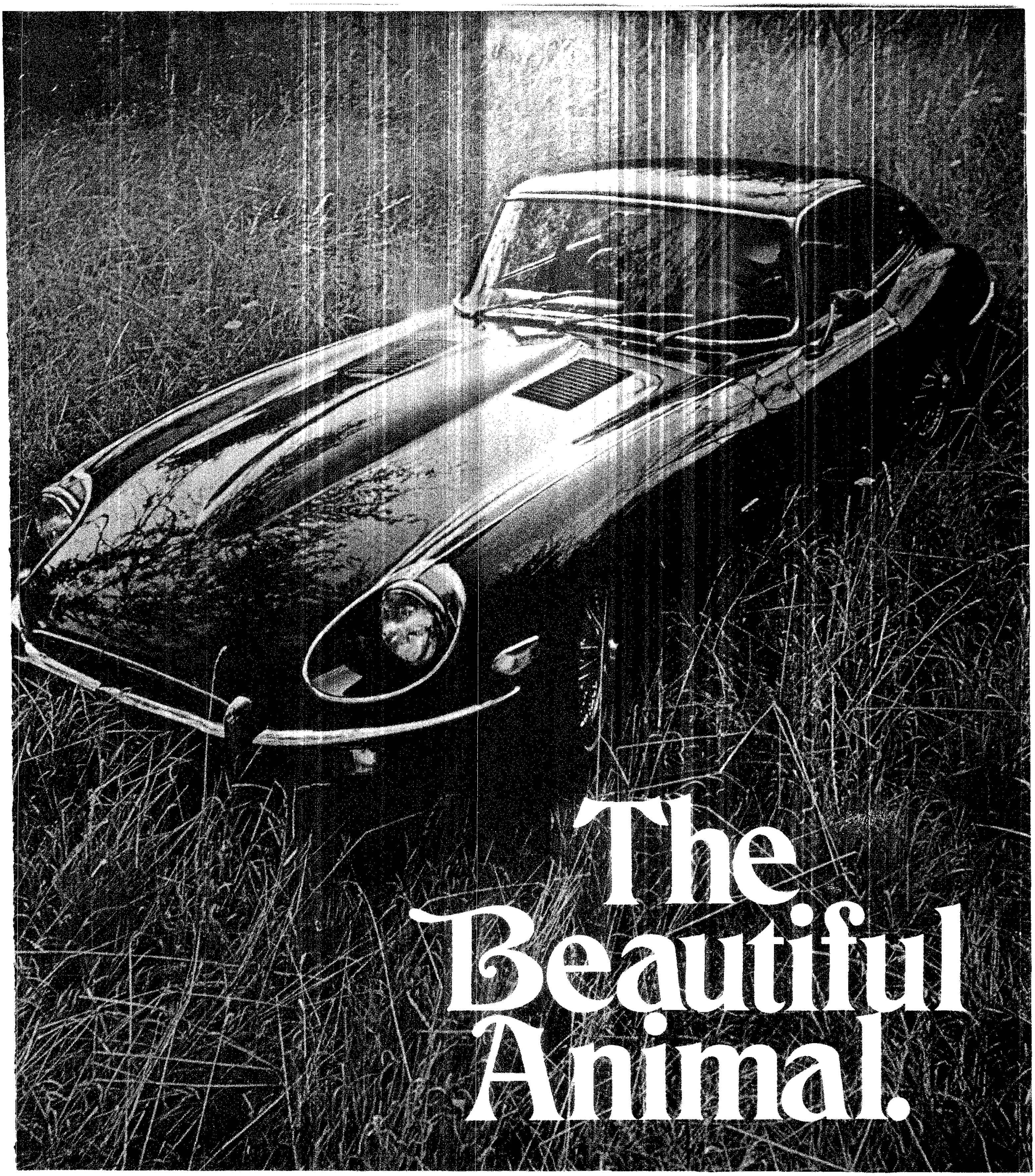
The effort is to show parallel developments—or divergences—rather than to apply knowing labels to events that take place among "primitive" people. In this regard, a most touching and instructive moment occurs when Erikson describes an encounter with a Yurok shaman:

> One of the first Indians to whom the writer was introduced was in a certain sense a colleague of his. F. called herself, and was called by others, a "doctor." So far as she treated somatic disorders or used physiological treatment, the writer could not claim to be her professional equal. However, she also did psychotherapy with children, and in this field it was possible to "exchange notes." She laughed heartily about psychoanalysis, the main therapeutic principles of which, as will be shown presently, can be easily expressed in her terms. There is a radiant friendliness and warmth in this very old woman; if melancholy makes her glance and her smile withdraw behind the stone-carved pattern of her wrinkles, it is a dramatic melancholy, a positive withdrawal, not the immovable sadness seen in some faces of other Indian tribes.

Like the shaman, cultures try to mediate between the individual and his environment, between the individual and all other individuals, between those who are alive and those who are dead or yet to live. Erikson wanted to learn from the shaman and from other Yurok informants how a particular culture gives content to the thinking of adults and establishes a certain style of child rearing. If the Sioux were once militant wanderers and still prepare their children for that way of life, the Yurok were, above all, standpatters—a secluded and steadfast people, who lived in valleys hidden from the rest of the world by high trees and mountains. The way they talk and think, the imagery they use, the myths they have developed, together reflect what they see happening in the world about them and in their own bodies. The Yurok are a people who, above all, have had to depend upon a river, filled once a year by salmon that come "home"—to be caught by people who live there only to avoid hunger. And so the Yurok regulate themselves and their children in the ways of cleanliness, supplication, and earnest, cautious hoarding. It is almost as if everyone must learn to hold his breath psychologically—and wait for the dramatic moment of the salmon's return, which even our biologists do not quite know how to account for. From the moment of birth, Yurok children have learned to deal with fearful, hedging parents. The birth of a child is another one of nature's inscrutable occasions, and ceremonial caution is most certainly required. Until the child's navel heals, both parents abstain from salmon and also from deer meat. While the mother delivers her baby, she must keep her mouth shut. For ten days, the newborn infant is not breast-fed but is offered a soup specially prepared from nuts and served in a tiny shell. The child is then given all the milk he wants and can take, but only for six months—after which, in Yurok language, "forgetting the mother" begins. The child is very much encouraged to creep and walk, to be on his own. Later, as if to make sure that the first experiences are remembered, the boy or girl old enough to understand directions is made to eat slowly, gratefully, and with evident restraint. Not only must utensils be handled in a prescribed and formal way but the child's mind is urged to match his behavior; certain thoughts, having to do with money and salmon, are to be summoned and carefully mulled over. As a result, there is strict silence during meals. At other times, when talk is allowed, the children hear stories that, like all fables, convey the values that the elders uphold; among the Yurok these involve the dangers that go with lack of self-control.

Each member of the Yurok tribe, by the time he becomes a grown-up fisherman, has learned to live in subdued, prayerful expectation. There is a future, a time of fulfillment, a moment when salmon will be everywhere, filling up the life-giving Klamath River. And then, for a few days, all the puritan bonds are broken; then an exultant tribe reminds itself that life, after all, has its moment of confirmation; then every bit of earlier penury or cunning proves to have been worth it, and every virtuous sacrifice earns its reward. Salmon—in the form of delicious red steaks—is suddenly everywhere. No wonder that at such moments the Yurok becomes indulgent and carnal.

Erikson takes pains to show that the thrift and circumspection the Yurok culture chooses to emphasize are not signs of pathology, of group—in this case, tribal—sickness. Nor does he want to postulate a "national character" and then analyze it—something all too commonly done at the time he was writing. In the early nineteen-forties,



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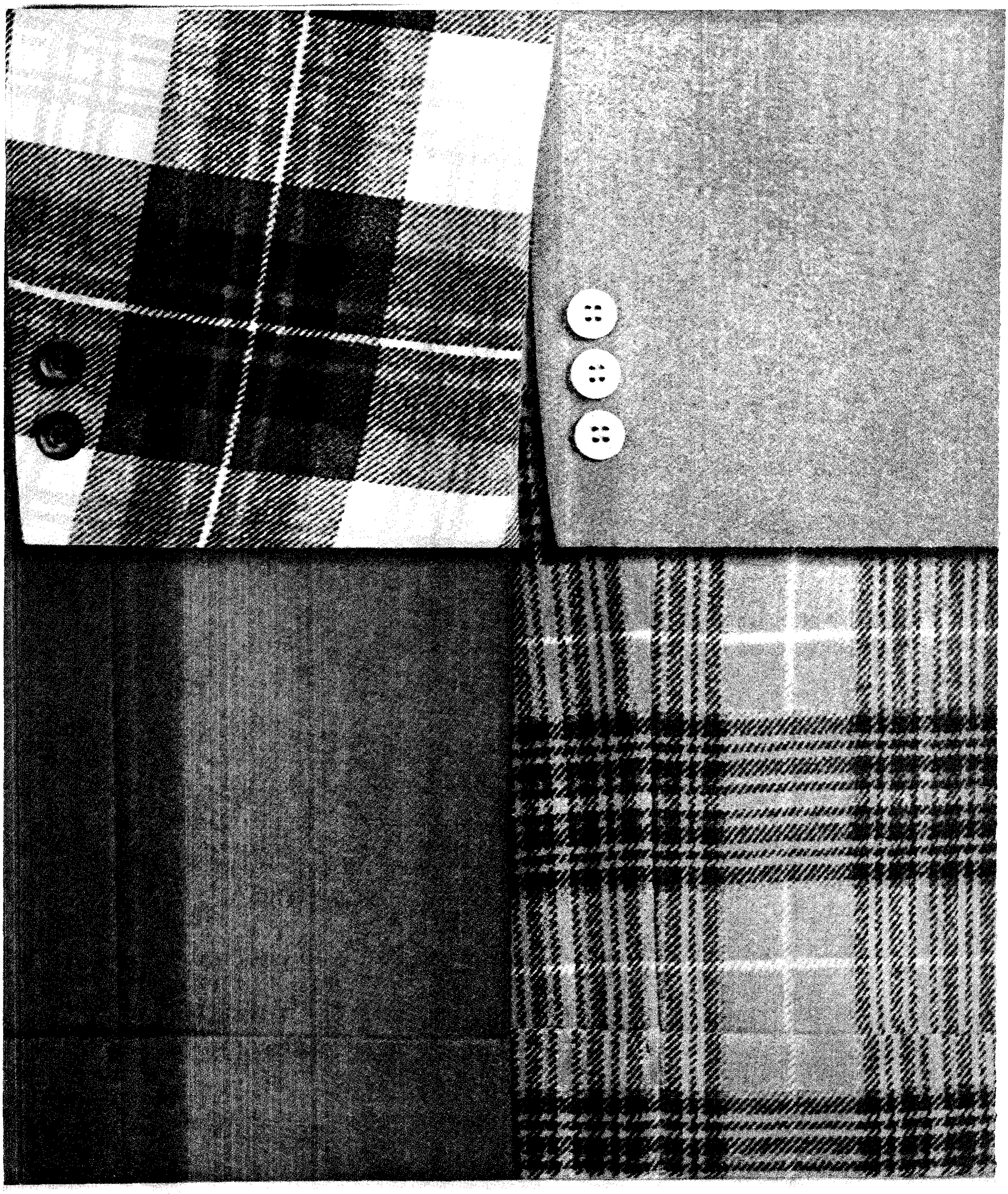

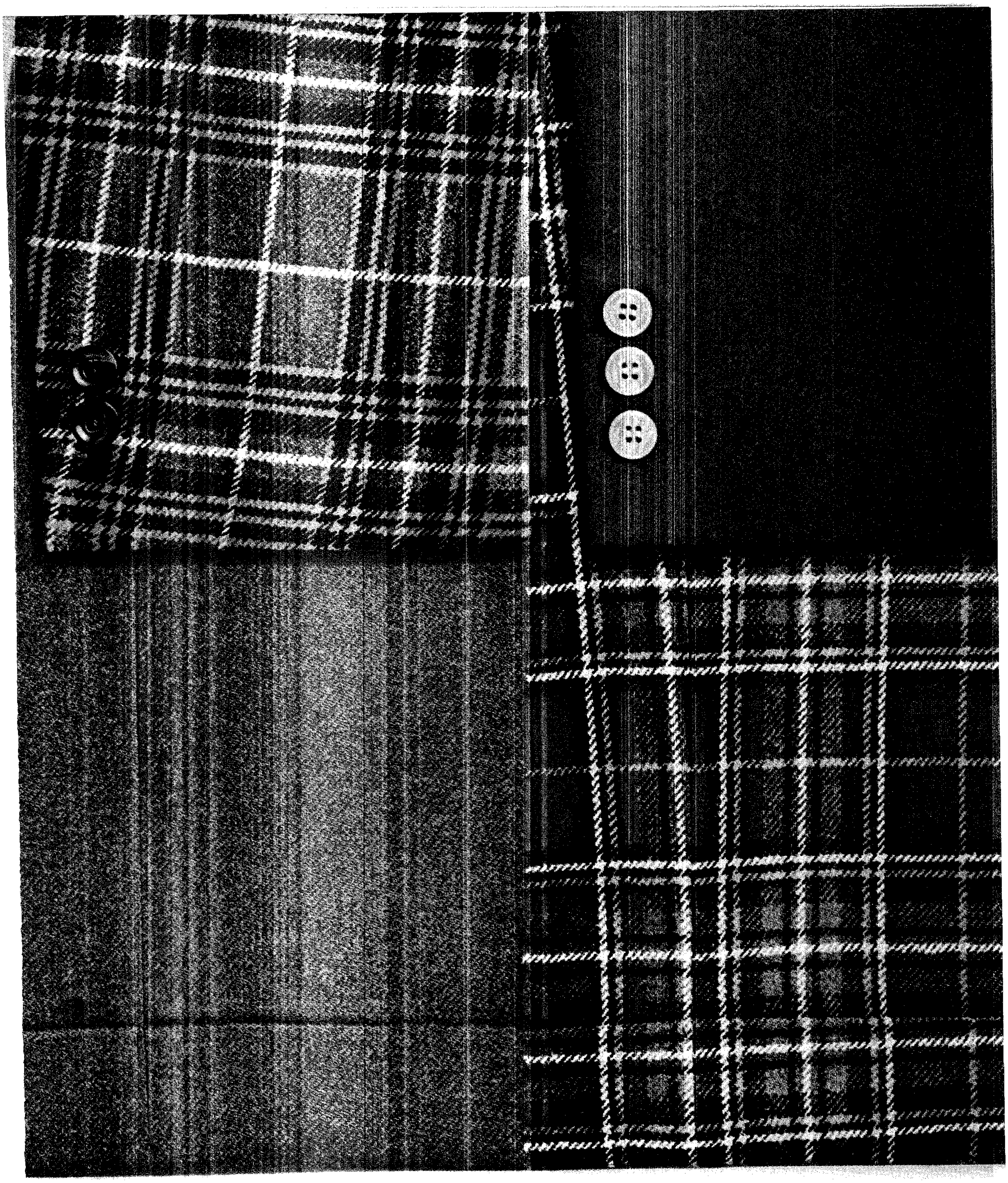

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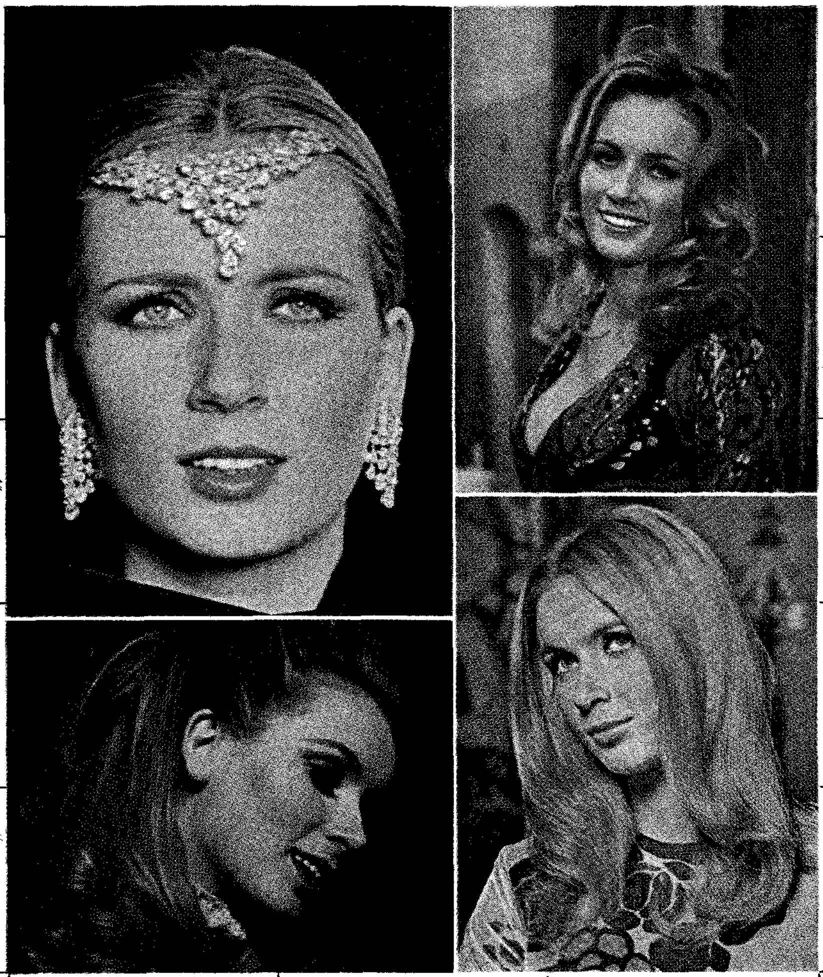
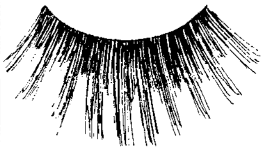
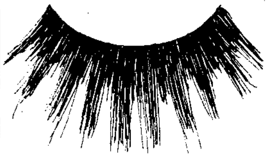
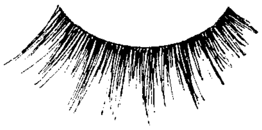




Medium Spidery



Heavy Spidery



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Butterflies

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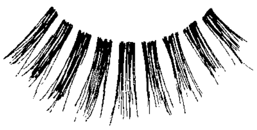
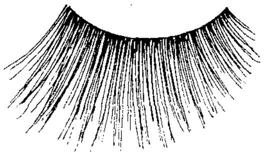
Natural Medium

Standard Sunbursts



Heavy Exotics



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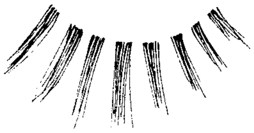
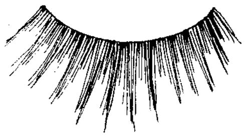
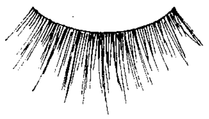


Medium Exotics



Natural Medium Flutters



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many psychoanalysts would surely have seen among the Yuroks evidence of widespread "anal neurosis," as if that term had been devised by God Himself and settled everything. Instead, Erikson puts it this way to his eagerly categorical Western readers:

> One has to see the Yurok among themselves—adults dancing through a night after the mourners have been paid off and the old treasures have been produced for exhibition by the dancers; or Yurok children at play—in order to visualize the pervading harmony and decency that can ensue from the cultural elaboration of mechanisms which we, as members of a different culture or of a psychiatric subculture, are used to meet only in pathological isolation in "queer" or "malicious" individuals.

When the analyst leaves his office and takes a look at "ordinary" people (who are not patients) or "different" people (who live in other nations or regions), he may well be brought up short: everyone has to contend with his drives, but what happens to those drives varies from culture to culture, and even within cultures. What separates us is the particular way we come to terms with the universal and inevitable consequences of mental conflict. In the beginning, psychoanalysts were taken up with documenting that conflict, and with its sources rather than its outcome. The "ego psychologists" among the analysts—Anna Freud, Heinz Hartmann, Ernst Kris, Rudolph Loewenstein—began to stress the significance of the ego for human adaptation as well as in settling conflict, and Erikson began to give both them and himself the clinical and cross-cultural evidence, the hard, concrete facts that are necessary if a theory is to be more than an expression of intellectual virtuosity. From his studies of the Sioux and the Yurok, Erikson learned that style is not something superficial. Indeed, toward the end of the paper on the Yurok he set for himself the major task of overhauling the imagery used by what he called a "psychiatric subculture." He was, in effect, trying to prevent his profession from imprisoning Freud's views in rigid veneration. He wanted to amplify and reinterpret those views, so that they would be more suggestive and useful. He refused to call the Yurok an "anal" people, and accepted the responsibility of accounting for what he observed in another fashion.

IT is quite possible to read some psychoanalytic texts and find nowhere even a hint that, after all, Freud's method grew out of a Western intellectual tradition, and specifically

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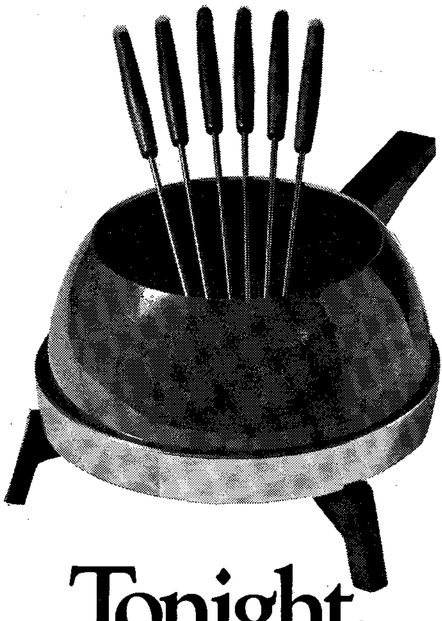

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out of an encounter between a Western man, a Viennese doctor born in the nineteenth century, and his mostly middle-class, German-speaking patients. It may be that California—so far west of Vienna that it is almost east—provided enough physical and cultural distance to develop the historian's perspective in a willing psychoanalyst. And so by merely asking, in connection with the Yurok, what "criteria" justify calling an activity "oral" or "anal" Erikson was making an important intellectual statement.

The words "oral" and "anal" were originally used to describe what happens to a lot of the body's energy, or "drive." The infant goes through a period when he not only eats but gets a continuing pleasure out of sucking (the breast, the bottle, toys, his own fingers) that in a way corresponds to the sensual excitement lovers feel with one another. Certainly when an adult lies on his back and says out loud whatever comes to mind, a good deal of his imagery and recollections can be called (or subsumed under the word) "oral." That is, he will think of food and drink, or remember times of hunger or dissatisfaction at the table. He will wish he once again had little to do but lie back and take the world in. In more gloomy or spiteful moments, the tiger in him may come out, in dreams or fantasies that tell of people being devoured by hungry machines, destructive accidents, consuming illness. All this life of the mind Freud saw, and tried to explain, as the persistence in later life of significant childhood experiences—in this case, the physical and psychological ones that have to do specifically with feeding and, more broadly, with nourishment or care, like being held, caressed, and given a good deal of attention. Unfortunately, some analysts tended to forget what Freud had in mind—namely, an explanation for what he observed every day in his office—and instead began to describe wide arcs of behavior found to some degree in all people as "oral," or, in reference to a later period of infant development, "anal." It is true that Freud and Karl Abraham showed how a certain kind of childhood preoccupation with bodily wastes can live on, so that a grown man will be guarded, worried about disorder or dirt, very tight about money and feelings—indeed, about anything that requires giving up what he owns or possesses to the outside world. But they meant—and should have made clear that they meant—to describe certain tendencies of certain patients from the middle-class world of Vienna. They did not

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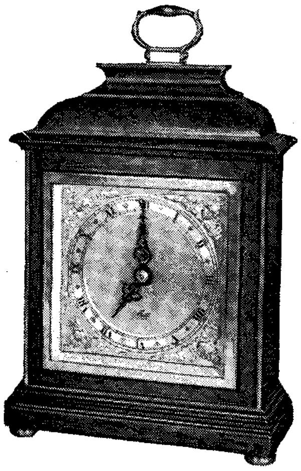

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want to describe everything—all occupations, all interests, all activities—as "oral" or "anal," but it has come to that among some analysts and a good number of their rather literal-minded followers or allies. Stamp collectors and coin collectors are disguised hoarders, still worried about their losses, about what it means to flush the toilet. Painters are always messing things up, smearing canvases, then trying to straighten them out or tidy them up. And there are the gourmets and alcoholics, who have never been able to forget food and drink or take them for granted. Many intelligent people could always laugh at such thinking, but in the thirties and forties the psychoanalytic literature—not to mention a considerable body of literary criticism—was quite taken up with what Erikson has since wryly called "originology," a word he explains and defines as follows:

> In its determination to be sparing with teleological assumption, psychoanalysis has gone to the opposite extreme and developed a kind of *originology*—a term which I hope is sufficiently awkward to make a point without suggesting itself for general use. I mean by it a habit of thinking which reduces every human situation to an analogy with an earlier one, and most of all *to that earliest, simplest and most infantile* precursor which is assumed to be its "origin."

Had Erikson simply given the Yurok people a psychological label, it would have been rather easy for him and exciting for others. Why should the Yurok be spared what various people, including a number of authors and characters in their books, were getting all the time from analysts and "analytically oriented" literary critics? But he believed that children, especially, deserve whatever "cool" a parent or observer or theoretician can muster. Who knows *how* they will "turn out"? Who can dare label them for sure? Before leaving Yale, Erikson had written, for the *Cyclopaedia of Medicine, Surgery and Specialties*, an article called "Problems of Infancy and Early Childhood," which to my mind is one of three works that were decisive in Erikson's intellectual development, the others being his paper on the Yurok and one he did on Hitler. They were all first published between 1940 and 1945, they all deal with both the individual and society, and each of them makes a major reformulation of psychoanalytic theory by taking a fresh, flexible look at childhood—in child-conscious America's middle class, among the Yurok, and in the life of a historical figure who both changed Germany and reflected in

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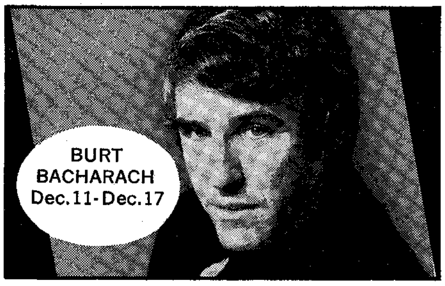

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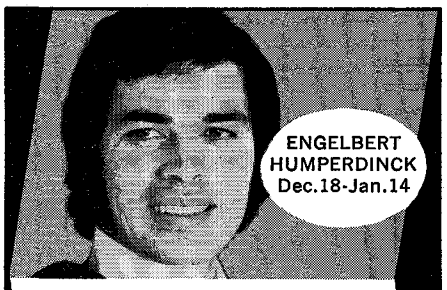

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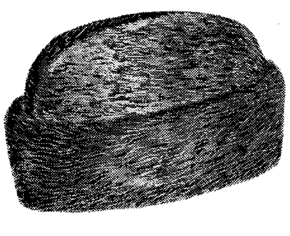
his words and deeds dozens of stubbornly German attitudes.

IN the paper on infancy and early childhood, Erikson takes up the same issues he had to confront among the Yurok. What can a child psychoanalyst learn by leaving his office and his patients to consider the "normal" growth and development of "ordinary" children? Is there anything psychoanalysis has to say about the grown-up mind that is not, finally, an assertion about childhood? What accounts most for the critical differences in people—the conflicts and anxieties they once experienced with their parents, or a wide variety of biological, social, and cultural influences, which many psychoanalysts have to be reminded not to forget? What do psychoanalytic concepts have to offer parents who are confused about the swiftly changing advice they receive, much of it a result of the attentive ear we have all given to Freud's ideas? Can a psychoanalyst rightly talk about the immense ambiguity of life—what William James called its "big, blooming, buzzing confusion"—and then go on to deny that very ambiguity by resorting to categories and simplifications of one sort or another? Erikson takes particular note of the "inhibitory fatalism" that some scientific theories generate—so unnecessarily, he says, because "the individual child is rarely as good or as bad as tests show him to be; there is a large field of balance and chance provided by human contact." And, indeed, the purpose of the essay—and of much of Erikson's subsequent work—is to show how children grow and become able (or unable) to take advantage of those "balances" and those "chances."

In the beginning, we grow in dramatic steps; as embryologists put it, the fetus develops epigenetically. One by one, the various organs of the body have their day—so that it seems as though each of them for a while could command all the energy in at least one microcosm of the universe. For a time, the fetus is preoccupied with its nervous system, then its lungs, then its heart, and these concerns have a sequence, with one organ or system invariably developing before or after another. When the infant is born, his body has gone through a series of stages, each related to the others in a very definite way. If anything goes awry—because of the mother's illness, say, or an accident—when a particular organ is about to achieve developmental prominence, or is enjoying it, that does it: there will never be a second chance. What is more, other organs will pay a



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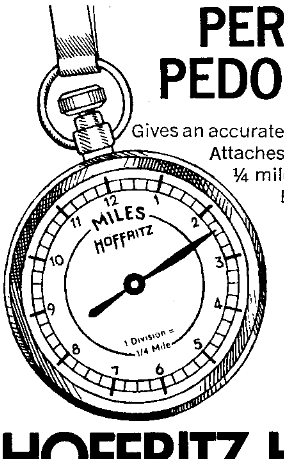

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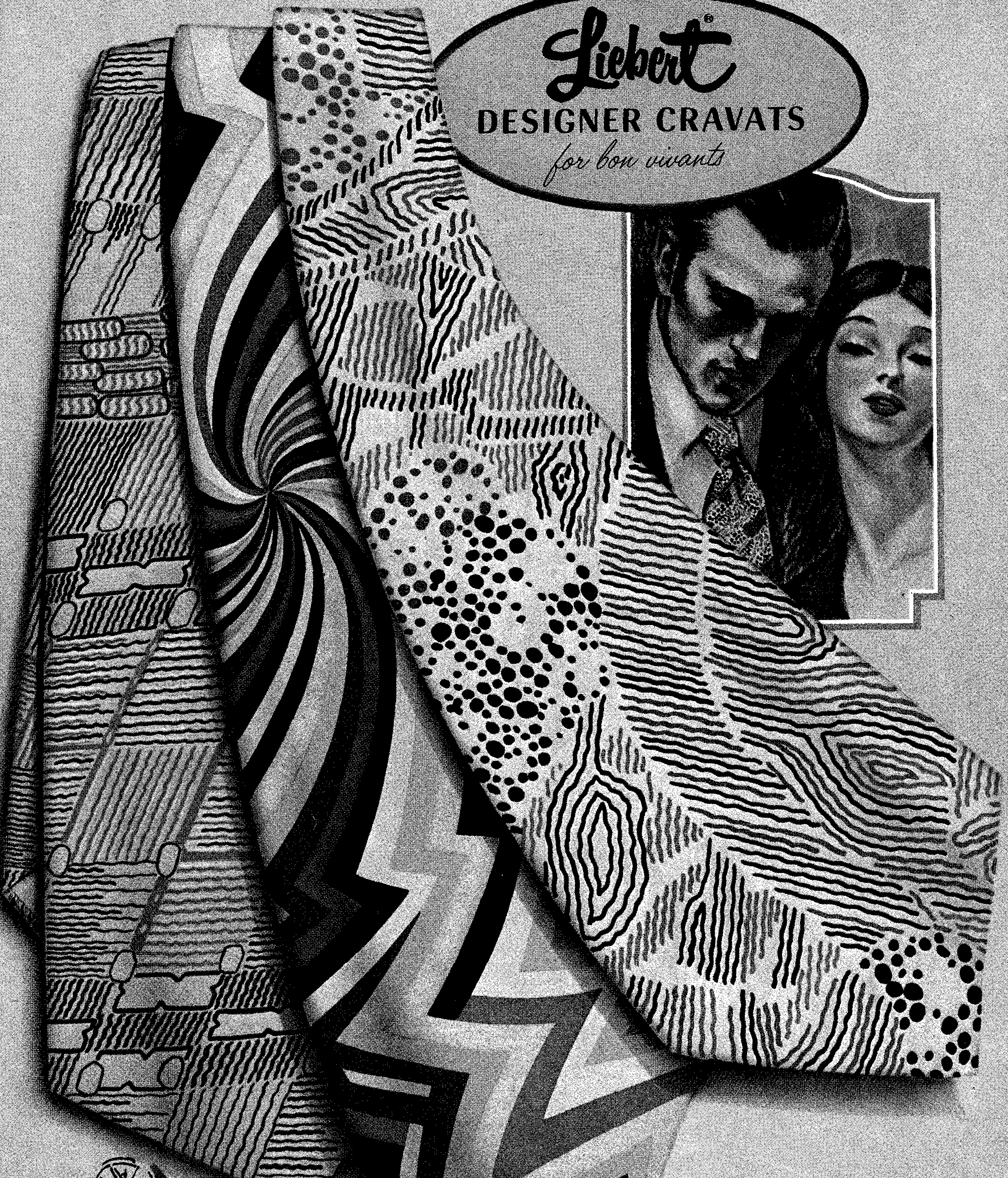
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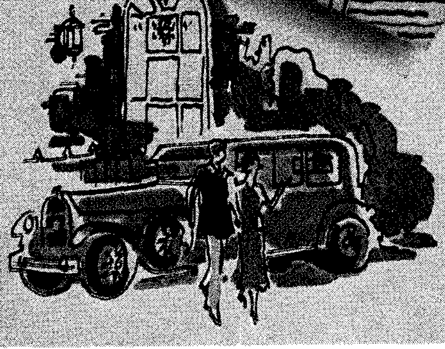

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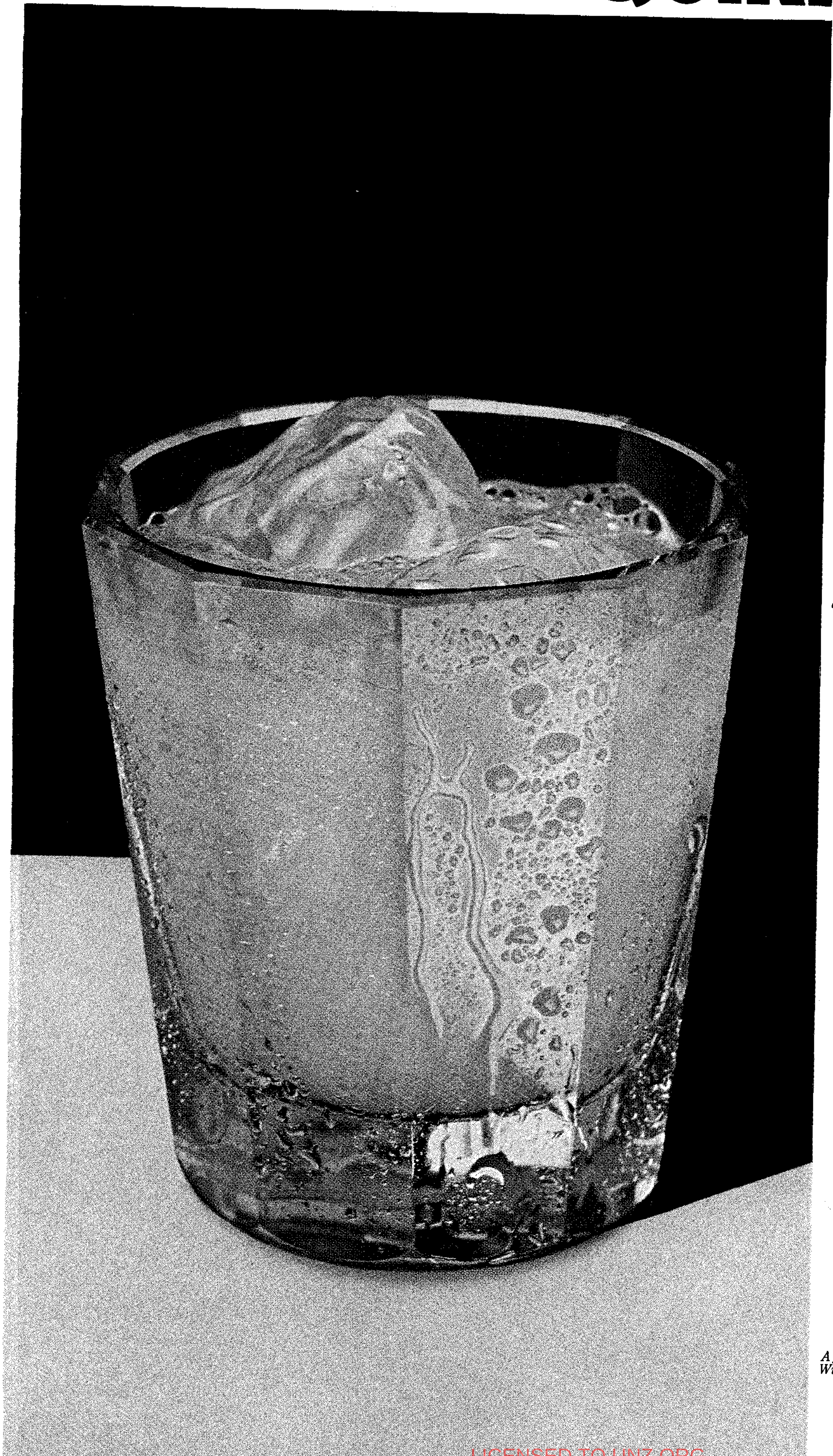

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price, too. One grows, then, in a progressively hierarchical fashion, each part of one's body very much related to all the others, and for a human being to be born whole (or "normal") each part of his body needs to have been allowed its proper rate of growth. Erikson emphasizes that birth is really a further step in development: the infant continues to grow "by developing not new organs, but a prescribed sequence of locomotor, sensory and social capacities." To Erikson, the "oral stage" that analysts discuss is evidence of a simple, universal, yet complicated truth about human growth: for many months the mouth *is* the critical area of the body. Sensations constantly arouse it. Mothers have known for centuries that the child's frustrations, his hunger, his unfulfilled cravings are mediated through his smacking lips and his open mouth, which is able to send forth impatient, commanding cries. Why, then, should older people be saddled with the mark of "neurosis" because they show to eager students of psychopathology continued evidence of "orality"? As we grow up, we acquire and discover a number of other interests and obligations, but none of them make eating, talking, or kissing less necessary or desirable. It is true that people can be somewhat distinguished by how much they eat or talk or like to kiss, just as some infants have a better time than others with food or in making themselves and their wishes clear to their parents. It is also true that some infants die at four or six months, or become sad and withdrawn, because they have not been fed enough food, or because they have not been touched and kissed and held enough. Less extreme variations occur more commonly, and, no matter how the variations are described psychiatrically, they can be pretty much boiled down to the fact that each child is born with his own constitution—that is, with a particular body and nervous system—and the fact that each mother has her own style of motherhood, which is a result of her own life as it has progressed in a given society and at a specific moment in history. Here is how Erikson puts all this:

> While it is quite clear, then, what *must* happen to keep the body alive (the minimum supply necessary) and what *must not* happen, lest he die or be severely stunted (the maximum frustration possible), there is increasing leeway in regard to what *may* happen; and different cultures make extensive use of their prerogative to decide what they consider workable and insist on calling necessary. Some people think that a baby, lest he scratch his own eyes out, must necessarily be swaddled completely for

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the better part of the day throughout the greater part of the first year; but also that he should be rocked or fed whenever he whimpers. Others think that he should feel the freedom of his kicking limbs as early as possible, but should "of course" be forced to wait for his meals until he, literally, gets blue in the face.... What then is "good for the child," what *may* happen to him, depends on what he is supposed to become, and where.

For Erikson, all this action in the first years of life has a final outcome that is different for each child, for groups of children, and for the children of particular regions or continents. The child either grows up with a basic sense of trust or on the whole he feels somehow empty, cheated, at a loss, ill at ease with others and himself, and so plagued by a basic sense of mistrust. Erikson refused to give the Yurok culture a psychological label, and instead worked hard to capture the experiences that Freud the clinician had tried to comprehend. The way the Yurok live, how they see the world, what they do about money or work or recreation—all this has to do with their experience as people who inhabit a particular region, with its own (ecological) rhythm of life. If the Yurok are fussy about contaminating a river, or if they save here and scrimp there, deny themselves this and distrust that, they are doing so for their own reasons. In Erikson's last words on the subject:

> They seem to express the general idea that by being a good warden of his nutritional system and a good warden of the river, and by guarding strength and wealth, the Yurok is clean enough to perform the miracle of his existence, namely, to eat his salmon and have it next year too.

The man who made that statement was attempting to estimate the psychological strength of a people. The remarks imply that somehow the Yurok child learns to trust, and then to become an agile and unashamed, if appropriately cautious, fisherman. Yurok children, like other children, can learn to feel that "inside" they are good and deserve self-respect, even as others have given them encouragement. Or, alternatively, they can learn to feel ashamed of themselves and doubtful about how they stand in relation to the world. If children are given what they need as infants, if they are encouraged to rely upon their increasing neuromuscular ability to control themselves, if they are presented with sensible, matter-of-fact requirements rather than rigid and arbitrary rules, then by the time they reach the age of three or so their parents will find them to be reasonably confident boys and girls. The children have their whims and moods, their whiny setbacks and stubborn or doubtful moments, but on the whole they feel "good," they feel they are in control of themselves, and they act so. In Erikson's terms, they have autonomy, and are not persistently or overwhelmingly plagued by shame and doubt.

By the end of the third year, children have won a number of battles: they walk confidently and unself-consciously; they speak; their hands and eyes are truly, efficiently coordinated; they are incessantly on the move, wanting to go everywhere, enter everything, and pry into all secrets. It is at about this time that children become aware of the feelings they have. In many middle-class Western homes, children live intimately with two parents, who are constantly around. Often the young child knows few other persons for any length of time. It is a commonplace to assert the mother's love for her babies, and their reciprocal devotion to her, yet when Freud simply pointed out some of the psychological implications of those feelings he was scorned and isolated in Vienna, denied the professional rank he wanted and deserved, refused referrals by other doctors, and generally treated like a moral monster. Even today, many people, perhaps including Freud's most ardent supporters, fail to appreciate what he was actually talking about and trying to express when he used a word like "libido" or invoked a legendary hero like Oedipus. From his patients, from the self-scrutiny he relentlessly pursued, from what he observed to be the everyday events of the nursery, he affirmed what mothers know and what anthropologists have documented all over the world—that children at four or five are very much interested in their bodies, in how boys differ from girls, men from women. Children get excited by their parents—physically excited. Erikson wanted the psychoanalytic theory of "infantile sexuality" to be understood as something actual and natural, rather than as a bizarre product of mixed-up grown-up minds. He also wanted his colleagues to distinguish between a child's devotion to his mother and a man's fantasies that may be hastily labelled "Oedipal."

Young children, of course, are not wordy; they are not interested in putting a lot of their feelings into declarations, let alone into concepts. They feel, and then they act what they feel, or ex-

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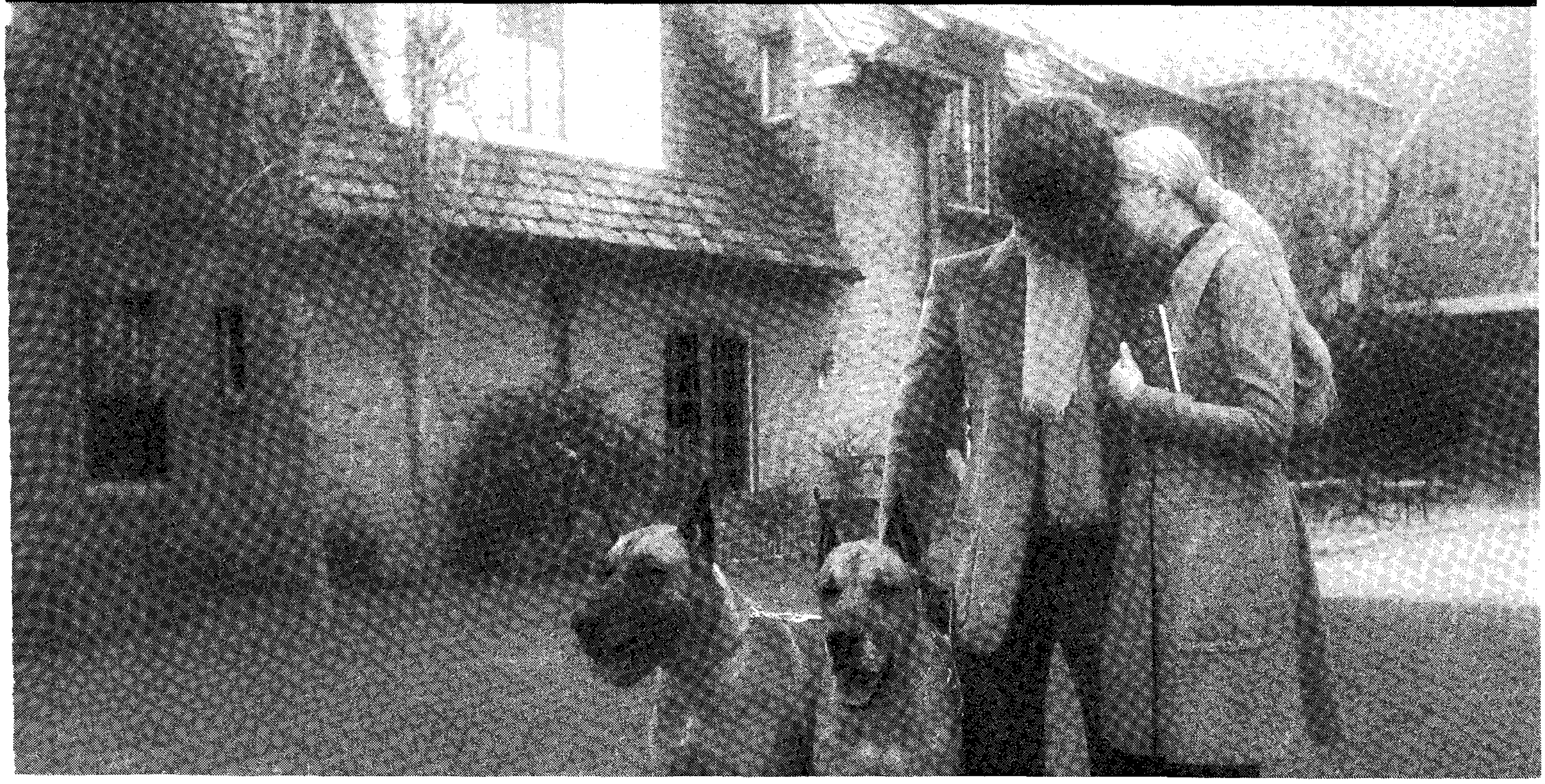

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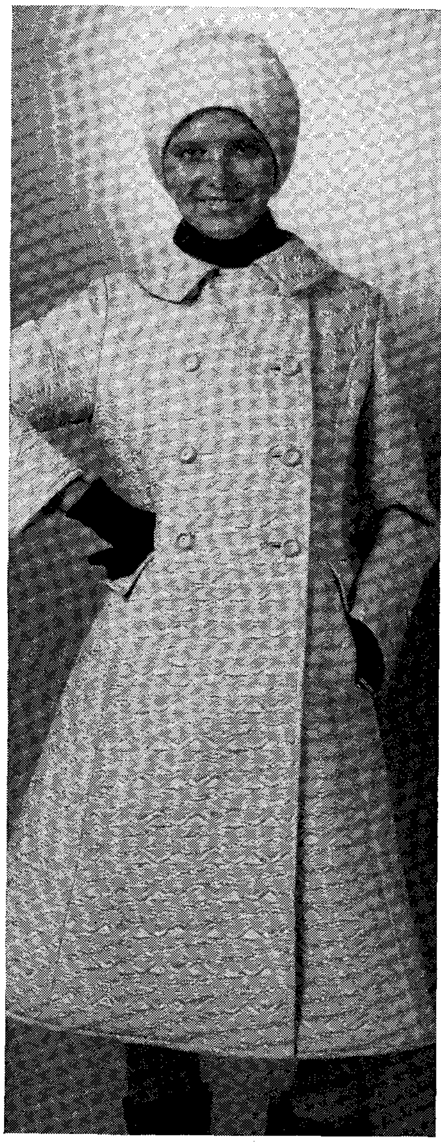

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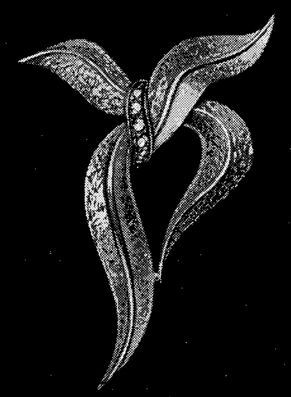
press what they feel with their bodies, their gestures: eyes excited and radiant, face downcast, neck turned in curiosity, arms tense, feet wriggling impatiently. At home, in school, or in the child psychiatrist's office, the behavior that adults conceptualize and argue about children simply demonstrate. They want to marry their mothers or fathers. They fight with one another for the attention of their favorite adult, and in a painting or a game reveal almost flagrantly sexual interests. Indeed, if children don't become a bit taken with sex, if they become models of propriety, restraint, and containment, the price paid is high—and easily noticed by the most determined anti-Freudian. Children can become young caricatures of very old and tired people who fear *any* step or move as possibly the last one.

Eventually, the child must settle within himself the yearnings and rivalries he feels at home, and turn his energetic mind elsewhere. All of which means that yet another emotional struggle takes place. Erikson describes the child's developing initiative, first toward parents, then toward other people and toward places and things. One always hopes that this initiative will be more than a match for the child's inevitable sense of disappointment and guilt—inevitable because ultimately the home is not his, and to have wished otherwise means to have wanted what is increasingly comprehended as impossible, "wrong," "bad." When Erikson was finished, he called his effort "a restatement of the theory of infantile sexuality." To explain himself, he used a chart—a diagram that emphasized the step-by-step (or progressive) nature of the mind's development, and stressed the ways (or modes) according to which the body's sensitive zones (openings, organs) work. All along, he emphasized that "cultures, in various ways, underline and utilize the child's larger social potentialities" as they gradually become available. He tried to show that a succession of bodily sensations is also a sequence of social experiences. He wanted to outline certain critical periods that children must face, either surviving handily or failing somewhat. Failure means becoming in at least some respects hurt or limited. But even as Erikson searched for clarity and precision, he worried about the danger of being taken too literally. In explaining the chart and the stages described in it, he noted that though his "method of developing the chart was *additive*, as if at each stage something entirely new was emerging, the whole chart should now be reconsidered as one that repre-



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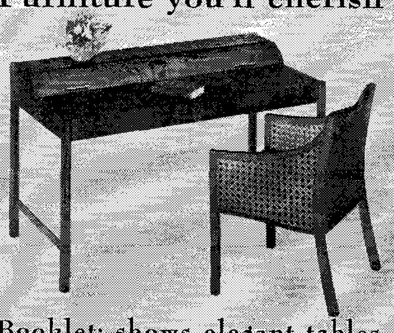

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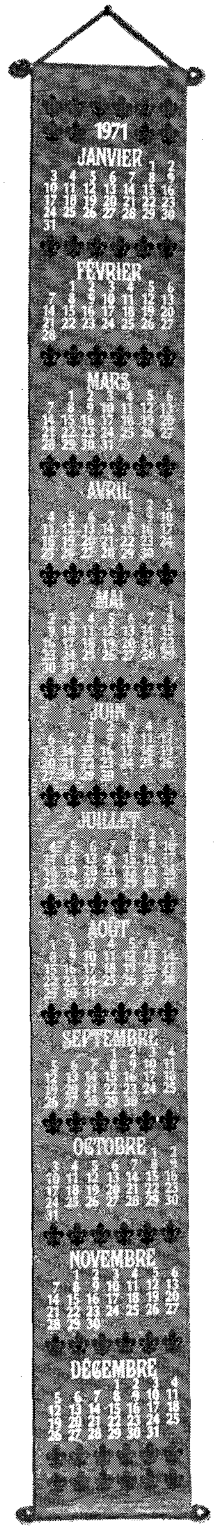

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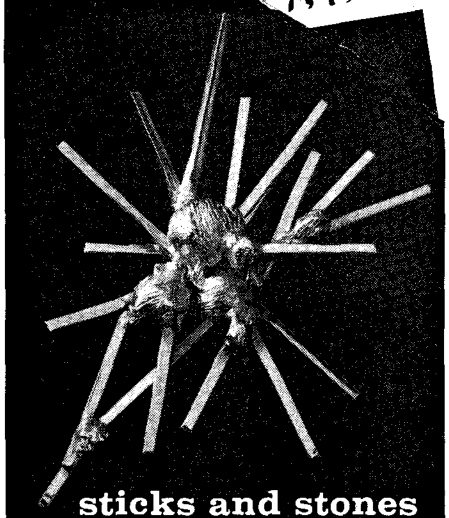
sents a successive differentiation of parts all of which exist in some form from beginning to end, and always within our organic whole, the maturing organism." We do not, that is, "solve" our "oral problems," or "go through" the "anal stage" once and for all, or reach the "Oedipal period" because we have said a final farewell to the earlier "periods." We do not "acquire" trust and forever rid ourselves of mistrust, or "achieve" autonomy and thus spare ourselves continuing doubts and hesitations. However bold and assertive we become, whatever initiative we develop—as explorers or home builders—there will be moments when we hesitate, when we feel ourselves wrongdoers, somehow at fault or to blame for something. Erikson, all too familiar with the tendency to convert a psychological formulation into a creed or a catechism, warned that "we are never able to isolate pure factors and one-way functions." And he went on to emphasize that "only he who enters the child's world as a polite guest and studies play as a most serious occupation learns what a child thinks when he is not forced to adapt himself to the verbalized and classified world."

Freud once and for all proved that adults are still in many respects children. Erikson said yes, that is true, and it also works the other way: children have within them forecasts and forebodings of the future. They have "libido," and strong (possessive or angry) feelings toward their parents, but they also have what grown-up people have—an ear for what the neighbors believe or oppose, an eye for how one ought to dress, a sense of what should be done with the hours of the day, a feeling for people and places. When the child goes to school, he is particularly ready in many respects to be "grown up." Psychoanalysts have stressed that the child has by then felt strong passions and seen (or sensed) the futility of trying to give those passions anything but disguised expression. To Freud, the "latency period," between the ages of about five and eleven, provided large-scale evidence of man's inventive persistence in the face of frustration and disenchantment. Freud had a dramatic as well as a fiercely logical mind. He had no intention of leaving boys and girls stranded at the age of five with something as unsettling (and, by name, demonic) as an Oedipus complex or an Electra complex. If the child cannot have his mother or her father, he or she goes underground—and, ironically, his or her deeper "instincts," or "drives," come to the surface. The operation



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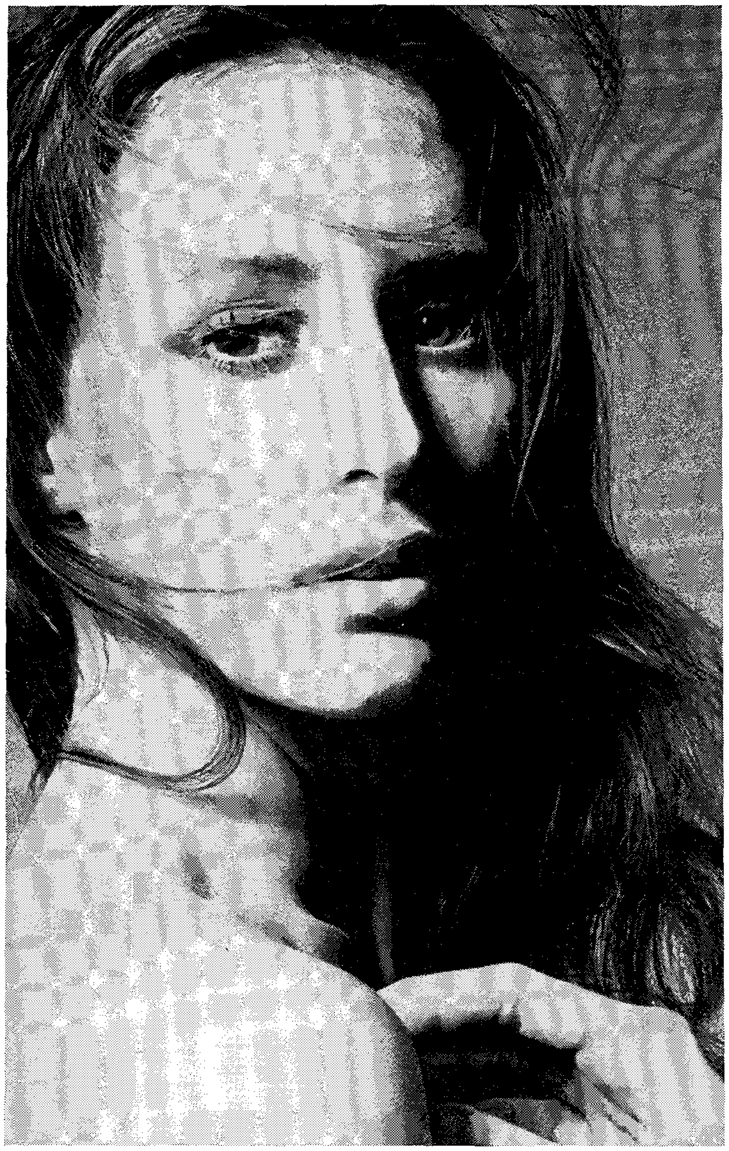
goes like this: energy toward a parent gets the child nowhere, or collides with the presence of the other parent, not to mention any brothers and sisters around, and, besides, desire has outstripped the physical capacity for doing something about it, so there is a solution that the child of five or six finds—he puts away vain and useless wishes and takes on what Erikson describes as the very serious work of play, the achievement of "new stages of mastery." Freud saw how much of this new energy had once been directed elsewhere, within the family. Erikson added that it is not merely the "sublimation" occurring during the "latency period" that accounts for the transformation of that energy. To be sure, children, like adults, find ways of dealing with broken love affairs. If the child cannot have her or him, there is work and study and exercise—one absorbing interest or another. On the other hand, a child of five is not only contending with thwarted devotion, fancied rebuffs, disappointment, and guilt. His mind is moving along, awakening, making more and more observations about the world. His body is bigger, and he has real, reliable control over it. The grown-up world expects new things of him, and has begun to teach him some of its secrets and rules. In Erikson's words, he has "the new status and stature of 'one who can walk,' with whatever connotation this happens to have in the coördinates of his culture's space-time—be it 'one who will go far,' 'one who will be able to stand on his own feet,' 'one who will be upright,' or 'one who must be watched because he might go too far.' " The child (if all goes well in body and mind) feels more confident than ever before as well as defeated—the loser in a love affair, a family struggle. He becomes convinced that he is "learning effective steps toward a tangible future, and is developing toward a defined self within a social reality." Again we have a restatement of psychoanalytic theory—not a revision but an expansion, not an abandonment but an almost orthodox insistence that not the letter but the spirit of Freud's vision must be preserved.

Perhaps the first evidence in print of the theoretical direction Erikson himself was to take in the postwar period appeared in the article on "Problems of Infancy and Early Childhood":

> Small differences, jealously guarded, preserve the virtues and the latent panic of generations, classes, nations: they are symbols of status, of identity, and to many, especially in times of change in the structure of society, identity becomes



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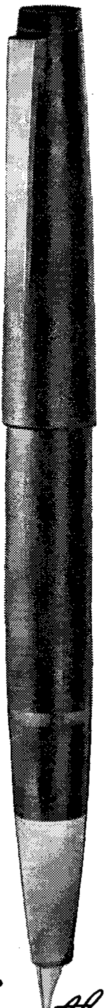

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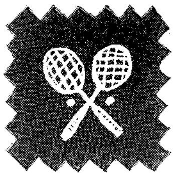
The word "identity" catches the eye of any present-day reader of that passage, written more than a quarter of a century ago. No word is more closely associated with Erikson's name; no other concept of his has at once commanded so much of his attention, or plagued him so much through misunderstanding. Though many people have latched on to "identity" as a faddish replacement for some of Freud's nineteenth-century terminology, I do not believe that Erikson is particularly interested in defining "identity." What he would like is a wider understanding of exactly why and under what circumstances he resorted to the word, and to such other terms as "identity crisis" and "moratorium." "Problems of Infancy and Early Childhood" was written for physicians, and Erikson reminds his audience that habits and fears cannot simply be spotted and judged; they have to be seen for what they mean to others, to the society and the culture in which each of us lives. When we are tired, scared, or ill, he says, old troubles come back, not because we are "neurotic" but because we have within us not only what we are but what we were and what we hope to be or fear becoming. And he concludes his remarks by looking at the psychological problems of parents in a rather interesting way. What really keeps the generations in lively touch with one another is each parent's "ability to face his children with the feeling that he was able to save some vital enthusiasm from the conflicts of his childhood." In other words, problems generate a good deal that is valuable. They are not things to be avoided (who can avoid them, anyway?) or worried over—or even analyzed, except under very special circumstances. In fact, surprising though it may be to some people, there are children on this planet who have problems that are not essentially psychological:

> It must be kept in mind that some of the conflicting and unreasonable demands made on infants are not mere signs of adult malice or ignorance, but are an outgrowth of historical habits and socioeconomic goals.

Erikson illustrates his remarks by calling to mind how high a premium we Americans put on punctuality and precision, among other things. Such "virtues" are taught our children from the start, and to some American parents these virtues are threatened by everything from "unselective immigration" to the "boisterous free-for-all"



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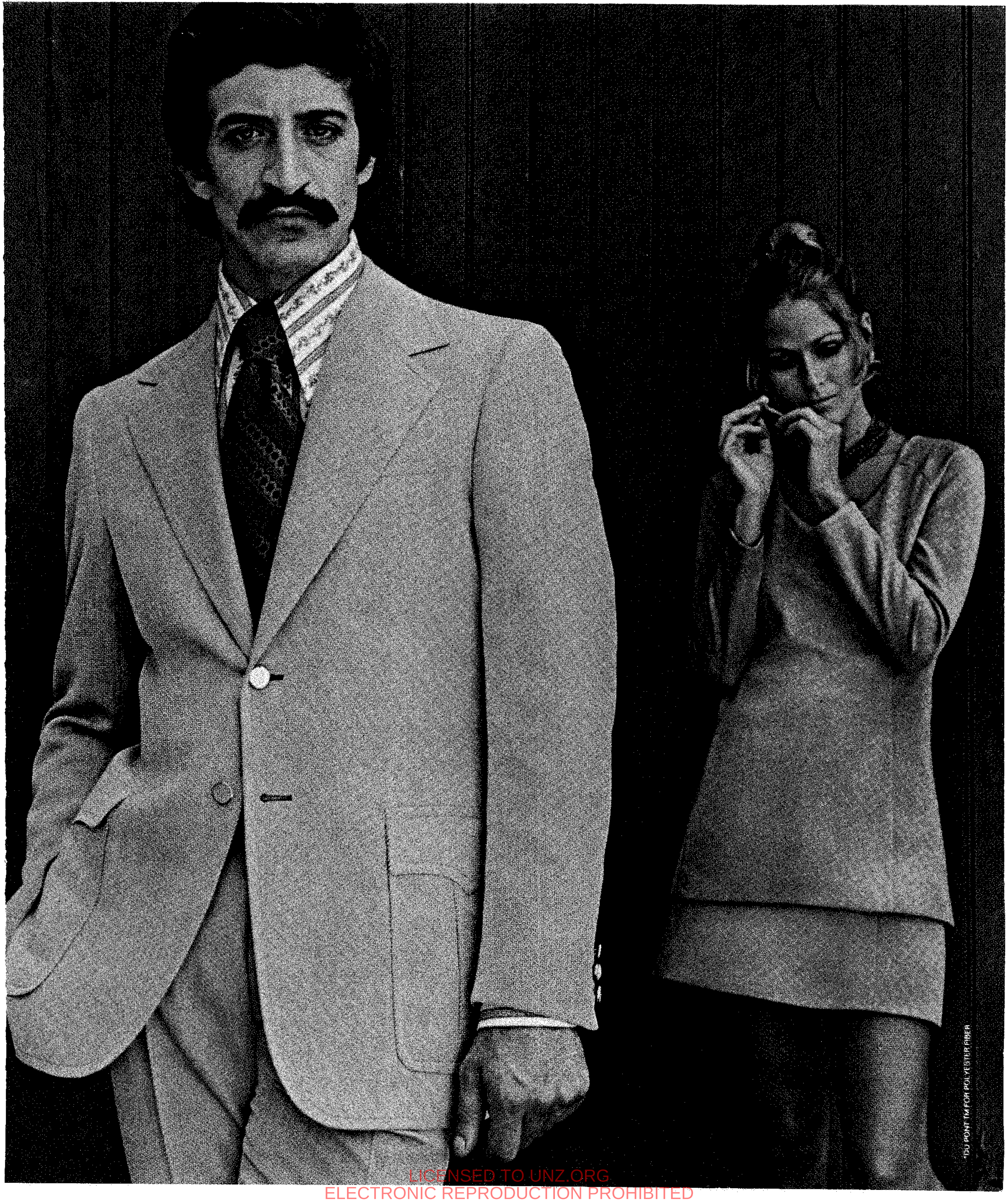

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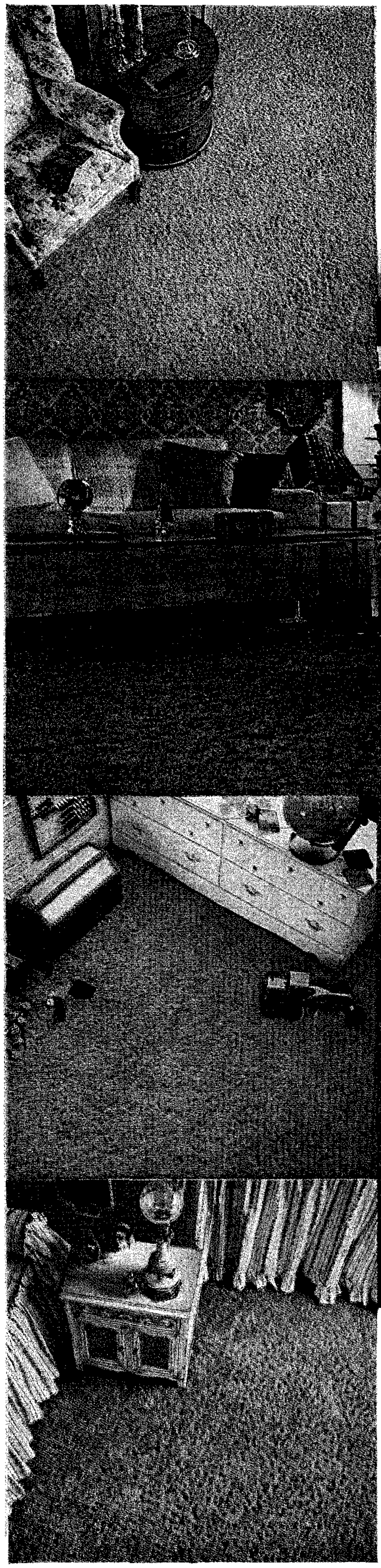

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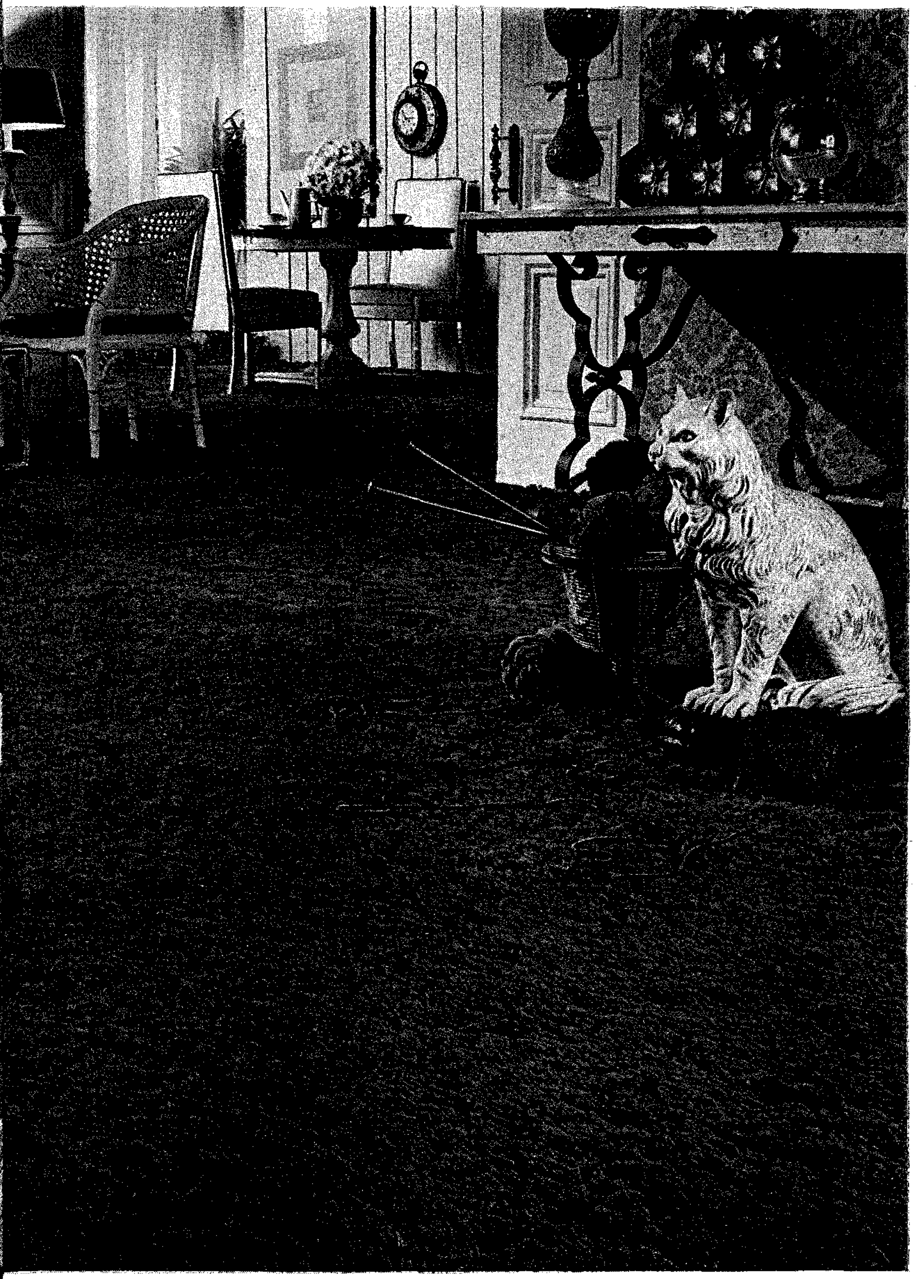

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that may be found in "alien" peoples. The country as a whole may well be abandoning its emphasis on these virtues, as one group after another becomes authentically American yet remains interested in its own values and its own way of bringing up children. The search is for "more inclusive identities," which make the people of many regions, ancestries, and groups feel very much on common ground without having to behave exactly alike and treat their children identically. Ironically, however, "certain groups" want psychoanalysts or social scientists "to replace the nation's search for more inclusive identities with any suggestions that could be rationalized with new terminologies." Delicately—the country's upper middle class was then at the height of its romance with "child psychology"—the point is made that psychoanalytic concepts are no more immune to mechanistic exploitation or punitive use than other intellectualizations or creeds, and that some people can even set themselves apart as, of all things, a smug, all-knowing élite of analysands. For a certain kind of American parent (and doctor and social worker), Erikson suggests, analytic tenets are a means of becoming self-satisfied, and even contemptuous of the way "others" get along—with one another and as parents. Certain mothers or fathers rushed to be done with "puritanism," only to become psychological-minded with an exuberance that for a while concealed their underlying pedantry and arrogance. Some Anglo-Saxons once looked down on Mediterranean immigrants, and the "irresponsible" or "wild" ways they had with their children, but it is quite possible that America's new snobs are those highly educated, self-conscious (and, of course, "progressive") people who never cease to be amazed at how much they have learned and how little others know—about, among other things, how to handle babies, feed them, train them, and teach them.

WHILE Erikson was making his observations on Californians, he had cause to think about the nation he had left to become a teacher and student in Vienna and, later, an immigrant to the United States. The draft of an essay on Hitler and German youth that George Kennan had helped him translate in 1933 provided the basis for "Hitler's Imagery and German Youth," which in 1942 appeared in *Psychiatry*, one of the more intellectual (as opposed to technical) and broad-minded of the many publications that cater to psychiatrists and psychoana-

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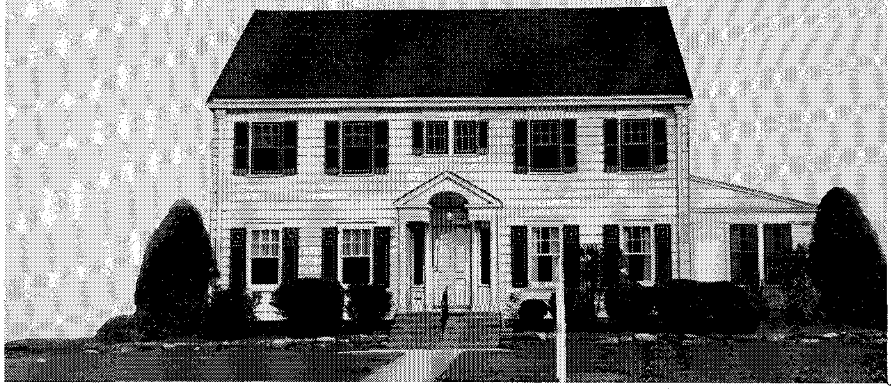

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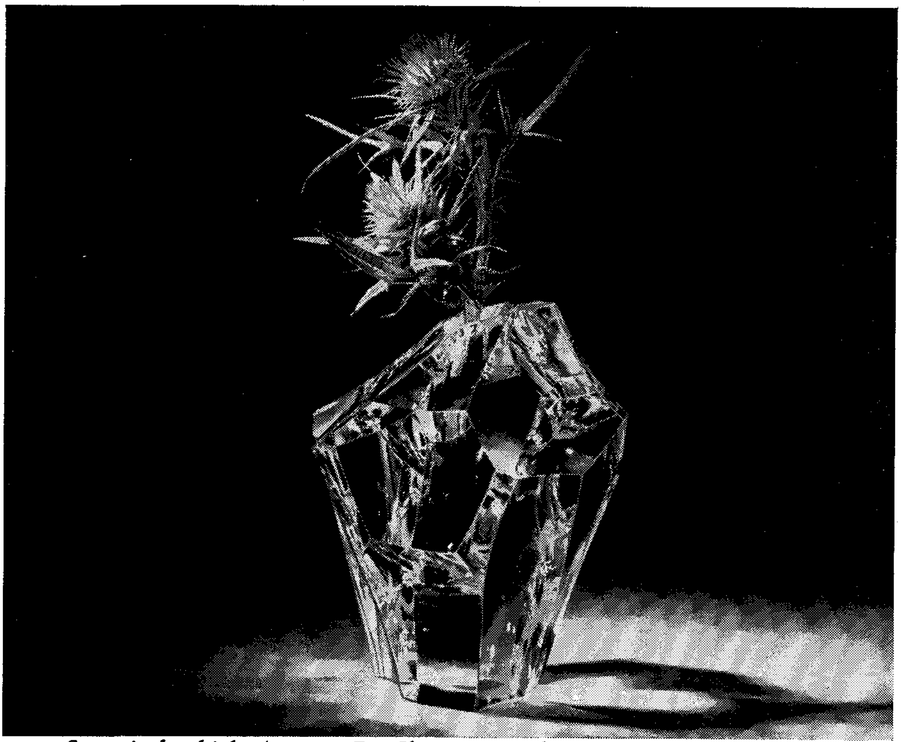

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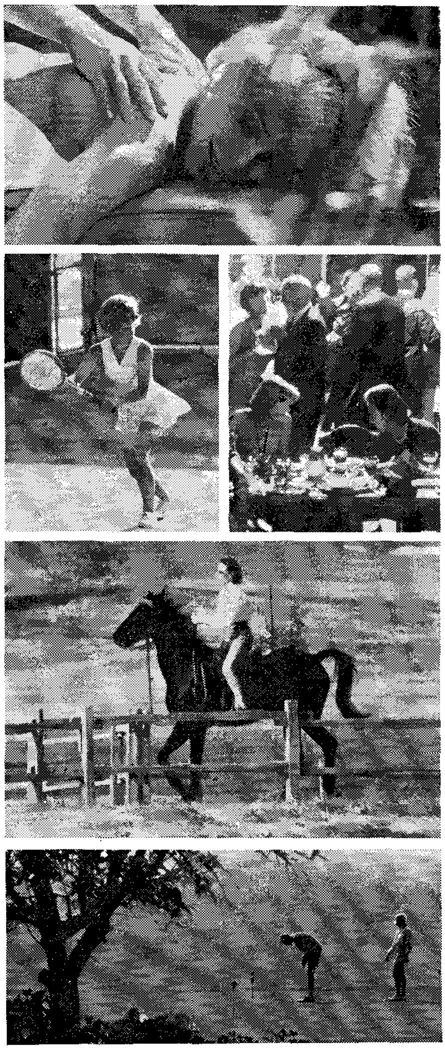

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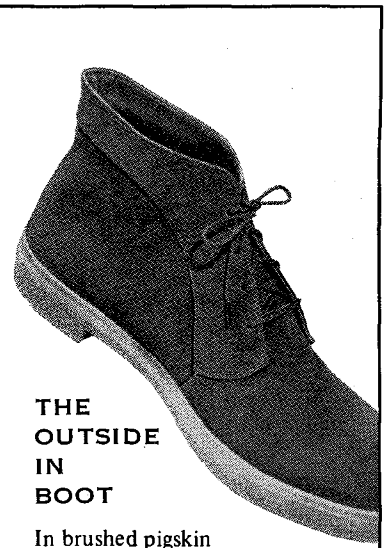
lysts. Though by 1942 Erikson had published a number of articles or monographs, and was working on or planning others, the one on Hitler marked his sure emergence as a psychoanalyst who knew how to use the theoretical tools of history, political science, and anthropology as well as those his own discipline provides. The article also revealed how far he had gone in formulating the relationship between childhood experiences and national or tribal customs; it disclosed his intention of making the concept of "identity" useful both to clinicians and to historians; and, finally, it indicated for the first time his interest in the leader, the man of charisma, the individual who is a historical figure—and who requires from psychoanalysts particular understanding rather than gratuitous and easily summoned generic labels.

Erikson explicitly denies an interest in doing a psychiatric study of Hitler. Instead, he describes Hitler as a man who undoubtedly had his problems but knew how to exploit them. In any event, they were problems that did not deter him from becoming the Chancellor of the Third Reich:

> Hitler knows how to exploit his hysteria. . . . On the stage of German history, Hitler senses to what extent it is safe to let his own personality represent with hysterical abandon what lives in every German listener and reader. Thus the role he chooses reveals as much about his audience as about himself; and precisely that which to the non-German looks queerest and most morbid becomes the Brown Piper's best tune for German ears. It is the tune, not the man, that I intend to analyze.

He emphasizes the distinction by pointing out how openly Hitler blends talk of country and talk of family in "Mein Kampf." Germany is called the "beloved mother," who has a "tragic alliance with the old Austrian sham state." One might speculate that Hitler's parents were counterparts of Austria and Germany. His mother was twenty-three years younger than his father, and the father was known to be a drunkard and a tyrant. Why not say that a son who loved his mother and badly wanted her for himself had to suffer (and would never forget) her humiliating attachment to a decaying brute? While that may be true, and even suggestive, there is something about such leaps that must be resisted, for very good reasons:

> Such a sequence of themes easily—too easily—lends itself to a psychoanalytic interpretation of the first chapter of *Mein Kampf* as an involuntary confession of Hitler's *Oedipus Complex*. This interpretation would suggest that in Hitler's case the love for his young mother



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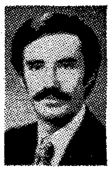


John C. Bruno

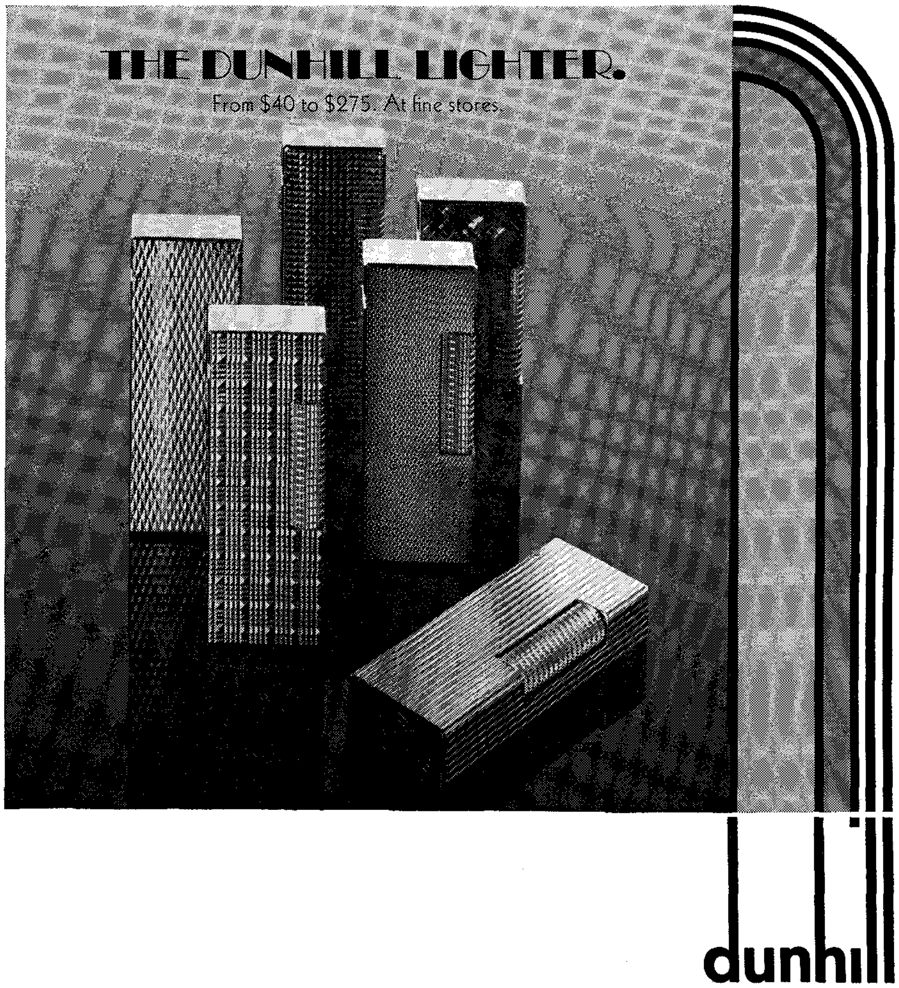
and the hate for his old father assumed morbid proportions, and that it was this conflict which drove him to love and to hate, to save and to destroy beyond reason people and peoples which really "stand for" his mother and his father. This implication, while correct as far as it goes, is a generality underlying too many types of action to offer a fruitful approach to any given public performance. To be meaningful, it must be formulated in its relation to the course of history. Only thus will we know whether the striking use of parental images in *Mein Kampf* constitutes a neurotic confession—or shrewd propaganda.

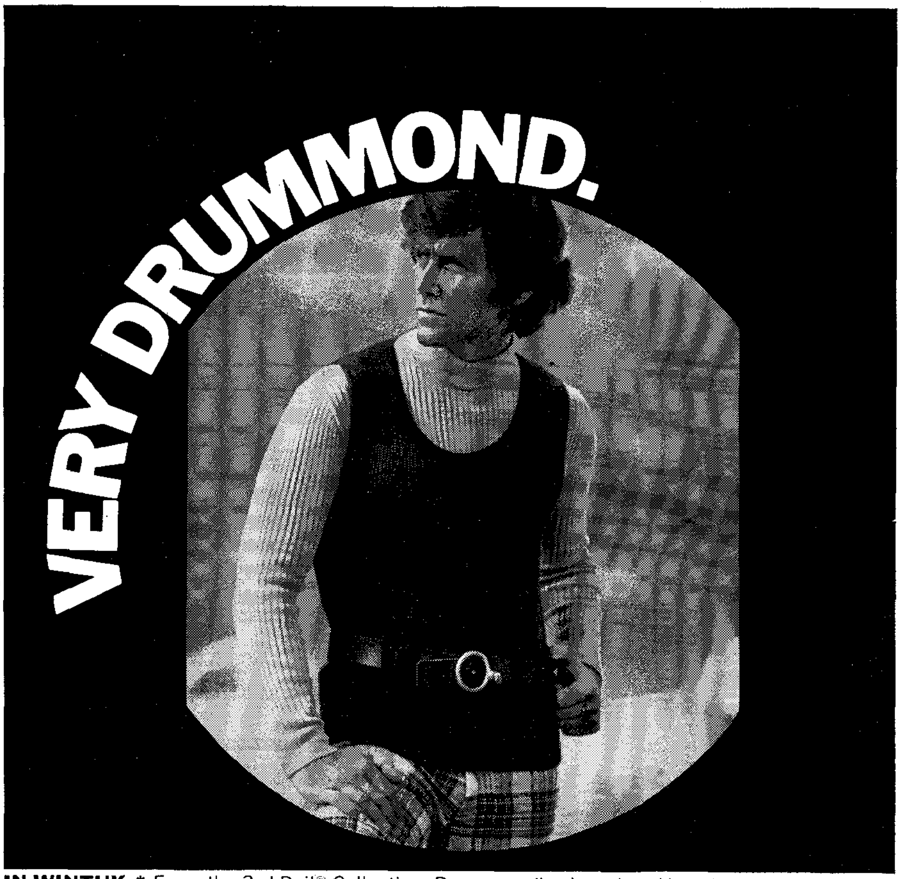
Erikson had already said that there is more to a life than its early conflicts; now he was saying that there is more to history than the tidy sum of childhood "traumas" experienced by various leaders. He was looking for what he called an "inner affinity" between Hitler's childhood (or the legend of his childhood that the Führer propagated in his autobiography) and "whatever patterns can be described as characteristic of pre-Nazi German childhood"—a task of correlation that he called quite difficult. In fact, he said, it cannot really be done—at least, not precisely or with the confident assurance of a "scientist." Instead, "what follows is an impressionistic version" of middle-class German family life—"representative in the sense in which blurred composites of individual photographs are representative."

To begin with, there are German fathers and mothers—whom Erikson well knew:

> When the father comes home from work even the walls seem to pull themselves together ("*nehmen sich zusammen*"). The mother—although often the unofficial master of the house—behaves differently enough to make a baby aware of it. She hurries to fulfill the father's whims and to avoid angering him. The children hold their breath, for the father does not approve of "nonsense," that is, neither of mother's feminine moods nor of the children's playfulness. . . . The little boy comes to feel that all the gratifying ties with his mother are a thorn in the father's side, and that her love and admiration—the model for so many later fulfillments and achievements—can be reached only without the father's knowledge, or against his explicit wishes.

Mothers sometimes betray their sons. A naughty child can be turned over to the father for a licking. "Sons are bad, and punishment always metaphysically justified"—so German fathers seem to think and feel. The mother's weakness and betrayal do not endear women to the boy. Nor is the father without clay feet. He can be a swaggering bully at home but cower before his bosses and exude foolish sentimentality when drunk among friends. But there is love, too—and a good deal of genuine





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respect—between parents and children. Erikson has no wish, even in 1942, to make a caricature out of the home life of millions of Germans. Indeed, he is not sure "how much of this culture pattern, on this impressionistic level, could be called primarily German." There is, however, a certain kind of stormy German adolescence that Goethe knew—and perhaps Erikson, too: "It leads to a crisis with the alternatives of open rebellion, cynical deviousness, actual flight from home, or of a submissive type of obedience which breaks the boy's spirit once and for all." Erikson asks, "What, then, makes this conflict in father and son so fateful? What differentiates—in an unconscious but decisive way—the German father's aloofness and harshness from similar traits in other Western fathers?" Somehow, the German father's authority does not ring true; the son is unconvinced that he owes the father real respect, for all the noise and bravado in the household. Needless to say, "everybody can think of German regions, of confessional and professional groups, and of individual homes where the German father's inner authority seemed deeply justified, founded as it was on old rural and small urban *Gemütlichkeit;* on urban *Kultur;* on Christian *Naechstenliebe;* on professional *Bildung;* or on the spirit of social *Reform.*" Yet all that never assumed "an integrated meaning on a national scale." Erikson draws on Max Weber to show how nations like England, France, and America went through social and political upheavals that gave a degree of coherence to citizenship as it is experienced in everyday life. Germans never felt their political institutions to be really sovereign. They never could proclaim themselves Germans—at least, not with the same pride and conviction that the English and the French could proclaim their nationality. Does the quality of a nation's political institutions affect the lives of individuals? Erikson shows how the conflicts of German adolescents reflected their country's political uncertainty. A country not quite sure of itself as a country contained millions of young people who, ironically, could take one tradition for granted: the obligation to rebel. There were "bands of intellectual cynics, of delinquents, of homosexuals, and of race-conscious chauvinists;" and there were the Wandervögel, often led by professional youth leaders. The common feature of all these activities was the exclusion of individual fathers and the adherence to some mystical romantic entity: *Natur, Kultur, Genie, Rasse.* "While it was sometimes assumed that the mother openly or secretly would favor, if not envy, such freedom, the father was considered its foe. If he failed to manifest sufficient enmity, he would be systematically provoked: his opposition was the life of the experience."

As if traditional conflicts were not enough trouble for German families, military defeat came in 1918 and economic ruin a few years later. Erikson does not allow us to forget how intimately the mind lives with the world:

> The inflation endangered pensions earned in lifetimes of servile toil. On the other hand, the groping masses were unable really to anticipate the role of a free citizen or of a class-conscious worker. It is at this point that the psychological interpretation of the rise of Nazism meets political and economic ones. Only a combination of the two explains why Hitler's images immediately convinced so many and paralyzed so many more.

What, then, did Hitler's particular troubles as a child and a rebellious youth have to do with the charismatic power he exerted over Germans? Erikson puts the matter this way: "It frequently happens in history that *an extreme personal experience fits a universal latent conflict so well that a crisis lifts that experience to a representative position.*" He saw Hitler's writing as an autobiographical statement and also as a piece of clever propaganda, and he saw Hitler as one German who could tell other Germans what had gone wrong (or was about to go wrong) in their lives. They had betrayed their own revolt, screamed the Führer—they had surrendered to an assortment of fathers, employers, emperors, and presidents. Hitler again and again summoned German youth to "shape its own destiny." In tirade after tirade, he denounced "senile fools" or tired and corrupt leaders. Erikson calls him "an adolescent who never gave in . . . the unbroken adolescent who has chosen a career apart from civilian happiness and 'peace;' a gang leader who keeps 'the boys' together by demanding their admiration, by creating terror, and by shrewdly involving them in crimes from which there is no way back . . . a ruthless exploiter of parental failures."

Almost every bit of delinquency—and, worse, murder—that Hitler set in motion was somehow tied to the Jews, to their dangerous presence, which required an unusual and then a "final" solution. What did the Jews mean to Germans? Erikson accepts the obvious psychological explanation of anti-Semitism, but he also refuses to be content with a strictly psychological or psycho-

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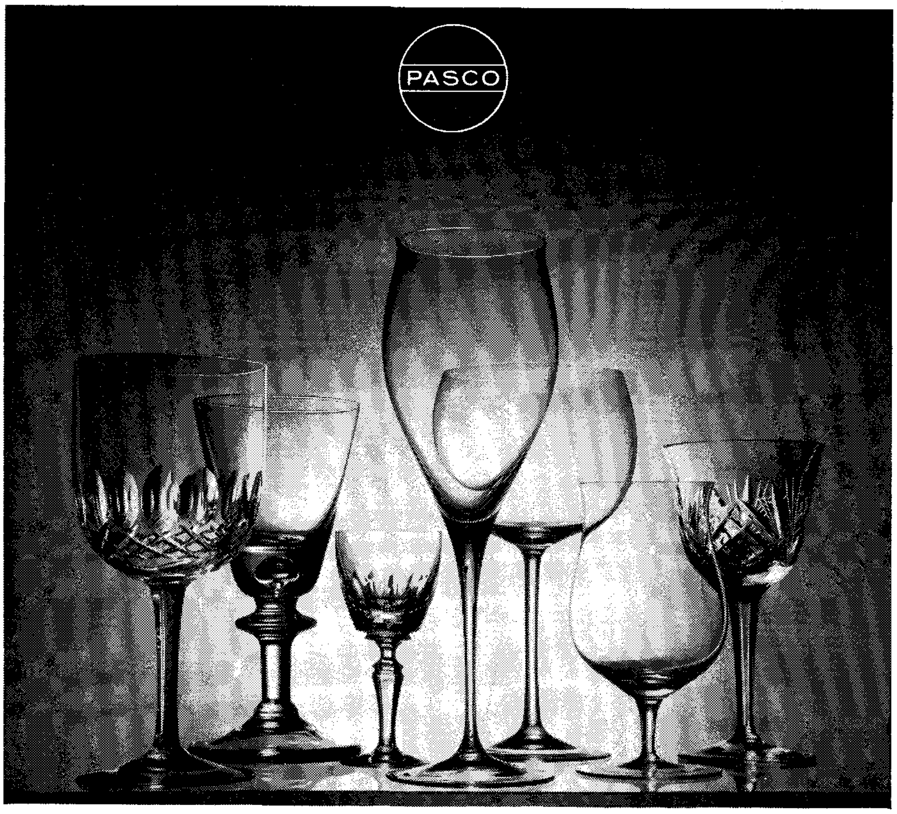
analytic analysis of Hitler's remarkably effective political use of the Jews. Yes, people often need scapegoats, and the Jew was a handy one. Yes, the Jew was called names that the German feared he himself might deserve to be called. Yes, the "Jewish problem" could divert the masses from other, more sinister social and economic issues, and give hungry people at least the bread of hate. Yes—as Oswald Spengler, of all people, pointed out—the Germans had both accepted and fought against their own "Jewish" inclinations for years. But somehow all those "truths" seem like conventional wisdom—and do not do justice to the passions, the hysteria, the vengeful abandon that swept a great nation, an intelligent people. "It is no coincidence that at this crucial moment in history the most encircled and the most dispersed nation should find themselves in extreme juxtaposition." Once again history, geography, and politics are to be included in a psychological analysis, and once again the concept of "identity" helps the psychoanalyst leave his office for the world outside:

> Whoever and whatever can be identified today as Jewish contains in its identity the extreme (but variably intense) opposition of two trends favored by centuries of dispersion, namely dogmatic orthodoxy vs. relativistic adaptability. We think here not so much of types as of attitudes and symbols, yet there is the extreme role of the religiously dogmatic, culturally reactionary Jew, to whom change and time mean absolutely nothing: the Word is his reality. And there is his opposite, the Jew to whom geographic dispersion and cultural multiplicity have become second nature: *relativity* is *his absolute*. While in many respects he blends with his environment (so much so that on occasion he comes to represent a purist version of contemporary absolutes), his talents and compulsions remain associated with a deep sense of the relativity of values. He is the trader of goods, the critic and interpreter in the arts and sciences, the healer of inner conflict, the mediator and the artist in cultural change. His balanced sense lies in a responsible sense of relativity.
>
> This sense of relativity can turn to relativism. Critical insight lends itself to a more or less subtle devaluation of the absolutes of majorities which cannot be defeated by other means; and it can lead to morbid self-devaluation (often a conflict between disguised orthodoxy and opportunism). These are the Jew's dangers, keenly felt by himself.
>
> Where the understanding of relativity is mated with genius, single Jews with lonely moral courage expand human experience to include new dimensions which make all that is visible and knowable relative to a more inclusive order.

Erikson describes those "dimensions," those contributions: the estab-



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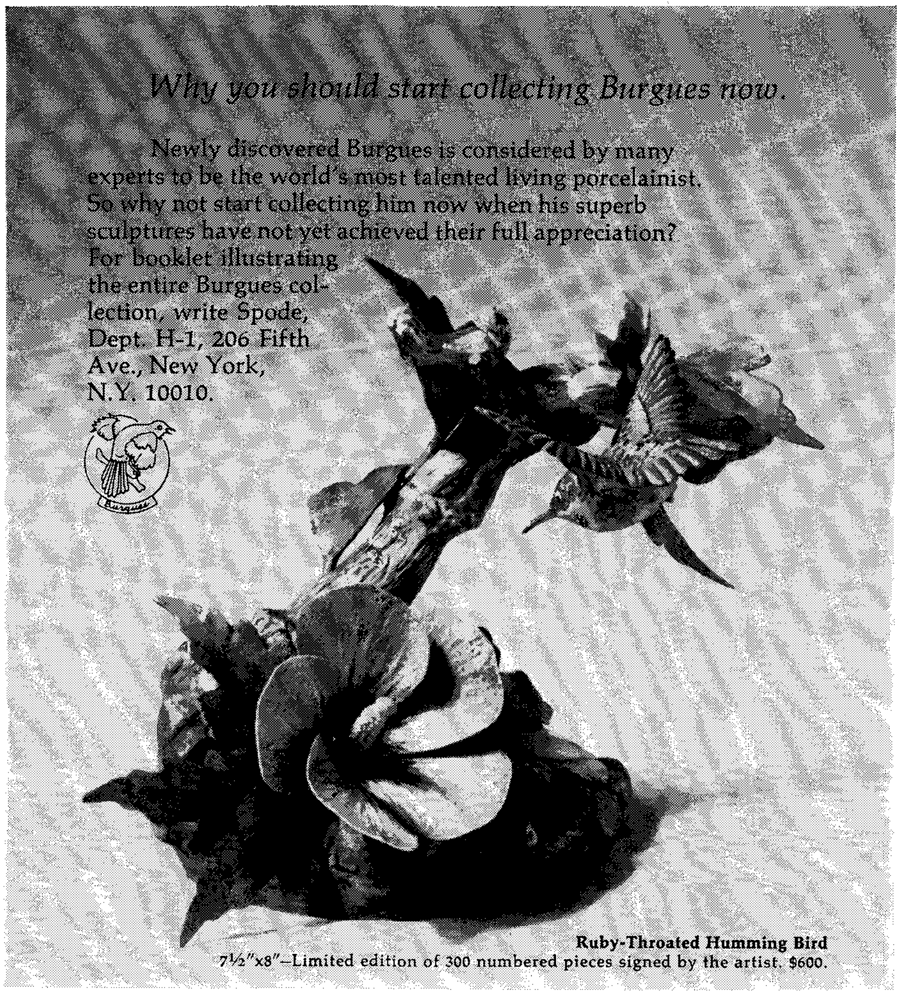

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lishment of a universal ethics, which linked this world to a Beyond, and earthly empires to the Kingdom of God; and the studies of Marx, Freud, and Einstein, three German Jews who formulated "redefinitions of the very ground man thought he stood on," so that historical, mental, and physical "reality" became forever different. Yet a gifted person or nation, no matter how dispersed, can threaten as well as enlighten others:

> Strong peoples—peoples whose sense of identity is enhanced, not endangered, by redefinitions facilitating progress—can assimilate strong Jews. In times of collective anxiety, however, the very concept of relativity is resented—and this especially by those classes which are about to lose prestige, status, and self-esteem. Trying to find a platform of conservation, they cling with grim single-mindedness to traditional absolutes which freedom had made them relax, defeat remember.

In the desperately troubled Germany of the late twenties and early thirties, the Jews stood out as a convenient and sore reminder of another people's precarious destiny. Jew and German alike had faced the "desperate alternative of living in encircled provinciality or of becoming overextended in cosmopolitan identifications." Yet, in contrast to the German case, dispersion actually seemed to help the Jew become more Jewish. He seemed to succeed in making relativism a means of self-preservation. To Hitler, this phenomenon called for the assumption of a Jewish pact with Fate —an especially devious chauvinistic arrangement, such as only Germans dream of accomplishing when they despair of their military destiny. So it was envy that hard-pressed Germans felt toward Jews—the kind of envy that is found among people who share similar worries and fears. To Erikson, "these psychological considerations do not explain anti-Semitism" but "are indispensable to an understanding of its variations." This was a rather modest way of putting it, compared to some of the sweeping psychoanalytic "interpretations" of prejudice some of his colleagues were then offering.

The last paragraphs of the article look to the future. Erikson is worried about the German children who grew up with Nazi ideals everywhere proclaimed and enacted. He is worried about a postwar world in which a new Germany might well have the same unsettled and unsettling position in a still conflict-ridden Continent. In 1942, when vengeance was very much on almost everyone's mind, and when no

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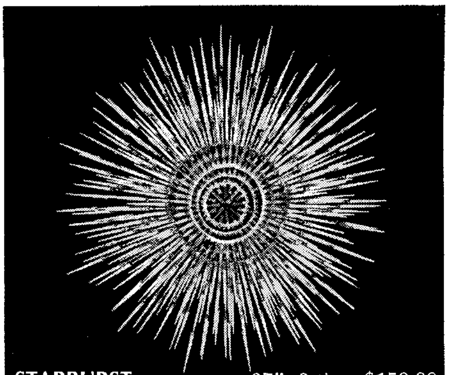

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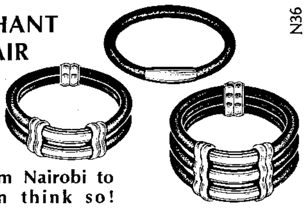

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one could take victory against Hitler for granted, he wrote:

> As far as one can dare to envisage a postwar world, many interests seem to demand the only psychological solution: a supernational Europe, with a social order based on culturally defined regions and an economic order comprising the whole continent. Only a logical and lasting European order will free the Germans—and their neighbors.

In 1950, well after the war, he had to observe (in his book "Childhood and Society," in which a revision of his article on Hitler's imagery was published under the title "The Legend of Hitler's Childhood") that Germany was again split, divided, vulnerable—and potentially vengeful. And in 1963, on the occasion of the second edition of the book, he added a footnote:

> By some eerie historical logic, there exists again in our nuclear age a simple wall concretely dividing Germans from Germans. On the other hand, the new economic empire of Europe includes one part of Germany. Neither her newly reinforced division nor the new field for her organizational genius seem to settle the problem of Germany's national identity or that of her hegemony over the continent of which she is the center.

DURING the Second World War, Erikson was asked to serve as a consultant on a number of significant projects that had to do, in one way or another, with the war effort. He scrutinized Nazi propaganda. He looked at the material obtained from interrogation of German war prisoners and prepared an advisory memorandum that examined in detail why—and under what conditions and with what legal limitations—the observation of war prisoners would be useful. He went to the Library of Congress and studied the international conventions that presumably determined the way prisoner-of-war camps were set up. He went aboard a submarine and experienced one of its dives. His work on submarines prompted him to marvel over "the paradox that men who live in the greatest danger and in the smallest space have by far the best morale." He found little evidence of psychopathology among the submarine crews, and he wondered why. On the basis of his observations, he found that, for one thing, the men were paid more than others. A submarine was a sort of "open icebox;" anyone could eat the best of food anytime. And the submarines were called the "dungaree navy," because nobody had to wash and shave unless he wanted to. Griping was permitted, and the men could call the boats "pigboats," "ashcans," and "sewer pipes." The boats were kept

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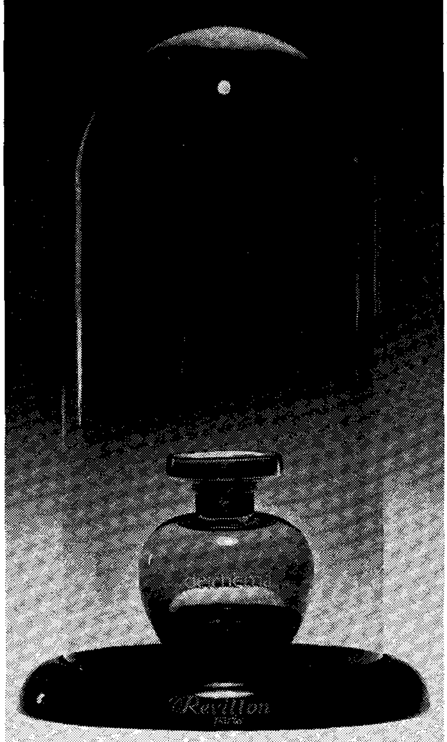

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As the war drew to an end and soldiers and sailors started coming home, many of them complained that they felt bewildered and unable to resume the lives they had left to go fight the war. Erikson participated in a rehabilitation clinic at the Mt. Zion Hospital, in San Francisco, and tried to learn what the veterans felt, what they had put aside for the sake of war, and what they expected to find when they returned to their families and jobs. He refused to submit the worries and fears of those men to various kinds of psychiatric or psychoanalytic classification. In fact, the more time he spent with returned soldiers—anxious, badly shaken, often for the first time moody and introspective, yet not "sick"—the more he realized how important it was for a psychoanalyst like him to understand the vicissitudes of what is called normal life.

In a long paper entitled "Ego Development and Historical Change," which was published in 1946, Erikson takes an attentive look at some words used by Freud ("*von einer uebermaessigen Gedruecktheit durch einen gewissen Mittelzustand zu einem erhoehten Wohlbefinden*") to describe human happiness as "a certain in-between stage" in a back-and-forth swing of mood from heightened well-being to sadness or depression. Then Erikson asks whether such moments of "contentment," when a person is reasonably animated and cheerful, deserve to be ignored, or defined only by the pathology that is absent. Suppose a person does have the ups and downs that psychopathologists are quick to notice. What about his "normal," or ordinary, days? Can't we do better by those days than state that neither a manic nor a depressive trend is at the time noticeable, that a momentary lull exists on the battlefield of the ego, that the superego is temporarily nonbelligerent and the id has agreed to an armistice? With quiet irony, he draws on his own wartime observations to indicate the substantial inadequacy of the psychoanalytic imagery of conflict: "This writer had an opportunity to make a few observations on one of the more extreme milieus of human endeavor, namely life on submarines. Here emotional plasticity and social resourcefulness are put to a high test." He describes the tact and good sense he found in crew and captain, whose relationship to one another constituted a working alliance, despite all the subtle ten-

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sions a psychoanalyst might notice. Yes, the men became a sort of gang, and they loved to eat all day long, and felt better for doing so. Does that mean they had "regressed to a primal horde" or into a state of "oral" lethargy? Such diagnoses do not explain "why men choose such a life, why they stick to it in spite of incredible monotony and occasional nightmarish danger, and above all why they function in good health and high spirits."

Erikson emphasizes this point by indicating what any number of psychiatrists might have to say about submarine crews, or about a hundred other kinds of work: "In discussions we not infrequently end up by suspecting—on the evidence of mere analogies—whole units, crews, and occupational groups of being regressive, or motivated by homosexual or psychopathic tendencies." He was touching upon that curious American marriage of psychoanalytic theory to secular, punitive moralism. Though at first glance psychoanalysis might seem to be a natural enemy of our middle-class pietistic allegiances, quite the contrary had proved to be the case. For many of us, Judeo-Christian imagery has yielded to the psychiatric kind, and we continue to suffer the vulgar results. If I like someone or approve of what he is doing, then he is "mature," or his drives are well "sublimated." If I dislike a person, I can summon a battery of psychiatric terms and concepts to call him all sorts of things—passive, hostile, a latent this or that. Some analysts may deplore such tactics, but they are resorted to every day, and not only by the so-called "uninformed public." Erikson has repeatedly mentioned the problem, protested the behavior, and insisted that the sailor doing his job in a submarine, the Sioux hunting, the Yurok fishing, the American man enjoying himself at work, the child simply growing up to be a generally healthy person all share Freud's "in-between stage;" they are human beings "who feel at one with what they are doing when and where they are doing it." For such people at such moments, a terminology devoted to illness or combat is inappropriate, at the very least.

The rest of "Ego Development and Historical Change"—and, in a sense, all of Erikson's subsequent work—centers on the social and historical forces that make for the ego's weakness or its strength. Using clinical illustrations generously, he attempts to show how children accept historical figures, regional values, and political ideologies as prototypes of good or evil. Parents, teachers, neighbors—we all

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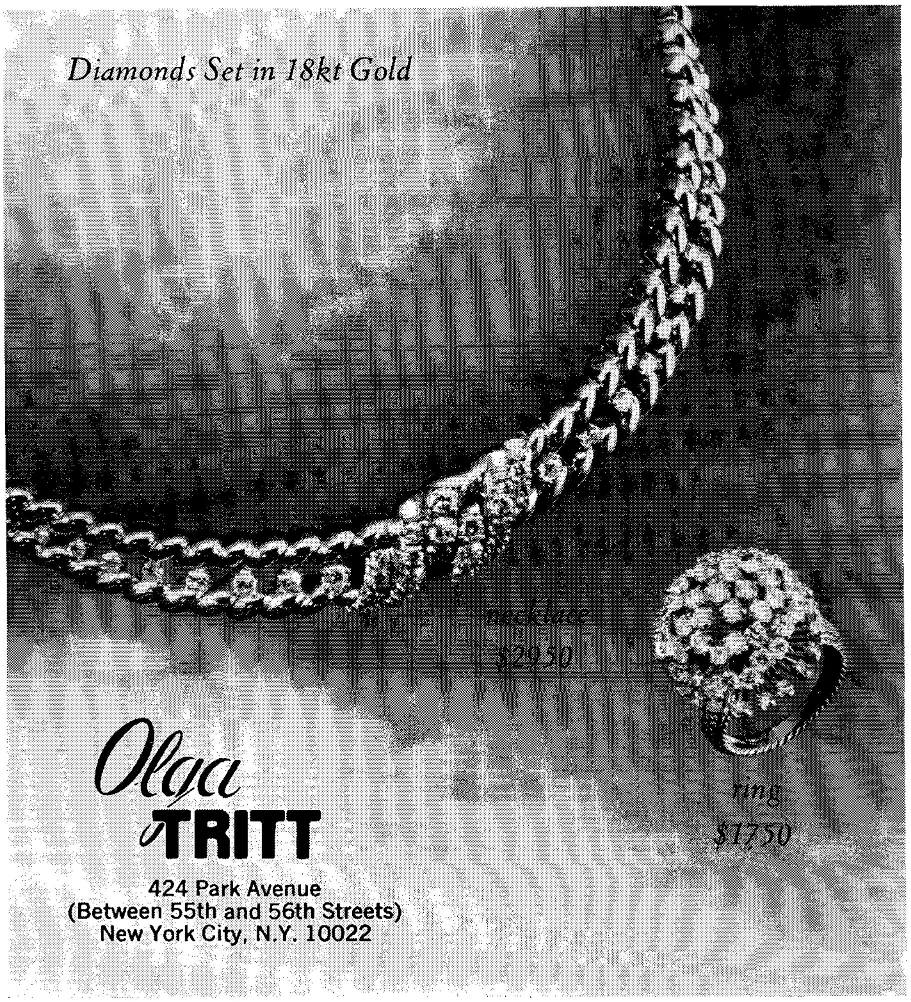
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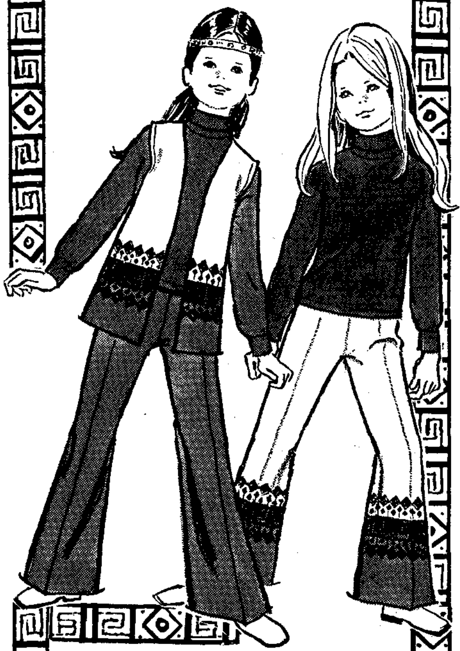

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Psychoanalysts must learn to ask about almost everything: "It is essential to correlate a patient's childhood history with the history of his family's sedentary residence in prototypal areas (East), in 'backward' areas (South), or in 'forward' areas (Western and Northern frontier), as these were gradually incorporated into the American version of the Anglo-Saxon cultural identity." Religion, class, and caste are not only sociological concepts but terms describing what for children are a succession of deeply felt experiences. Erikson offers in illustration a series of partial case histories, and prefaces them with the following comment—and I think that the language and style as well as the message are particularly and tellingly his:

> Often when a psychoanalysis seems immovably bogged down, one encounters in the patient's memories the picture of a proud grandfather, whether it is a blacksmith of the old world or an engineer of the new one; an as yet proud Jew or an unreconstructed Southerner. What these grandfathers have in common is the fact that they were the last representatives of a world as yet more homogeneous in its feudal values, masterly and cruel with a good conscience, self-restrained and pious without loss of self-esteem. It is the world that invented the machine, and still considered it a gigantic plaything, not apt to challenge the social values of the men who made it. When we are forced to indicate to the patient how much he fears the future and that his ego must learn to make the best and the most of its development within fast-changing concepts of reality, these grandfathers rise from their graves and challenge us. Their clearer design for living always has stood behind and above the father's ethnic feebleness and the mother's driving harshness. In the following I shall sketch this background for a number of cases from various regions of this country.

I think his remarks on black children are extremely significant. They were written a quarter of a century ago, when even the most social-minded psychoanalysts seemed to lack interest in a people so decisively without—among other things—decent medical and psychiatric care. They were also written at a time when Congress was unable to agree on an "anti-lynching" bill. That is, liberals were struggling for some guarantee that blacks could take life itself for granted, and so, in some ways, it was "premature" for Erikson to look into the quality of the life black people were living. "Consider our colored countrymen," he asks the reader:

> Their babies often receive sensual satisfactions which provide them with enough oral and sensory surplus for a lifetime; as clearly betrayed in the way they move, laugh, talk and sing. Their forced symbiosis with the feudal South capitalized on this oral-sensory treasure to build up a slave's identity: mild, submissive, dependent, somewhat querulous, but always ready to serve, and with occasional empathy and childlike wisdom. But underneath a dangerous split occurred. The humiliating symbiosis on the one hand, and on the other, the necessity of the master race to protect its identity against sensual and oral temptations, established in both groups an association: light-clean-clever-white and dark-dirty-dumb-nigger. The result, especially in those Negroes who have left the poor haven of their Southern homes, is often a violently sudden and cruel cleanliness training.

He described three "solutions," three identities that a Negro can fall back upon: the "mammy's child," who is tender, expressive, and rhythmical; the clean, restrained, always friendly but always sad "white man's Negro;" and, finally, "the bad nigger," the angry and violent man who respects nothing and nobody, black or white.

> When faced with so-called opportunities which only offer a newly restricted freedom but fail to provide an integration of the identity fragments mentioned, one of these fragments becomes dominant in the form of a racial caricature; tired of this caricature, the colored individual often retires into hypochondriac invalidism as a condition which represents an analogy to the ego-space-time of defined restriction in the South: a regression to the ego-identity of the slave.
>
> I know of a colored boy who, like our boys, listens every night to the Lone Ranger. Then he sits up in bed, dreaming that he is the Ranger. But alas, the moment always comes when he sees himself galloping after some masked offenders and suddenly notices that in this image the Lone Ranger is a Negro. He stops his fantasies. While a child, this boy was extremely expressive, both in his pleasure and in his sorrows. Today he is calm and always smiles; his language is soft and blurred; nobody can hurry him, or worry him, or please him. White men like him.

In America, the so-called adolescent is also set apart, an object of mixed curiosity, envy, and derision to a

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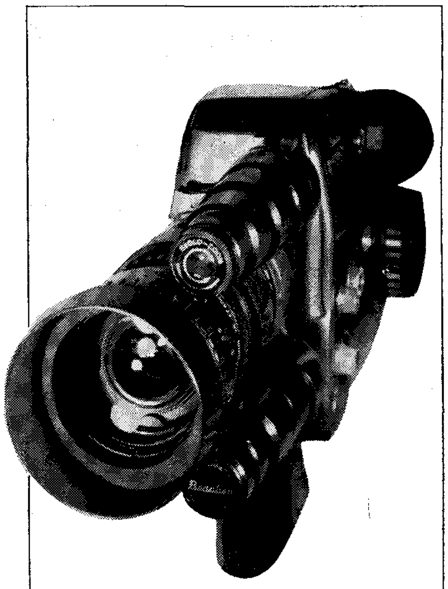

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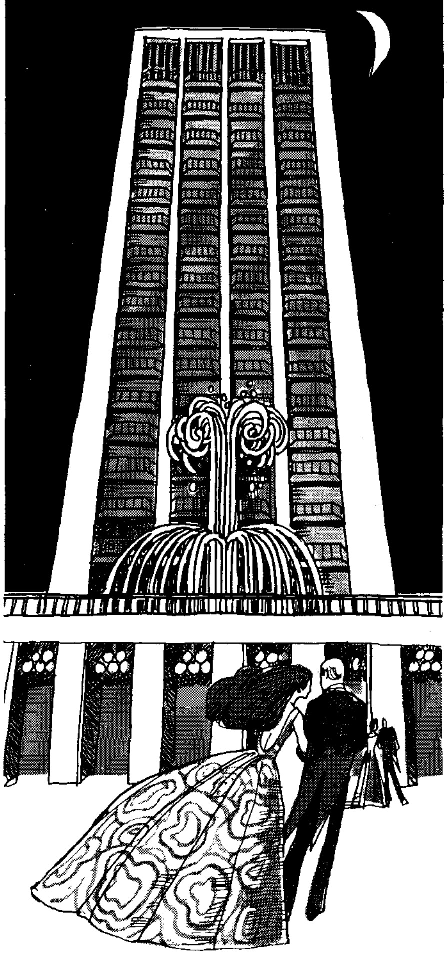

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"youth-conscious" people who have nevertheless become an aging example to literally dozens of newer, younger nations. In the forties, psychiatric and psychoanalytic literature was full of talk about "rejecting" and "schizoid" mothers, whose sons and daughters had any number of discernible "problems." Erikson wanted to look beyond the relative handful of patients that he and his colleagues saw. He constantly wondered whether clinicians like him weren't tempted to call a youth "sick," a mother "disturbed," when their behavior was actually prompted by a long social tradition. Furthermore, there are strengths and extraordinary capacities in some of the people psychiatrists sweepingly describe with this or that clinical word. The issue for Erikson was not how "schizoid" a youth (or his mother) might be but how and why that particular kind of personality had become so prevalent—that is, under what social, economic, and historical conditions. Characteristically, he describes young Americans whose ego identity is clearly defined as well as those who for various reasons are having trouble finding out what in themselves works, makes sense, and is dependable:

> The family [of a prototype "normal" young American] is Anglo-Saxon, mildly Protestant, and of the white-collar class. This boy is tall, thin, muscular in his body build. He is shy, especially with women, and emotionally retentive, as if he saved himself for something. His occasional grin, however, indicates a basic satisfaction with himself. His goals are defined. Before the war he wanted to be an athlete; during the war, an aviator or pilot.... As for the mother, who shows a certain contempt for male weakness, her bark is worse than her bite. She has a male ideal, usually derived from her father or grandfather, and she indicates to the son that she believes in his ability to come close to this ideal. She is wise enough (sometimes lazy or indifferent enough) to leave it to him whether he wants to live up to this ideal or not.

He then speculates on whether such a mother is not more than a product of our Puritan tradition. Perhaps the nation's history required mothers who wanted sons to look ahead rather than back to some blissful and indulgent past. Perhaps a nation of migrants and wanderers, explorers and assorted conquerors needed men who were not quite content, who believed that there was always a chance and a choice ahead. Perhaps the dangerous frontier could not tolerate thoroughly satisfied and unthreatened children, naïve and weakened "sissies" or "suckers" who could not handle suffering and loneliness. Collective habits with children or attitudes toward them may reveal

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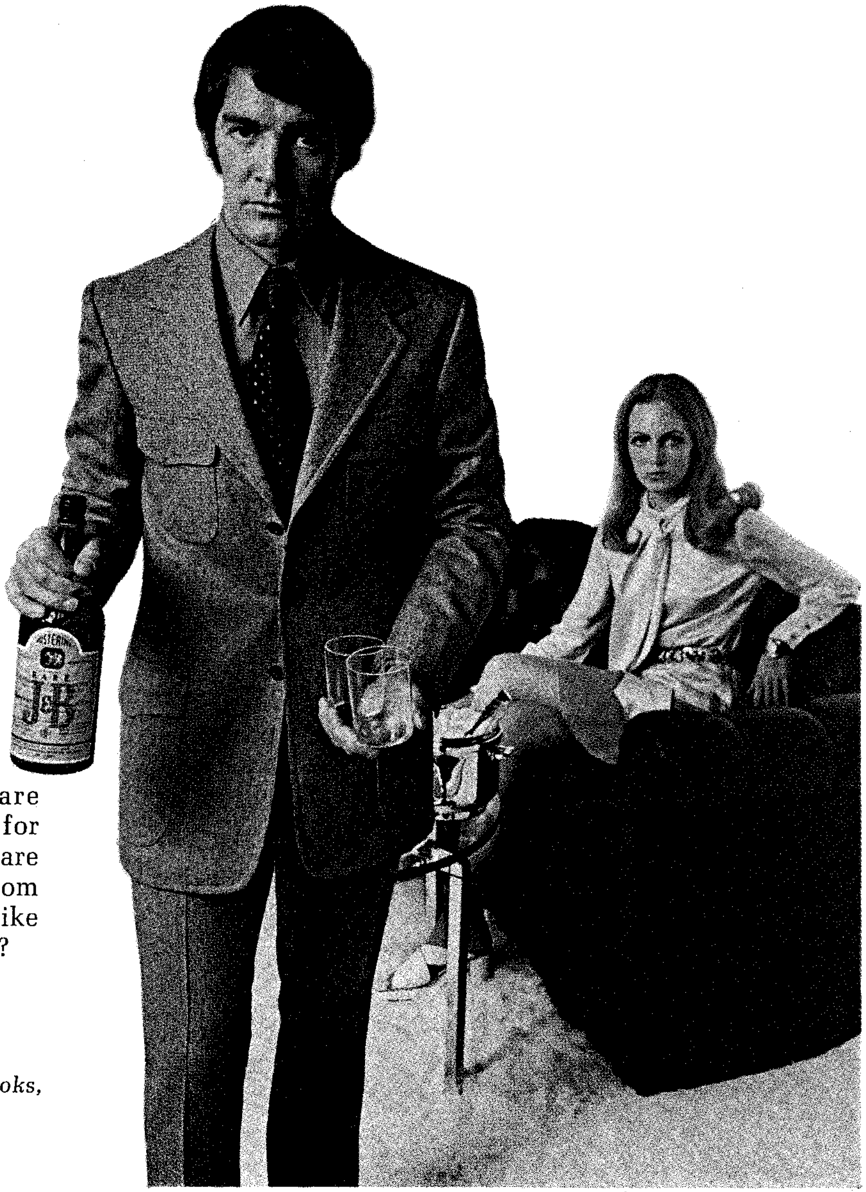

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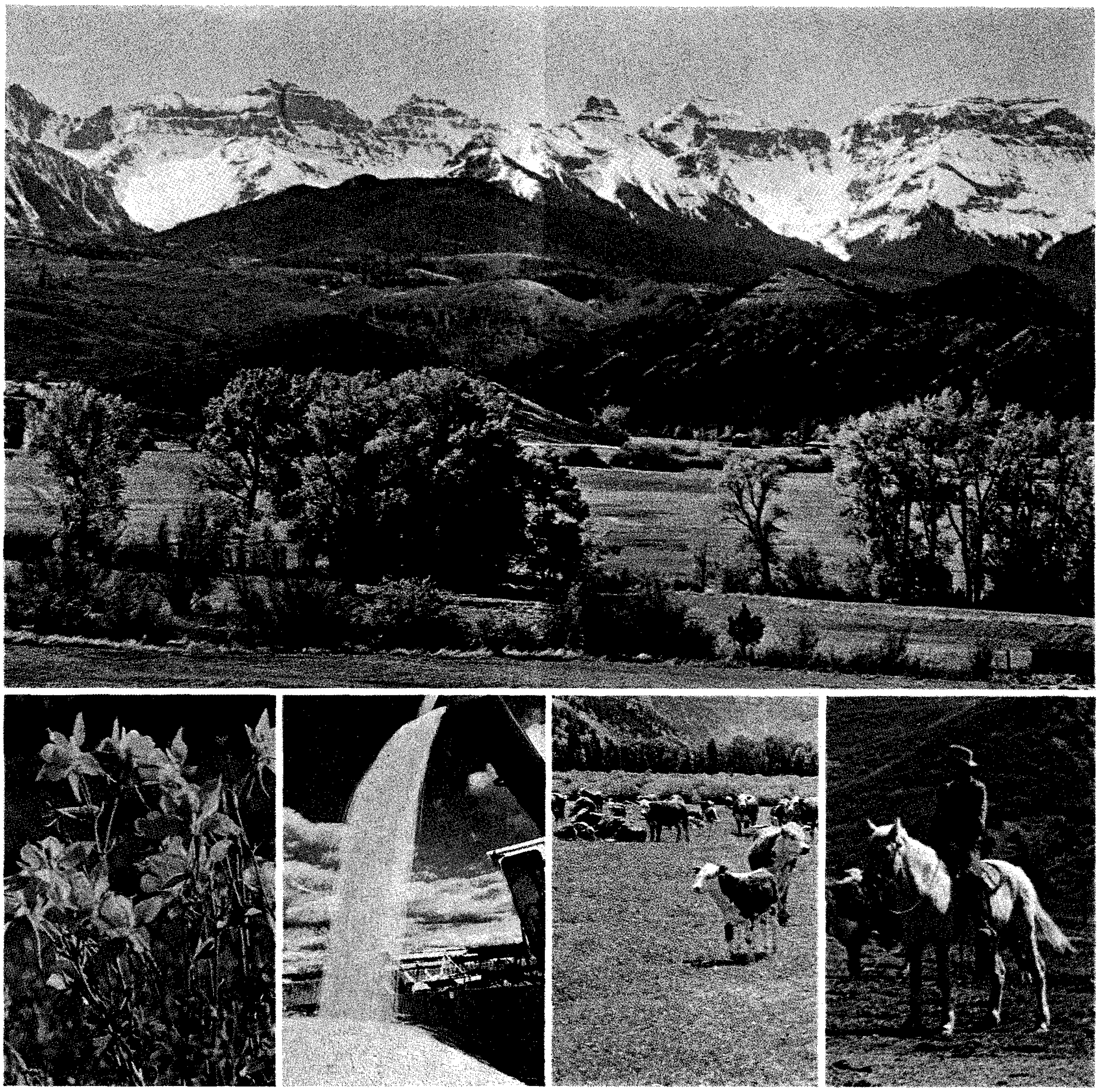

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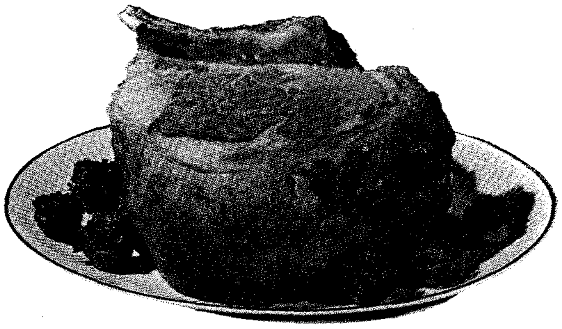

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outmoded virtues as well as contemporary vices, and, in any case, no family ought to be judged out of its own cultural and historical context. Put another way, both the middle-class, patriarchal Austro-Hungarian family and the American one deserve a better fate than to be made measuring rods or bludgeons against one another.

For when improperly used, psychoanalysis can become a very convenient political weapon. At the core of psychoanalytic theory one finds highly corruptible concepts, like "the reality principle." Whose "reality" does the analyst have in mind when he strives to help his patient? Clearly, a psychiatrist has to estimate how well his patient comes to terms with the conventions and values of his society, but, by the same token, both the conformist and the rebel present a number of ethical and philosophical problems. How does a therapist decide whether a conformist is "healthy" if he himself finds society in serious trouble and saturated with evils? Is a rebel to be called "sick" or "sociopathic" or a "borderline" personality with a "severe character disorder" just because his therapist thinks the society in fine shape and not in need of serious change? These are still vexing issues. To Erikson, it was unthinkable (and, remember, this was back in 1946) that the analyst should overlook what joblessness or racism can do to the mind—yes, to the "deepest layers" of the unconscious—or that he should overlook the uses to which his profession can be put, either by dogmatic analysts or by a social order that wants one or another justification for the "reality" of its existence. The Soviet Union rather quickly outlawed psychoanalysis, as an "idealistic" and "pseudo-scientific" doctrine that supposedly ignores the all-significant "material" forces of social struggle in favor of futile introspection. America gave Freud's ideas and those who practiced them quite another reception—though, of course, a faddish embrace can make for a special kind of tyranny, dazzling, glutting, and eventually stupefying. Would America be quite so taken with psychoanalysis if more analysts emphasized that men are psychologically enslaved not only by unconscious drives but by social and economic conditions?

AFTER the publication of "Ego Development and Historical Change," Erikson reached a critical point in his intellectual development. As is often the case with creative men, he probably did not then realize that he had staked out, and even rather

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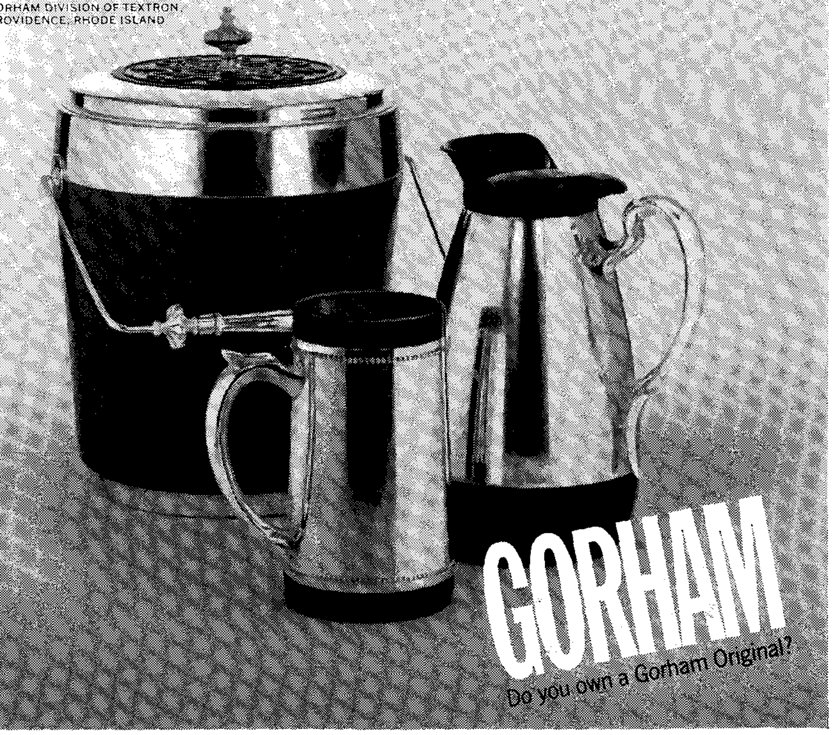

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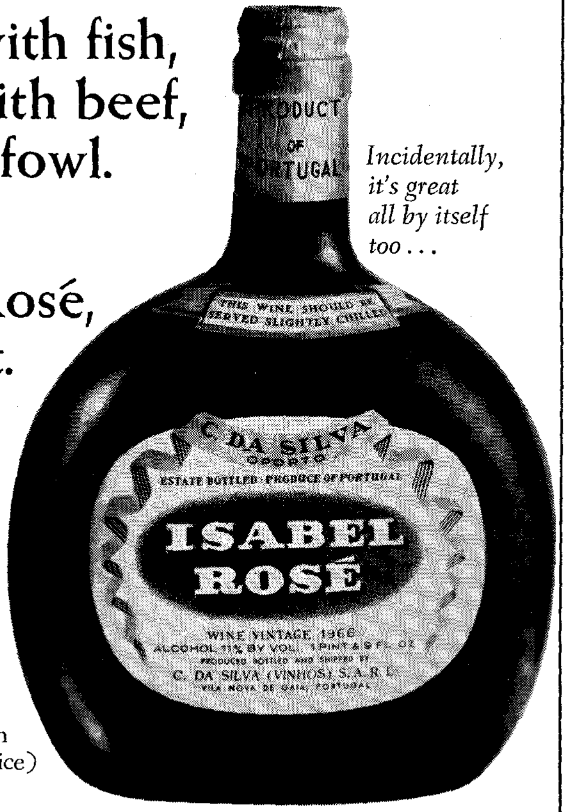

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precisely defined, his future work, but the books and articles that have appeared in the succeeding decades clearly expand upon the interests, intentions, and convictions he declared in the century's, and his own, early forties. For several years, he disappeared from psychiatric and psychoanalytic journals. In the midst of a busy analytic career, he kept one day a week for himself, and used it to write or to work on what he had already written. He did this in an empty beach house belonging to friends. He told people he was "working on a book," but he was certainly in no rush to appear in print. He had the ideas, and he wanted to make sure that his writing did justice to them; that is, he wanted as much as possible to be understood correctly.

The book, "Childhood and Society," was published in 1950, by W. W. Norton, and I doubt whether any other single work by a student of Freud is as well known over the world. It was immediately brought out in England, and has since been translated into Japanese, Swedish, German, Spanish, French, Hebrew, Finnish, Dutch, Italian, Norwegian, and Danish. For thirteen years, it sold steadily in both hardback and paperback editions, and in 1963 a second edition, revised and enlarged, was issued. In a recent study, a hundred and forty approved three-year psychiatric training centers in the United States were asked to submit lists of the reading assigned to their psychiatric residents. Out of twenty-eight hundred books listed, eighteen were universally assigned in general psychiatry—basic texts, as it were. "Childhood and Society" was one of these eighteen, and it was one of three universally assigned in psychoanalysis. It is also a familiar sight in university bookstores, where it is bought by undergraduates and graduate students in the humanities and the social sciences as well as by medical, nursing, and social-work students.

In a foreword, Erikson establishes his style and method—as a psychoanalyst, artist, and writer. He is gathering together years of clinical work: the study of anxiety in young children, apathy in American Indians, confusion in veterans of war, arrogance in young Nazis. As an analyst, he has understood psychological conflict, but as an investigator he has steadfastly refused to arrive at the "easy conclusion that our relatively advanced knowledge of neurosis permits us to view mass phenomena—culture, religion, revolution—as analogies of neuroses." The "different path" that he announces he intends to pursue is in fact one that he

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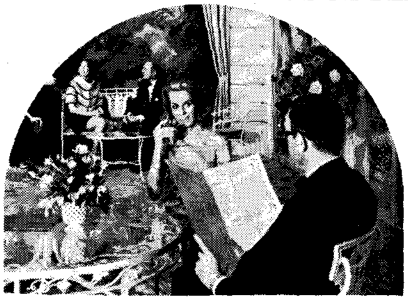

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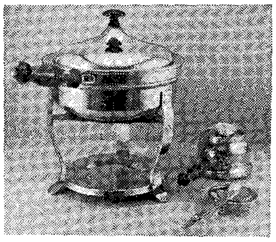

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himself has made, by pressing forward into territory claimed by neither psychiatrists nor sociologists:

> Neither terminological alignment with the more objective sciences nor dignified detachment from the clamoring of the day can and should keep the psychoanalytic method from being what H. S. Sullivan called "participant," and systematically so. In this sense, this is and must be a subjective book, a *conceptual itinerary*. There is no attempt at being representative in quotations or systematic in references. On the whole, little is gained from an effort to reinforce as yet vague meanings with seemingly conscientious quotations of vaguely similar meaning from other contexts.

A little farther on, he writes more personally:

> I came to psychology from art, which may explain, if not justify, the fact that at times the reader will find me painting contexts and backgrounds where he would rather have me point to facts and concepts. I have had to make a virtue out of a constitutional necessity by basing what I have to say on representative description rather than on theoretical argument.

"Childhood and Society" is divided into four parts. The first part, most of which has appeared in articles I have already described, introduces and illustrates the clinician's method, the case history, and then applies that method of study—as a psychoanalyst uses it—to the "normal" child. The author wants to see how children grow and become the various adults they do. He is interested in using what he has learned in the clinic to understand what starts in the delivery room of the hospital and goes on in the nursery, the back yard, the school. He wants to convert a theory of psychopathology and metapsychology into a closely documented view of child development. He wants to make Freud's theory of "infantile sexuality" more rather than less relevant by giving it a place in something larger and more nearly universal than the accumulated and catalogued memories of middle-class American and European neurotics. He wants to be concrete, biological, physiological, and also symbolic, as we all are when we dream or worship or sing or merely have a thought.

In the second part of the book, Erikson draws again on work published—his two monographs on the Sioux and the Yurok. If the man who wrote those two long papers was in the midst of discovery, in the process of finding out what he believed the bounds of psychoanalysis to be, the author who sent the chapters "Hunters Across the Prairie" and "Fishermen Along a Salmon River" to his publisher knew exactly

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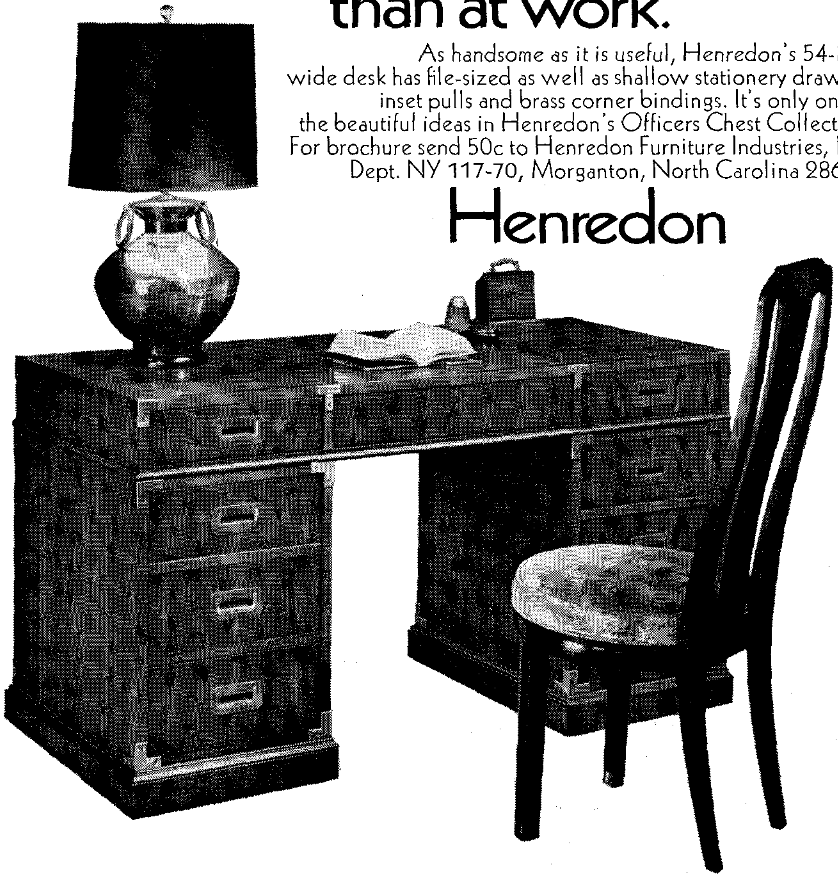

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what he had been doing and why. In his introduction to the second part of the book, Erikson notes how little attention many anthropologists have paid to the quality of care received by children: "Even anthropologists living for years among aboriginal tribes failed to see that these tribes trained their children in some systematic way." With the notable exception of Margaret Mead and those who followed her example, anthropologists tended to assume that boys and girls simply grew up. What is more, childhood in Africa or Asia was either scorned as "animal-like" or heavily romanticized. In contrast, Erikson learned that "primitive societies are neither *infantile* stages of mankind nor arrested deviations from the proud progressive norms which we represent." Like all groups of people, American Indians (and other "backward folk") try to deal with the world they know, and bring up their children to do likewise—which entails developing the complicated customs and ritualized actions of the sort that we assume to be part of "civilized" life. Erikson found among both Sioux and Yurok "a complete form of mature human living" and "a homogeneity and simple integrity" that may well be called enviable. He also saw the terrible and apparently insoluble vicissitudes that those tribes had to confront, year after year. The Sioux are a conquered, brutally plundered, and sequestered people, and their mere survival can be viewed as a lesson in endurance. They avoided doing "just what our analogistic thinking would have them do." They did not become "a community of wild eccentrics, of infantile characters, or of neurotics." They became a people with little "future"—as we define the word—but a very real and coherent past. Under such circumstances, the hope and the promise of the past live on, against great odds. All of which goes to show that nations, like individuals, try to do the best they can, try to make whatever sense they can of the world. Even when the world (or the home) fails them miserably, they continue to struggle for any coherence, any "sense of identity and idea of integrity," they can find. In other words, anthropologists and psychoanalysts have to do more than take notice of behavior and label it either "primitive" or "advanced," either "infantile" or "mature." They have to understand, as a social historian would, what the possibilities are, for either an individual or a nation, and why out of any number of possibilities a particular one makes most sense. How else, for example, can psy-

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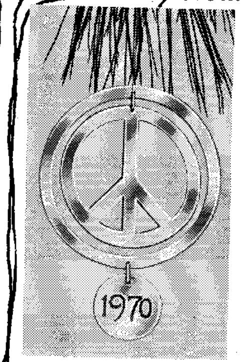

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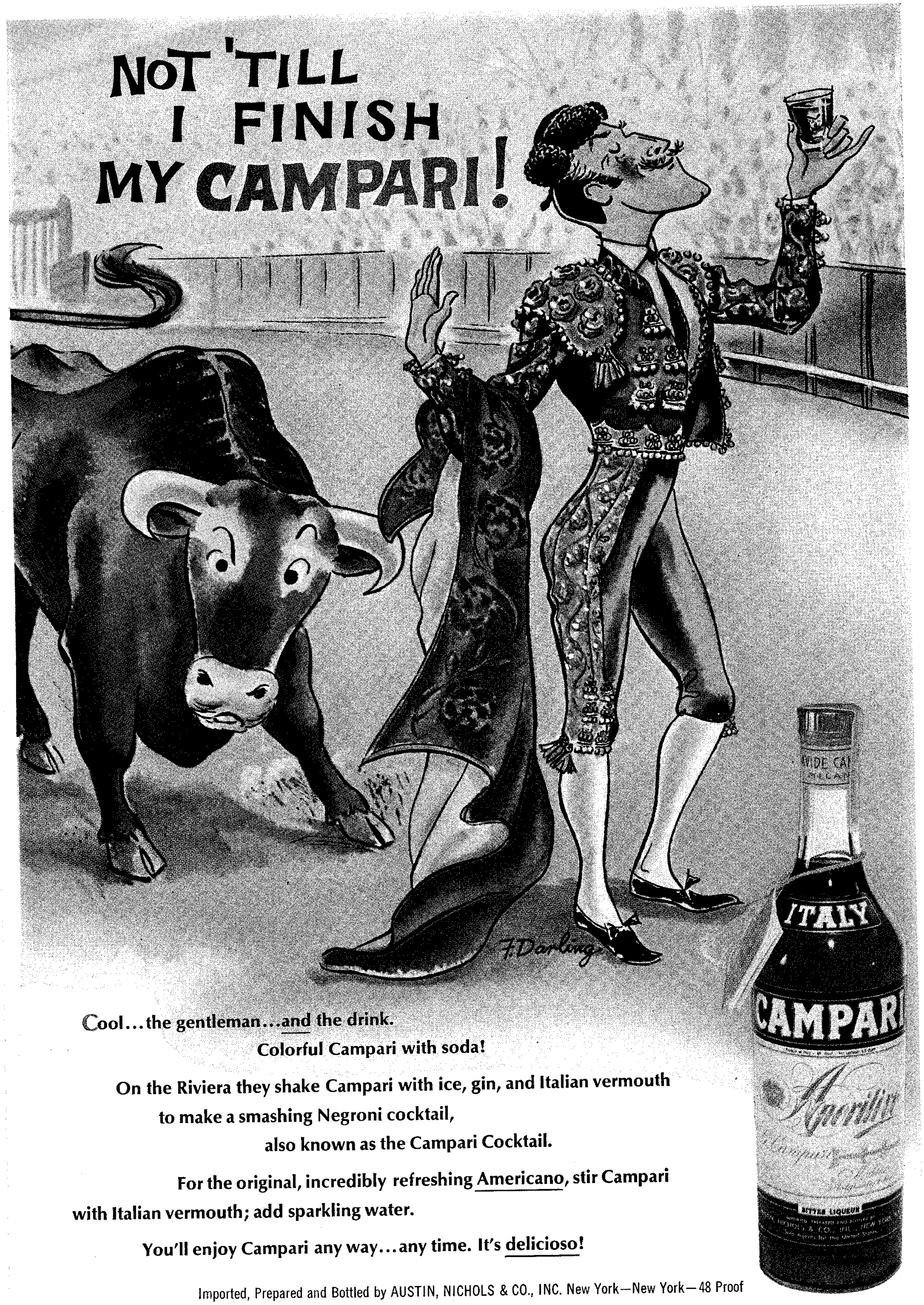
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chiatrists comprehend the behavior of a Marine who charges into a nest of enemy mines to almost certain death? He cannot be called "suicidal," as would a patient who had been depressed for a long time and finally decided to end it all with a bullet, a leap, or some pills. Instead, the Marine can be thought of as noble, courageous—a hero. Why the difference—if both men are knowingly embracing death? To answer such a question, psychiatrists have to take note of the values and norms that nations, churches, and communities provide. As therapists whose job it is to know the intentions of their patients and help resolve their difficulties, psychiatrists also have to remember that one man's virtue can be another's weakness—something entire psychiatric systems of diagnosis have disregarded.

In the third part of his book, Erikson moves to the "ego," to the psychological side of what happens when children become (or fail to become) reasonably competent and honorable members of given societies. In the beginning, he explains, the id was felt to be the *real* force that prompted man to action:

> The id is everything that is left in our organization of the responses of the amoeba and of the impulses of the ape, of the blind spasms of our intra-uterine existence, and of the needs of our postnatal days—everything which would make us "mere creatures." The name "id," of course, designates the assumption that the "ego" finds itself attached to this impersonal, this bestial layer like the centaur to his equestrian underpinnings: only that the ego considers such a combination a danger and an imposition, whereas the centaur makes the most of it. The id, then, has some of the pessimistic qualities of Schopenhauer's "will," the sum of all desire that must be overcome before we can be quite human.

Next comes the superego—the conscience that children slowly acquire—the world's do's and don'ts that they learn. Freud's initial imagery made the ego appear to be vulnerable, put upon by both the insistent id and the punitive superego. And, indeed, there are parallels in public life to the merciless way we sometimes learn to take ourselves to task:

> In moments of self-reproach and depression, the superego uses against the ego methods so archaic and so barbaric that they become analogous to those of the blindly impulsive id. So, too, in the cruelties of religious or political inquisition, it is hard to see where mere sadistic perversion ends and an all too hearty form of piety begins.

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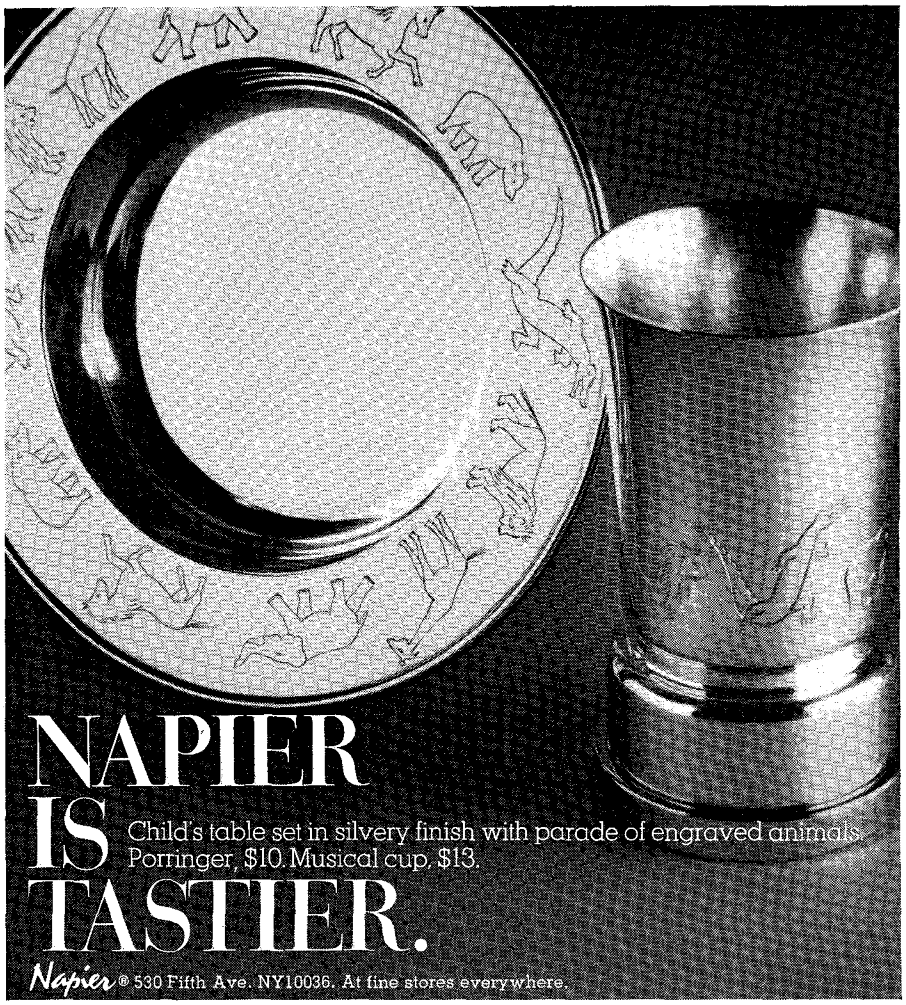

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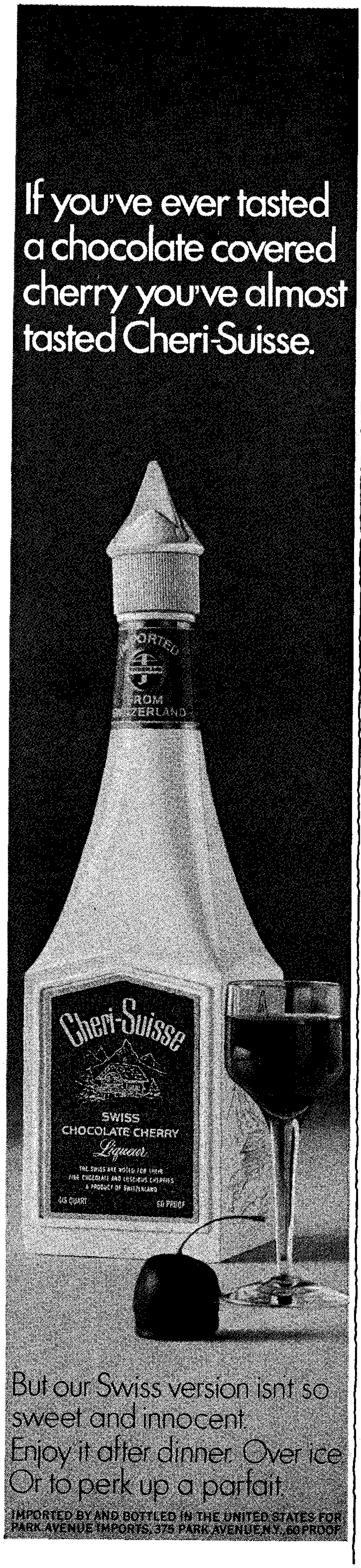
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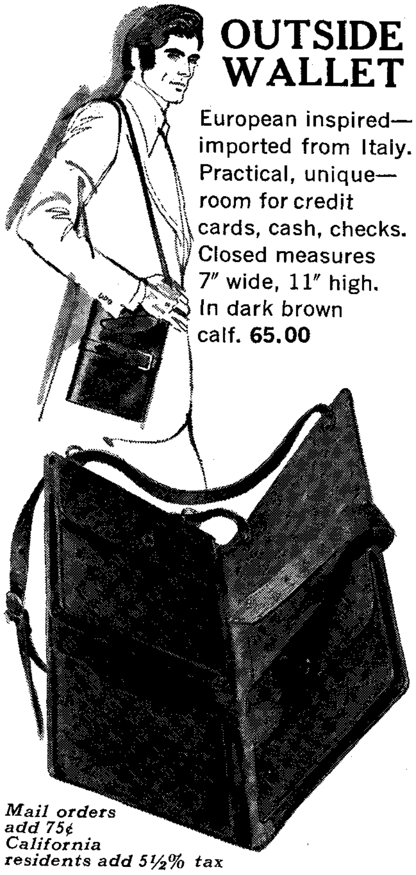
give a convenient order to certain psychological events and developments), the ego as originally formulated was hopelessly pinioned—or at best a sort of negotiator, who must endlessly placate, bribe, cajole, importune, and, in general, live out a hand-to-mouth existence through guile and persuasion.

Anna Freud's book "The Ego and the Mechanisms of Defense" changed all that. She declared the ego to be a significant part of the unconscious, with its own territory and, in particular, its own, self-sustaining "mechanisms." Written in the nineteen-thirties, when "defense" was very much on everyone's mind, her book showed how adroit and steadfast we can be—often unwittingly—in the face of enormous pressures. The ego could be seen as a sort of Maginot Line, studded with various protective devices, some of which went "deep down." In a way, the analogy holds not only for the Maginot Line of 1936 (the year Anna Freud's book was published) but for the one that was overwhelmed in 1940. In periods of great or unusual stress, the mind collapses—overwhelmed, as it were, by a rush of destructive, greedy passions, a flood of self-recrimination. Yet the ego does more than defend itself. All during the forties, Erikson had been saying that we can be inventive, creative, constructive, ingenious, and resourceful as well as exceedingly well guarded. We do more than walk tightropes. We conceive the idea of a tightrope. We see the act of walking on one as a symbol. In other words, we have intellects, and in their service our egos can be willful advocates of something more than "peace at any price." Finally—and very important—we are urged on or discouraged by events that take place "outside." The ego does indeed steer its way around "inner" hazards or forces, but the ego also learns lessons and skills. And anyone's ego has to learn how to survive very real external dangers. In the third part of "Childhood and Society," Erikson shows how the ego grows until a child "automatically" knows the "facts" of work and play, of friendship and love, of money and power, of frustration and sickness.

At times, Erikson has trouble putting into words what he is trying to convey. He resists the temptation to make "precise" what is of necessity highly complicated, though also marvellously simple and direct: the way physical agility, psychological competence, and—from others—acceptance or welcome all come together to make for a sturdy, lovable child. "Children cannot be fooled by empty praise and condescend-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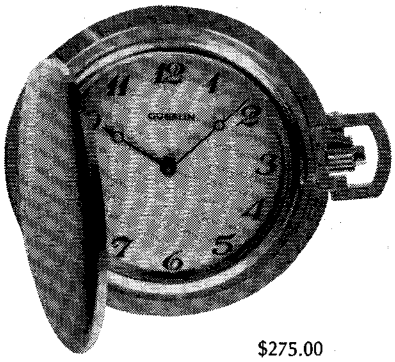
ing encouragement. They may have to accept artificial bolstering of their self-esteem in lieu of something better, but their ego identity gains real strength only from wholehearted and consistent recognition of real accomplishment—i.e., of achievement that has meaning in the culture." He sees many of us belittling the very real efforts of our children to stand alongside us—as, indeed, they can be seen doing in certain "primitive" cultures, where they work with their mothers and fathers, become their allies and companions, yet still manage to be "children." In contrast, what we often do is give our children a lavish make-believe world whose absurd irrelevance they easily detect. No wonder they gratuitously destroy "expensive" gifts and search out their own (militantly secret) amusement. In a society whose machines make even adult labor progressively unnecessary—or so specialized that many of us know very little about the purpose of our work, or think very little of its value—our children, too, face the prospect of becoming "a speciality called 'child,' who must play at being big because he is not given an opportunity to be a small partner in a big world." Play is serious business for the child, and, for Erikson, our destiny begins to take shape in our childhood play, not because "psychic conflicts" are expressed in it but because in it we have begun to discover what to do with ourselves—with our energies, enthusiasms, and disappointments. On a chart Erikson devised to illustrate what he calls "The Eight Ages of Man," it is significant that Identity—and what happens if it is somehow not gained—follows Industry. The industrious child who at eight or ten feels like a reasonably capable person and acts like a reasonably resourceful one is on his way to something more than a job.

Even today, many psychoanalytic texts and articles grant the struggles and achievements of adolescence or the later years little respect that can be called their own. Youth, middle age, and old age are studied, all right, but always in terms of the "problems" that they inspire in minds whose essential character is considered established for good. Here imagery determines outlook. If I think of a "psychic apparatus" that is essentially and solidly "made" by the time a child is five or ten, I will see later life as a sort of "environment," able only to exert pressure on that "apparatus," modify it, or elicit one or another "latent" quality from it. On the other hand, if I think of the mind as never really developed but always developing, I will



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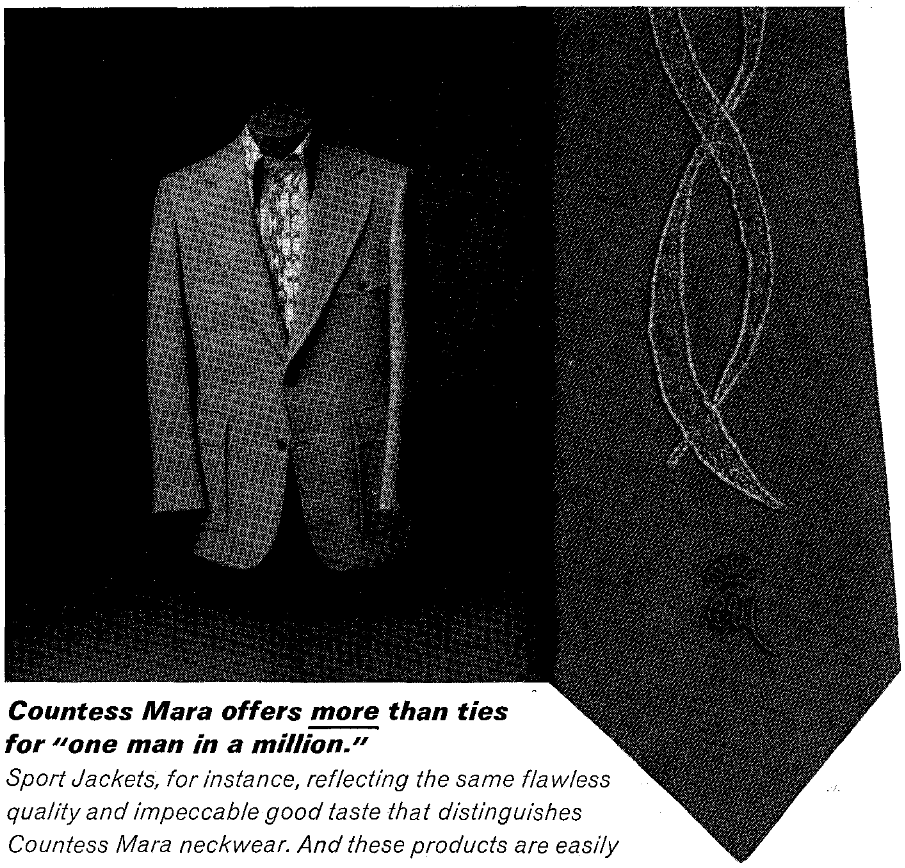

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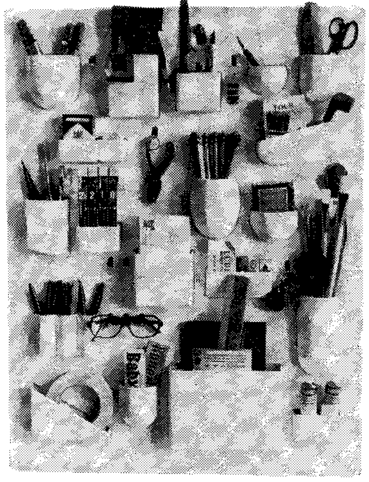

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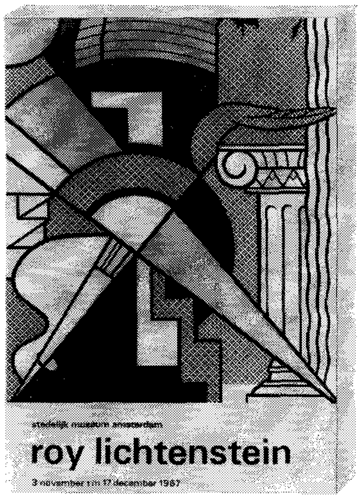

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think of old age—let alone life at age fifteen or twenty-five—with the same clinical interest and theoretical devotion, the same mixture of bewilderment, surprise, and unyielding attention that the Oedipal drama ("family romance") obtains from all psychiatrists. To put it differently, I can think of life as progressively unfolding, with its direction essentially fixed in the first few years by what happens between the child and his parents, or I can think of life as a series of steps, with plateaus and precipices that do far more than reveal the direction set by the first few steps. Achievements are won, or failures occur, and the future is to some extent better or worse for them. What is won can later be lost—and rewon. Neither the body nor the mind is irrevocably determined by any one thing—genes, the mother's behavior, the so-called "environment"—but by a combination of everything, both within and outside the flesh. For most of his professional life, Erikson has studied life—unfolding life, confusing life—as a series of encounters, struggles, victories, and defeats, as a history that is made gradually, so that only when a person's last breath has been taken can his biographer draw psychological conclusions.

Erikson speaks of the adolescent mind as "essentially a mind of the *moratorium*, a psychosocial stage between childhood and adulthood, and between the morality learned by the child and the ethics to be developed by the adult." It is as if the author of a book about childhood wanted to remind us that children are going somewhere, and know it, even in the beginning of life. They are headed, for instance, toward others, with whom new bonds can be established. Intimacy becomes the challenge of the twenties or early thirties. The last section of "Childhood and Society" is called "Youth and the Evolution of Identity." To whom—if anyone—will we give whatever sense of identity we have secured? Among American middle-class men and women, a sense of identity as Erikson describes it can be an end rather than one more beginning. Competence and success at work or play are pursued and obtained—but shared with no one. The person becomes shut off from others and from a good part of himself. He lacks friends. He shuns strong commitments and lasting associations. The vicissitudes of human relatedness both plague and inspire us throughout life, but at no time more critically than in late youth and early middle age, when all that we have achieved as sensual, skillful hu-

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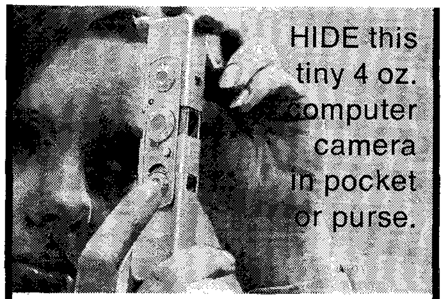
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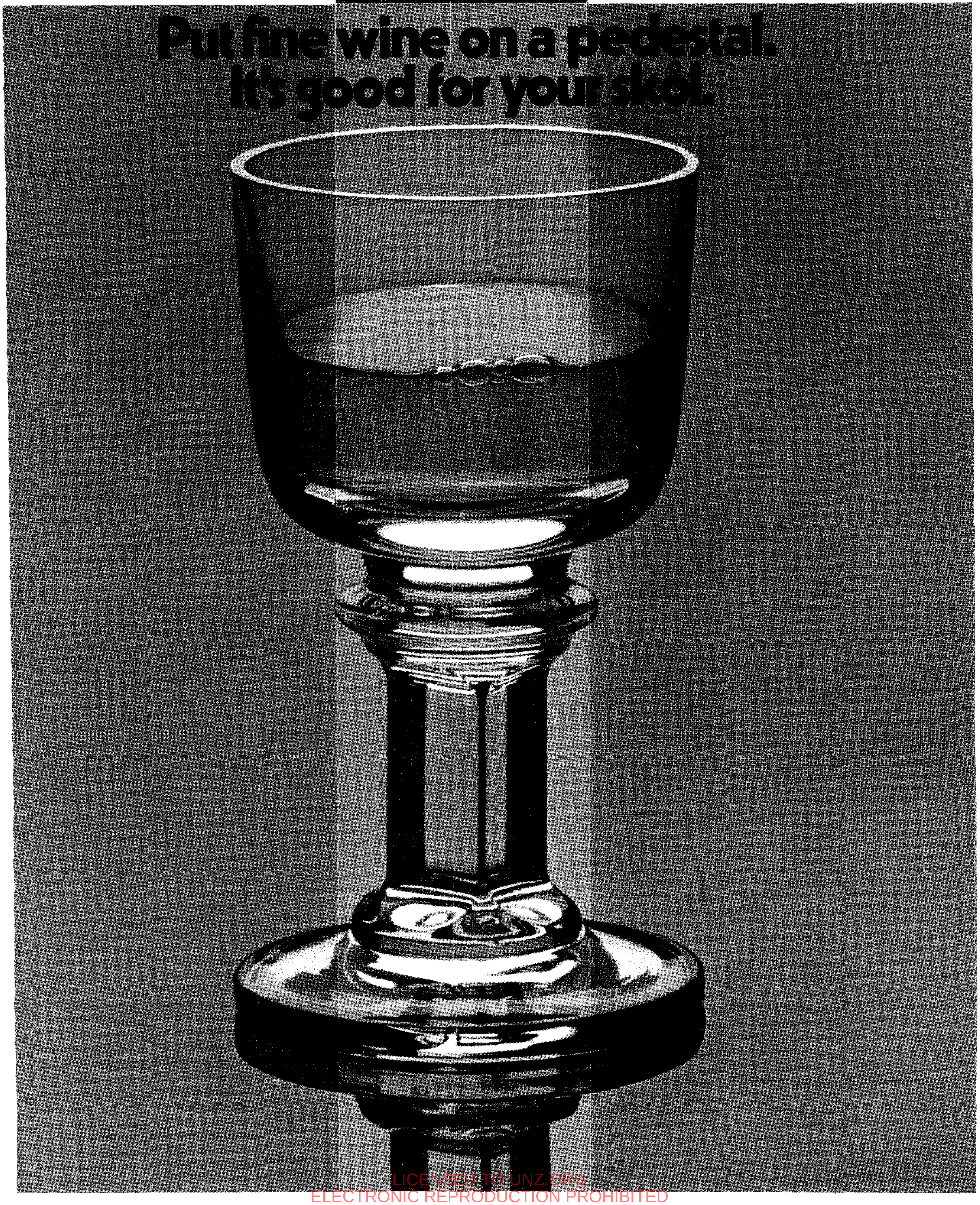

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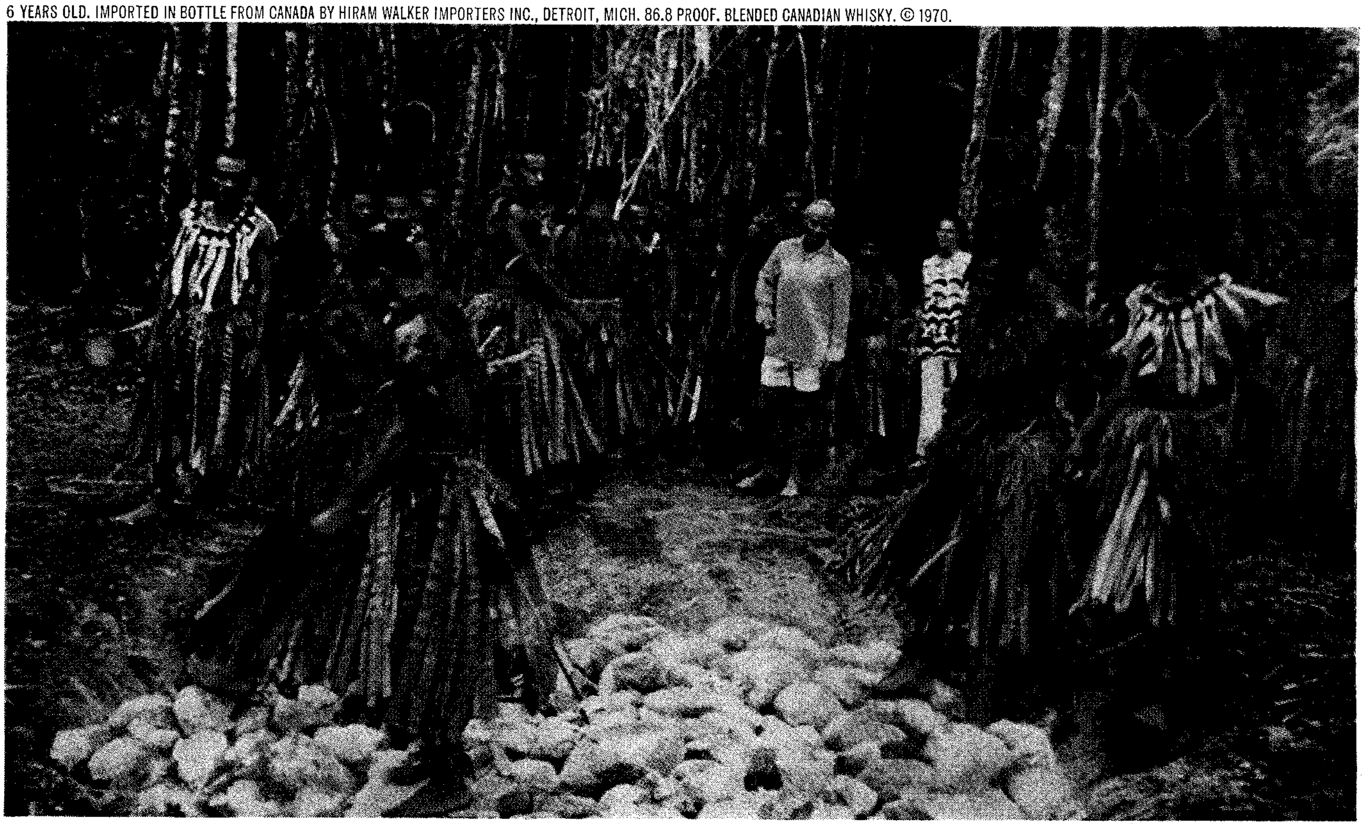

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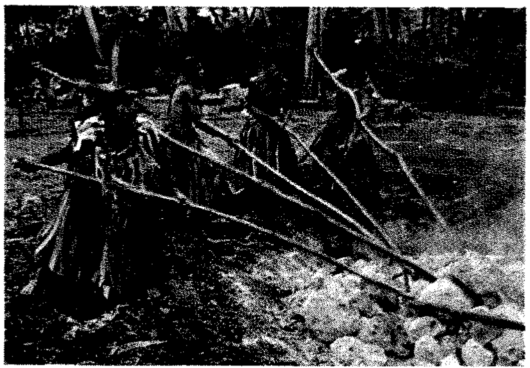

3 "Full-dress warriors charged the fire with 15-foot poles, settling the stones. Then the fire walkers, without any fear of the unbearable heat, trod confidently over the rocks, the chief motioning for Bill to join them. But of course nobody else could possibly do that.

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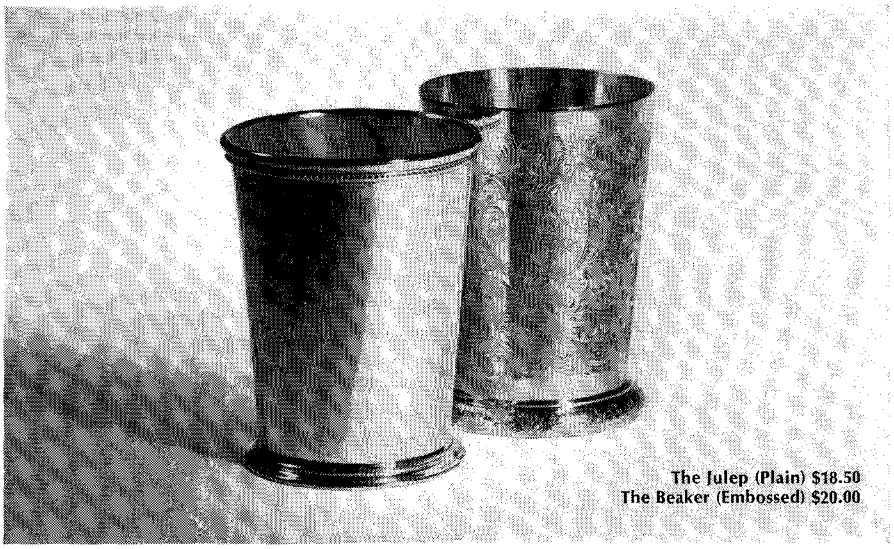
In the nineteen-forties, any concern at all with middle and old age on the part of an analyst was rare, and even more unusual was talk about "generativity" and "stagnation" or about "ego integrity" and "despair." The postwar Existentialist literature (with its emphasis on words like "despair" and "integrity") was just beginning to affect America—just beginning to be, for some, a convenient excuse to drop one fad (psychoanalysis) and take up another one. There were certainly very good reasons for analysts to look at themselves and their (existentialist) predicament rather more closely. With Freud's death, in 1939, many of his followers closed ranks around his ideas, and actually turned them into an impasse. Either one believed or one doubted. For those who dared dissent, there were rebukes, penalties, and, finally, expulsion from the "society" or "group." And as for everyone else, those twentieth-century men Camus was describing, they became subject to a kind of psychoanalytic "morality." Not only were there the "normal" and the "abnormal," the "mature" and the "sick," but whole styles of social as well as psychological behavior came to be approved or condemned by psychoanalysts *as* psychoanalysts. The lonely and eccentric genius, the unmarried nurse or teacher, the childlike philosopher who is also childless—they all were seen as having their "problems," their "sublimations." Conspicuously absented from such difficulties—even, it would seem, from the need to have their sublimations analyzed—were the so-called "well-adjusted," who, typically, were married, with several children, and moderately (but not too) successful. They were not rebels; they didn't question things too closely—or, at least,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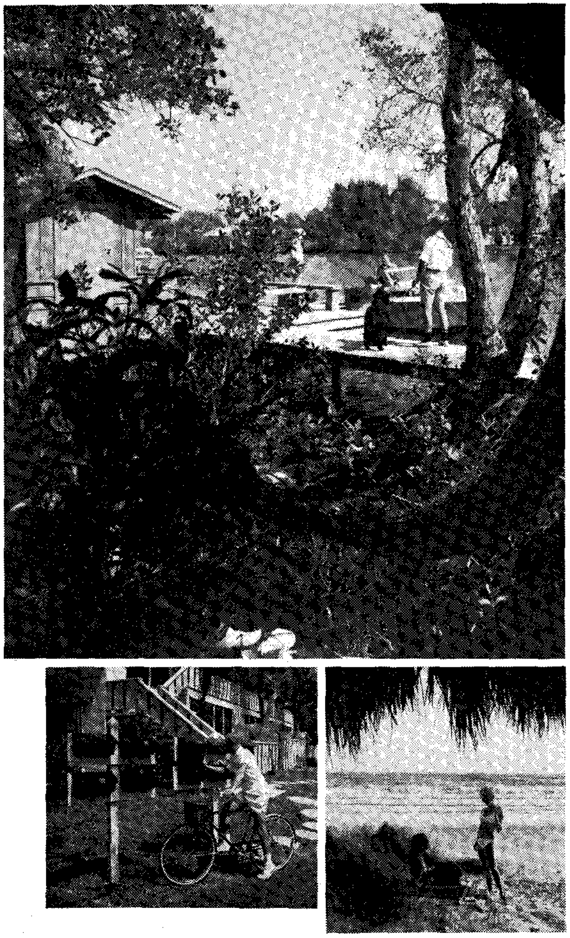
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they didn't get into trouble for doing so. They were generally quiet, and if they did grow restless they became patients rather than political agitators or social nonconformists. As for the agitators—political, philosophical, or otherwise—they were a perfect setup for psychoanalytic labels, which they received over and over again. American puritanism—the need to condemn and exorcise—had found in psychoanalysis yet another ally.

The text of "Childhood and Society" is both Existential and analytic. The reader is reminded how much the older generation needs the younger one—by an analyst who knows that the child's "dependency" is only half the story of human relatedness and need. "Mature man needs to be needed," he writes, "and maturity needs guidance as well as encouragement from what has been produced and must be taken care of." The reader meets no narrowly based, slyly punitive judgments. Psychoanalytic concepts are not used pejoratively—so as to confuse the socially conventional with the psychologically "normal." We are not told to suspect individuals who, "through misfortune or because of special and genuine gifts," become generative as workers, artists, builders of one sort or another, rather than as parents. And sex can give way to other passions and ultimately to a kind of charity without the whole thing's being called God knows what name.

As we approach the end of life, an idea like charity either means something in itself or means absolutely nothing. In Erikson's eighth and last stage, the individual either does or does not find purpose and coherence in his life—hence, in all life. Ideally, the mind accepts itself and comes to value what has been rather than dwell upon what will soon no longer be. Life is seen "as an experience which conveys some world order and spiritual sense, no matter how dearly paid for." Many in psychoanalysis unequivocally invoke "the shadow of frustration which falls from childhood on the individual's later life. . . ." Erikson can put it that way but go on to say:

> In this book we suggest that, to understand either childhood or society, we must expand our scope to include the study of the way in which societies lighten the inescapable conflicts of childhood with a promise of some security, identity, and integrity. In thus reinforcing the values by which the ego exists societies create the only condition under which human growth is possible.

"Integrity" in old age does not mean that one learns to whistle in the dark. Despair is there, will be there, for

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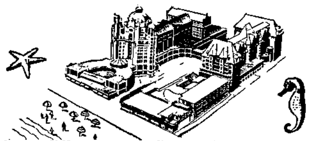

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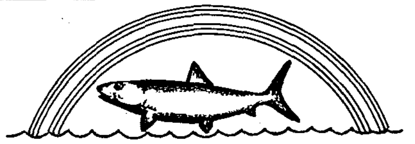

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everyone, no matter how much he has accomplished, for how many years he has been analyzed, how "realistic" he has trained himself to be. The issue is not either/or; it is both/and—with tone and emphasis all-important. What comes after childhood is part of childhood not because early experiences are endlessly *determining* but because we are always what we were, and may, if we are fortunate, come to accept ourselves.

In his struggle to say what he means about "ego integrity" versus "despair," Erikson draws upon two European writers, letting them speak in their own words as well as in translation. When he emphasizes how life is lived in history, how each of us makes a psychological "adjustment" not only to our parents, or even to our "society," but to particular decades of a particular century, he says, "The style of integrity developed by his culture or civilization thus becomes the 'patrimony of his soul,' the seal of his moral paternity of himself ('. . . *pero el honor/Es patrimonio del alma*': Calderón)." As for despair, we all feel it, and it can be devious indeed. "Disgust hides despair, if often only in the form of 'a thousand little disgusts' which do not add up to one big remorse: '*mille petits dégouts de soi, dont le total ne fait pas un remords, mais un gêne obscure.*' " The author quoted is Rostand. Erikson believes that somehow in some people those inevitable "little disgusts" fail to turn into overwhelming regret. Instead, in a circular way, the end becomes the beginning, and "healthy children will not fear life if their elders have integrity enough not to fear death." The generations need one another, and can find only in one another's presence the reassurance that makes life bearable, and sometimes much more than that.

—ROBERT COLES

(*This is the first of two articles on Erik H. Erikson.*)

•

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THE THEATRE

THE PAST RECAPTURED

TWO principles well known to reviewers: (1) that there is often little to be said about a very bad piece of work except that it is to be avoided, and (2) that there is often little to be said about a very good piece of work except that it is to be embraced. A flawless manifestation of the first principle is "Not Now, Darling," a maggoty sepulchre of a farce at the Brooks Atkinson, and an equally flawless manifestation of the second principle is Paul Sills' joyous "Story Theatre," at the Ambassador. Acting on a third principle well known to reviewers—that it is better to be the bearer of good tidings than of evil ones (bearers of evil tidings used to be put to death, and vestiges of the practice remain, though much modified, in contemporary journalism)—I will take care to praise "Story Theatre" to the skies before damning "Not Now, Darling" to whatever circle of Hell is reserved for plays that consist entirely of sniggering schoolboy jokes about sex.

Paul Sills, a founder of the Second City and the leading promulgator of the present vogue for transforming things that were written to be read into things to be seen and heard, has placed upon the stage of the Ambassador ten ancient folk tales, which, with the help of music, pantomime, narrative recitation, and occasional fits of old-fashioned acting, become something utterly new. Niccolo Tucci has described this process, in another connection, as "the defoliation of the classics," and it is certainly true that a number of literary works have recently been savaged to death in the name of being reborn, but Mr. Sills and his brilliant company frolic their way past every pitfall; though they have picked the pockets of the Brothers Grimm, they have not murdered them. Modest in means, bounteous in effect, Mr. Sills' art reaches out and gathers us all in on a level of childlike pleasure-giving and pleasure-taking; the audience sits continuously bemused and delighted, and what a mysterious sight it makes—a thousand or so weather-beaten adults listening with eager attention to the not very witty conversation of counts, clerks, peasants, millers, and parsons, to say nothing of asses, cocks, cats, hounds, and flounders!

One secret of Mr. Sills' success is the superb discipline of his performers. Thought has been given to the least step they take and to every word they utter, and their bodies and voices respond with exceptional precision to the demands made upon them. One gets the impression that the performers enjoy working together and that much of their enjoyment comes from their not doing star turns. In alphabetical order, these shining unstars are Peter Bonerz, Hamid Hamilton Camp, Melinda Dillon, Mary Frann, Valerie Harper, Richard Libertini, Paul Sand, and Richard Schaal. The setting of "Story Theatre" is by Michael Devine, and the costumes are by Stephanie Kline.

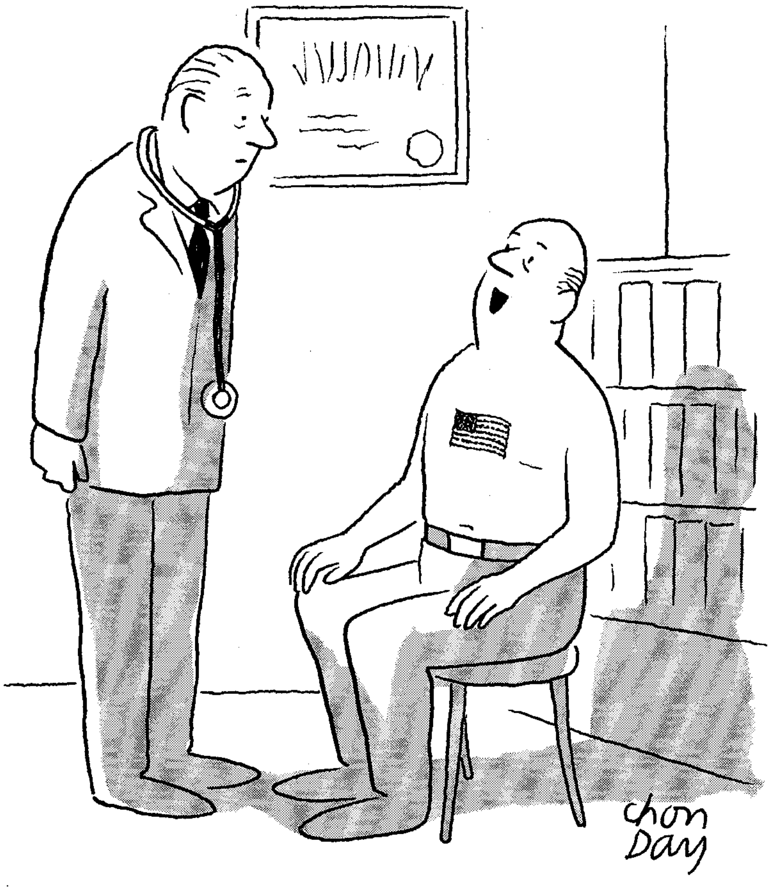
I PROMISED earlier to pass sentence on "Not Now, Darling," but I find I have no stomach for the task. What useful word can be spoken of a play that exactly matches its repellent title? It is an old American custom to praise George Abbott's direction of a play, no matter how bad the play itself is, but for once I am going to make an exception: the play is terrible, the set is terrible, the acting is terrible, and the direction is terrible.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

A Comedy of Horrors

EDWARD BOND'S "Saved" is one of the strongest, most unsettling plays to come along in years, and we are all indebted to the invaluable Chelsea Theatre Center, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music—which is at the moment by far the most interesting Off Broadway (way Off Broadway) workshop around—for bringing it to this city at last, and in such an accomplished production. As you no doubt already know, the play was first done at the Royal Court Theatre in 1965 and was closed immediately by order of the Lord Chamberlain. To quote the program: "The prosecution of 'Saved' provided the necessary impetus to the movement in England which finally abolished the Lord Chamberlain's censorship powers." Well, "Saved" is a shocker all right, though why it should be banned is beyond me. More shocking even than the sordid incidents it portrays is its total believability, its power to impose a vision of a kind of life on those of us out front. A domestic horror comedy is the nearest I can come to de-



"When I was a kid in the Navy, I had it done as a lark. Now, suddenly, it's relevant."

WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE GARDEN

NOVEMBER

Traditions associated with November are certainly headed by Thanksgiving Day with its turkey and stuffing, and over the river and through the snow to grandfather's house we go, and all that kind of merry goings-on.

But Turkey Day isn't till (26), and in the meantime we've got a great November tradition happening like right now at the Garden, as the 1970 version of the National Horse Show comes in from (3) thru (10) with all its attendant excitement and glamor.

The Horse Show may be called "National," but of course each day's program features a notable international aspect as well—the five-nation jumping competition among teams representing Canada, West Germany, Ireland, Mexico and our own U.S. of A., with brilliant horsemen and horsewomen vying for honors in a thrilling variety of gaits and hurdles. All of this in addition to the standard judging of breeds and the many other events horse-lovers enjoy so avidly.

Once the equines depart, our world champion Knicks resume their home schedule while the Rangers began their November efforts against Chicago on (1). The balance of the month's games for New York's favorits are as follows:

Knicks

Thurs. (12) —Baltimore
Sat. (14) —Philadelphia
Tues. (17) —Phoenix
Thurs. (19) —Cincinnati
Sat. (21) —Cleveland
Tues. (24) —Atlanta
Sat. (28) —Milwaukee

Rangers

Wed. (11) —Pittsburgh
Sun. (15) —Toronto
Sun. (22) —Minnesota
Sat. aft. (28)—Boston
Sun. (29) —Pittsburgh

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scribing it—the kind of working-class comedy, impoverished in feeling but rich in sharp, often very funny conversation, that so many of the new or slightly used English dramatists write so well. Nevertheless, it is a mistake to classify it even this loosely. In a general way, it is about the compromises that the characters are forced to make, or think they are forced to make, and their submission to circumstances, partly out of inertia or defeat and partly out of the instinctive knowledge that changing those circumstances, even if that were possible, wouldn't make much difference. "Ever thought a movin' on? Yer ought a think about it," says a young man to an old man who has been living on non-speaking terms with his wife for years. "Yer don't know what yer talkin' about, lad," the old man says, and both are right.

The action proceeds in brief episodes—funny, sad, intimate, angry, disgusting, or brutal. In one sickening scene, a gang of delinquent boys stones a baby to death in its pram, after committing the most appalling atrocities upon it. It was this scene, the most famous in the play, that apparently did in the Lord Chamberlain. Through all the episodes runs the story of a boy named Len who is picked up and taken home by a girl named Pam, and stays on as a lodger with her parents. She falls in love with a young tough named Fred and becomes pregnant by him, although he has no interest in her at all. She is just as indifferent to the child, once it is born (the sex of the baby is never revealed, and during the entire evening that is the only sexual matter I can think of that is kept secret), and it is her temporary desertion of the child—her leaving it to the mercies of that gang, of whom Fred is a member—that leads to its being killed. The killing takes place near the end of the first act, and it is a wonder that there can be a second act at all. There is, and by the time the play is over, even that crime, and Fred's brutal ditching of Pam, and a terrific family brawl with flying crockery have all been assimilated, and life somehow goes on, as gray and, yes, as funny as it was when the play began. For all its horror, "Saved" is not grim; the comedy is strong, and the wit of the young hoods, for example, is as sharp as their menace. The strongest element of the play, as made manifest in scene after scene, is Len's steady, though hopeless, devotion to Pam. He supports her through despair and tragedy and family spats and tantrums. Although

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she makes it clear that he irritates her beyond endurance and that she cannot bear the sight of him, he is unwavering.

The performance, under Alan Schneider's direction, is by and large a credit to the management, although it seemed to me at times that the action moved with rather too much deliberation and that some of the comic acting got a bit out of hand. Of the actors, I particularly admired the three young leads. James Wood is the hapless, good-hearted Len. Kevin Conway is the swaggering, bad-hearted Fred. The character of Pam is a far cry from bright, fiery Hennie of "Awake and Sing," but in Dorrie Kavanaugh's performance she kept reminding me of Hennie all the same. It is to Miss Kavanaugh's great credit that Pam, wanton and scrappy and sullen, ends up with a measure of our sympathy.

IF it were not for Wally Harper's delightful score and the ingenuity of Bill Brohn's orchestrations, "Sensations" could just be skipped. The show, which opened last week at Theatre Four, is a fumbling attempt (and an extraordinarily disagreeable and silly one, for all its fervor) to make a rock musical out of "Romeo and Juliet"—a run-of-the-mill pro-love, anti-parents rock musical at that, in which cream soup or the sulks are substituted for emotion, and the usual perverse cutting up for wit and comedy. The lyrics and many of the words are by Paul Zakrzewski, who is also credited with the "concept." There are a number of maimed and dismembered lines from the original scattered throughout, though not in chronological order. The performances don't amount to much, but, given that "concept," how could they? I hope to see Marie Santell, Judy Gibson, John Savage, and Bruce Scott soon again under happier circumstances. Shakespeare is not sacred writ. "Kiss Me, Kate" is better than "The Taming of the Shrew," and surely "Your Own Thing" is right up there with "Twelfth Night," but to make of "Romeo and Juliet" this fatuous charade seems inexcusable. I did enjoy that music, though.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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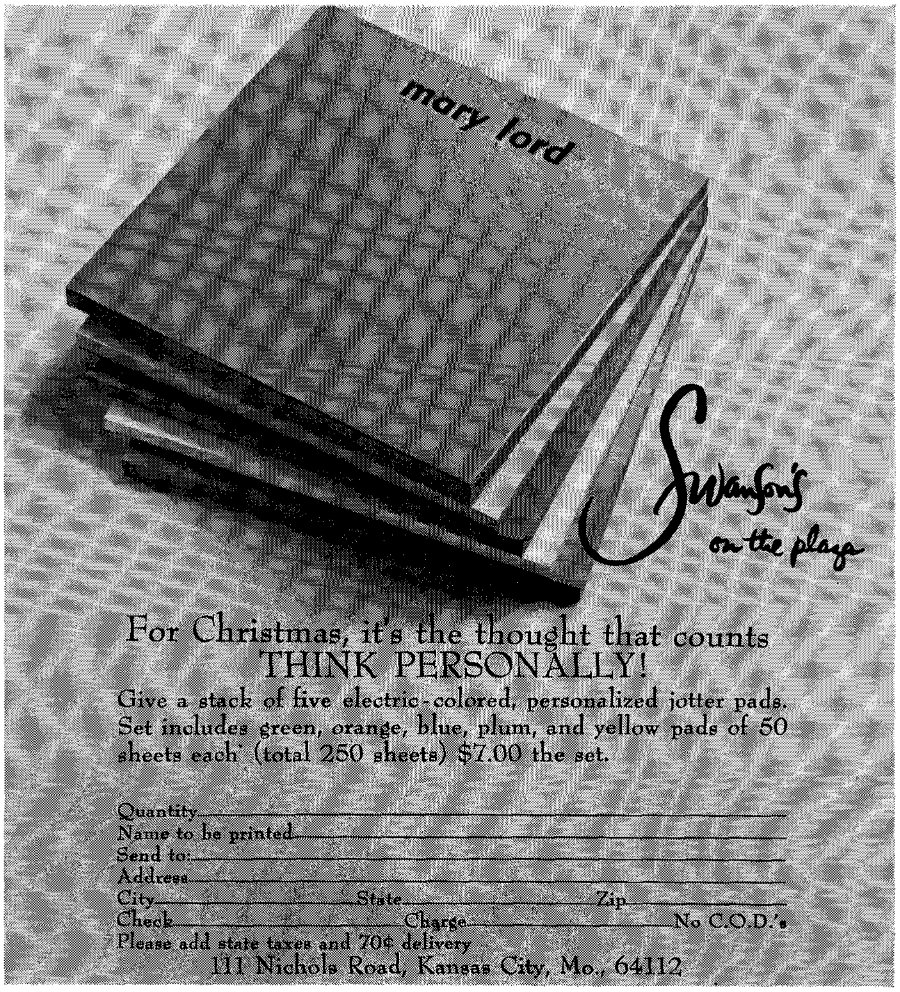

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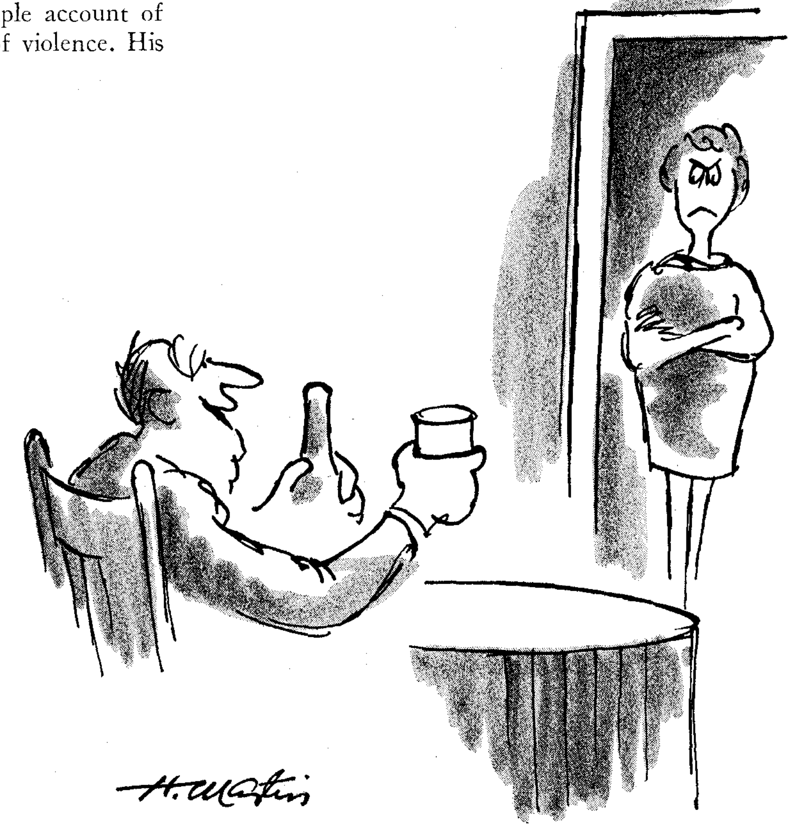
THE ART WORLD

Liberation from Detachment

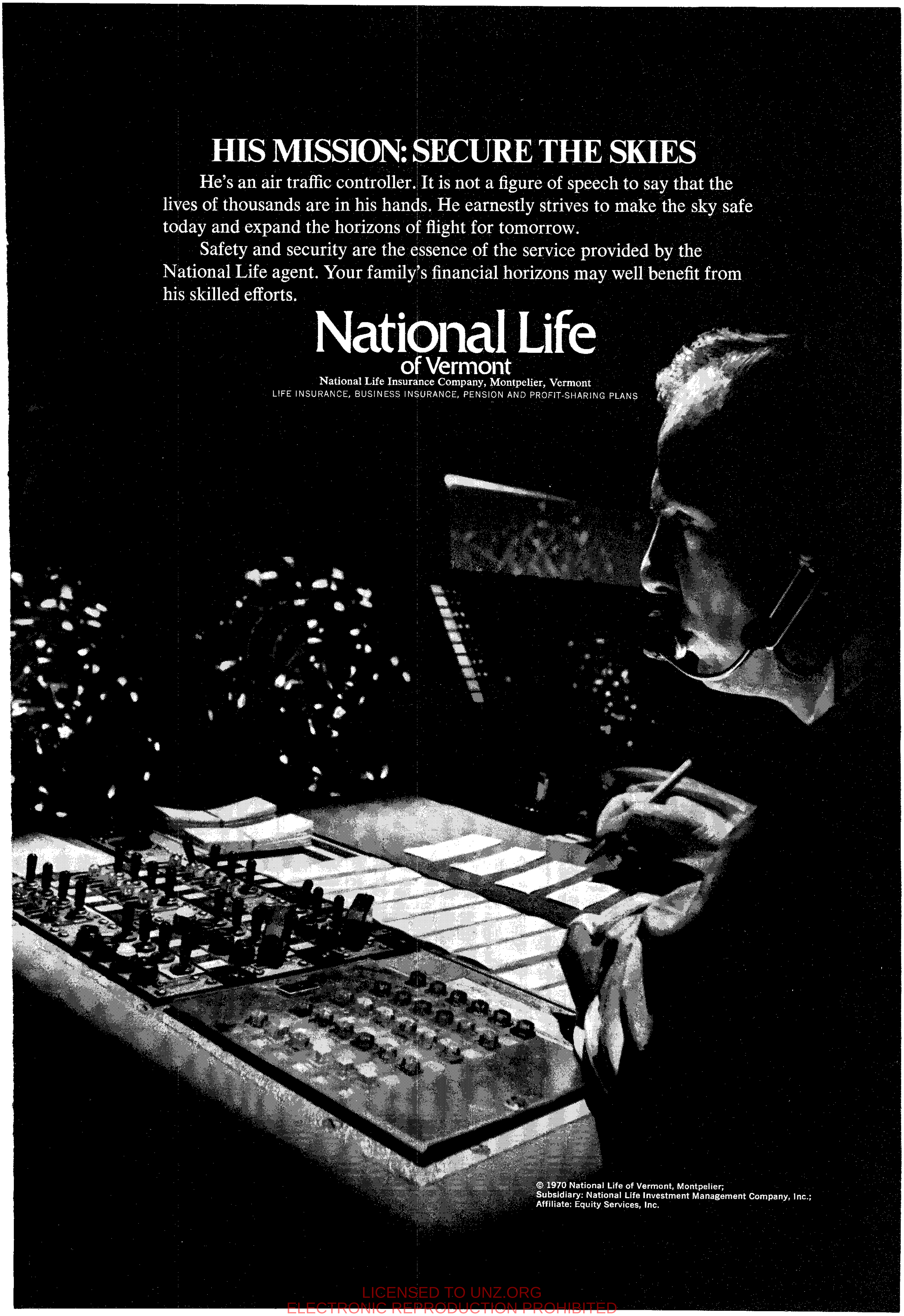
IN his paintings of Klansmen, now at the Marlborough through Saturday of this week, Philip Guston has returned to picture-making; that is, to an art able to get along without words. After twenty years of Action paintings that evoke ambiguous shapes out of rhythms of brushstrokes and flakes of color, Guston now offers an easily understood scenario of political doings. The setting is supplied by "City," a pink-and-red painting of a receding series of crudely shaped mounds with vertical dark flecks to indicate windows. This city rises out of an unlocated plain, and its color and desert look put me in mind of Dashiell Hammett's "Red Harvest," which also dealt with a place where crime was mixed with politics. The buildings of "City" are a children's-drawing version of the Renaissance architecture in the background of Guston's paintings of the forties. Drawing like a child is a recently acquired talent for Guston; his career seems to conform in this respect to the quip attributed to Picasso: "When I was a kid, I drew like Michelangelo. It took me years to learn to draw like a kid." Guston's new crudeness has, however, an important expressive function: it enables him to give a simple account of the simple-mindedness of violence. His metropolis is patrolled along its borders by "characters" who are triangles or pyramids (with pairs of parallel strokes for eyes) and who, by this association with peaked hoods, become members of the Ku Klux Klan—in accordance with the principle by which the bands of Jasper Johns become the American flag. In another painting, "Outskirts," these figures seem to surround the city, and in "City Limits" and "Edge of Town" groups of two or three of them ride around in automobiles that resemble those in sidewalk drawings. The Klansmen have thick hands that at times are heavy work gloves, and some smoke fat cigars, though the hood images have no mouths. The menace of the patrols is conveyed by the businesslike expressions of the masks, the massive hands, the complacent cigars, the pointing forefingers, the two-by-fours with protruding nails carried in the rears of the cars. Inside the city, the hoods hold meetings, conspire in closed rooms, confer with the sheriff, and achieve their daily quotas of victims—symbolized by segments of male legs and piles of shoes with their soles up. In the end, the Klansmen are confronted by evidence of their evildoing and are accused by a pointing finger. As usual, the titles of the Guston paintings are laconic—"Riding Around," "Bad Habits," "A Day's Work"—in the manner of old postcards or early movies.

In the Marlborough paintings, Guston has revolutionized both his style and his conception of painting to a spectacular degree. His last large exhibition in New York, at the Jewish Museum in 1966, consisted of reiterated interweavings of soft strokes of gray and black, occasionally lighted from underneath by touches of rose or blue. Guston's concern at the time was exclusively with questions of painting, from what creation in painting really means to the final question, "Why paint?"—an inquiry carried on through a continual erasing and repainting, until gray was the ultimate result. Yet to "return to the object"—that is to say, to recognizable images, as some former Abstract Expressionists had done—struck Guston as "intolerable." Only those forms were real, he contended, that came into being in the act of painting. To paint preconceived images was to paint interpretations, not realities. Thus Guston's introduction of political symbols into his compositions amounts to an about-face. In Action painting, the experience on the canvas is *the* experience. The work is not a means of communication; it is the event itself, a piece of history, a rival of social action. In contrast, the political subject is "out there," in society, and the painting is a second occurrence, which corresponds in the artist's mind with what has already taken place in the world. Put simply, Action painting is not about anything, while Guston's present paintings are.

The "scandal" of the Marlborough exhibition is not that this leading Abstract Expressionist has introduced narration and social comment but that he has done his utmost to make problems of painting seem secondary. Line, color, form, even the tensions of creation, are handled, as it were, casually. In an interview in 1966, Guston declared, "I like a form against a background—I mean, simply empty space," but he added the reservation that "the form must emerge from this background. It's not just executed there." In the current paintings, the reservation has been discarded, and the forms are often inscribed on the surface in the manner of drawings on a fence or blackboard. Problems of space are reduced to shape and placement. Through this simplification—Guston has always been concerned with locating his figures—the scene, the action, even the choice of house furnishings (clocks, light bulbs, wall hangings), are pushed into the foreground of attention, as in narrative painting



" 'Won't you come into my parlor?' said the flider to the spy."



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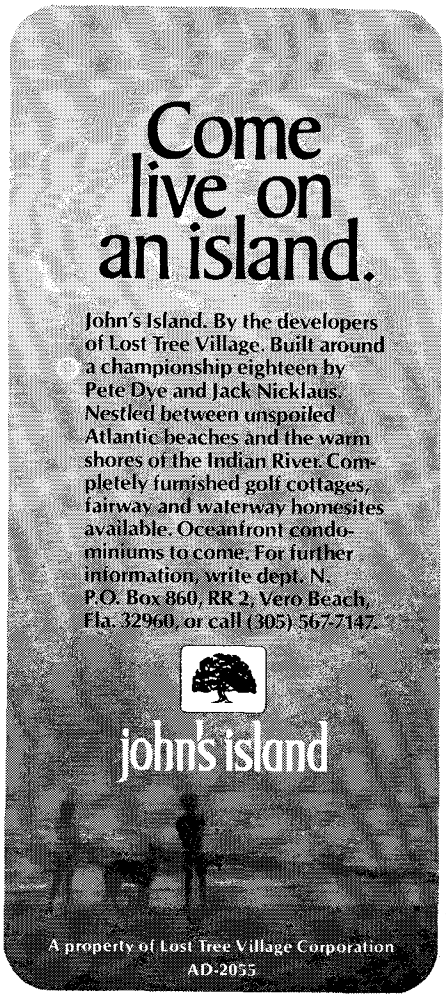
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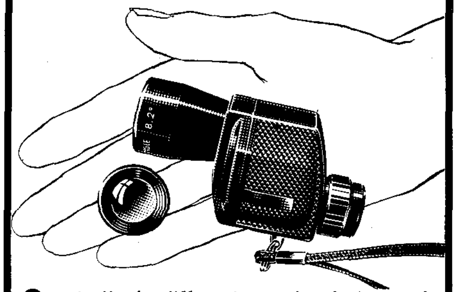
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generally. Yet the playing down of form is of course deceptive. A painting such as "By the Window," with its balancing of squares, triangles, and rectangles, and its distribution of reds, green, and gray, is a triumph of formal ordering. "Sheriff," with its impeccable arrangement of a few simple outlined shapes and some strokes and bands of color, is a far more abstractly conceived work than anything in Guston's earlier phases. Guston's overt treason against "painting as painting" (the title of a show in which he participated in 1968) is a ruse to spotlight his new conviction that painting needs more than itself.

For all their differences in aim, Guston's political paintings by no means represent the complete break with the past made by other Abstract Expressionists. If "Flatlands," a spatially indeterminate landscape littered with Guston's present repertoire of symbols, from the hoods to the upturned soles, resembles nothing this artist has ever painted before, many of the new canvases retain interesting continuities with his earlier work. In total impression, the paintings—especially some of the larger canvases—maintain, probably through Guston's unique bluish gray and his manner of paint application, what amounts to a family resemblance to their predecessors. "Blackboard" is one of his familiar abstract landscapes with a trio of Klansmen framed inside it. His nervous line reappears in the contours of his new figures. In terms of composition, perhaps half the paintings recall—despite the change in imagery—his characteristic bunching of forms toward the center of the canvas and his reduction of density along the sides. The hood figures of "Downtown" are modelled in Guston's customary loose brushing, and the distribution of lights and darks in this painting (though it is more spread out) is not dissimilar to his nineteen-sixties paintings; for example, "Close-Up III." "Edge of Town" and "Dawn" are particularly remarkable incorporations of the new pictorial material into the old over-all image, and the formal tension between new and old adds to the drama of the exhibition.

The idea of action has permeated Guston's work from the start; two of his earliest paintings are of Klansmen with whips, and his major compositions of the nineteen-forties represent children in masks playing heroic roles. In his Action paintings of the sixties, Guston thought of the black rectangles floating in smoky-gray fields as heads,

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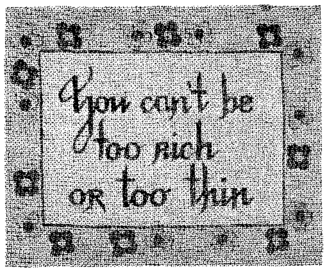

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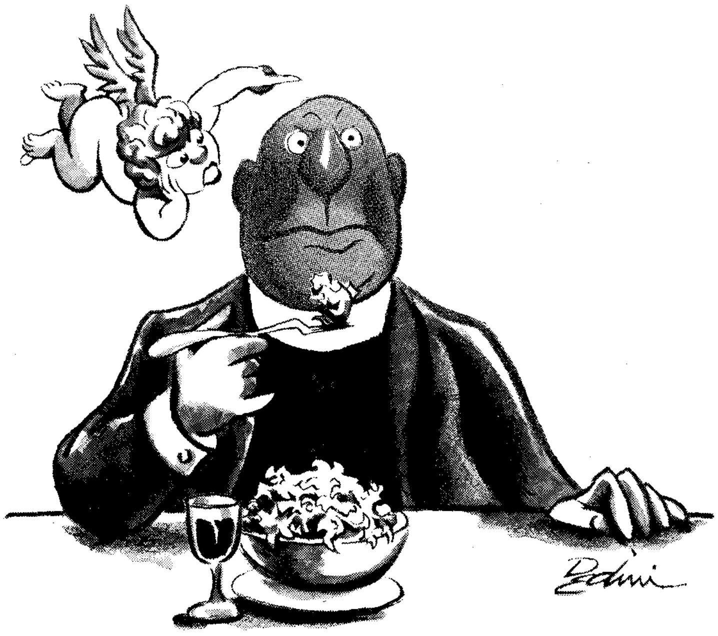
or personages, engaged in obscure adventures, as is indicated by such titles as "The Tale," "Stranger," "Accord," "The Actors," "Traveller." The Ku Klux Klan triangle-pyramids decorated with dotted squares convert those poetically animated rectangles into insignia of actors with a specific reputation and social history. With Guston, the transition from Action painting to political painting occurs through the substitution of the socially defined mask for the unique sign evoked on the canvas.

To fill the gap between metaphysical and political art, Guston has drawn on several modes of descriptive draftsmanship—Pop, the comic strip, *art brut*. Aspects of his Klan series (for example, the raw, shapeless landscape of "City") converge on Dubuffet, others (the big shoes and skinny striped pants of "Courtroom") on Red Grooms' puppet movies. The most vital new element, however, comes from Guston himself—from the extraordinary caricatures he has been producing for years but until now has excluded from his paintings. By such examples as Goya, Daumier, Rodin, Picasso, caricature is the supreme art form for political comment, and in calling on this resource Guston has got together with himself. Perhaps this accounts for the lightheartedness of the exhibition, despite the grimness of its theme. Guston's gift for caricature endows his triangles with a comically expressive mimicry: the hoods are determined, menacing, reflective, noncommittal. In "Meeting," they incline toward one another and can almost be heard whispering. In "Daydreams," one covers his eyeholes with his fingers, smokes a cigar, and projects a comic-strip-balloon fantasy of his booty of shoes. Guston's massive forefingers point, meditate, accuse. The main figure in "Sheriff" is a rounded outline of a large square head, seen from behind, that resembles Guston's caricature of Ad Reinhardt done a dozen years ago.

Guston's temperament is not a political one. His natural bent is toward sensitivity and elegance, toward the artistic, though with a conscious, strong-minded resolve to resist facility and seductive painting. In the social-realist thirties, Guston's paintings touched politics only at a tangent; they avoided picket lines and dust bowls and translated combat into myth. I suspect that it is for refreshment as an artist, rather than as a partisan of social ideals, that he has abandoned his Abstract Expressionist experiments, which had become



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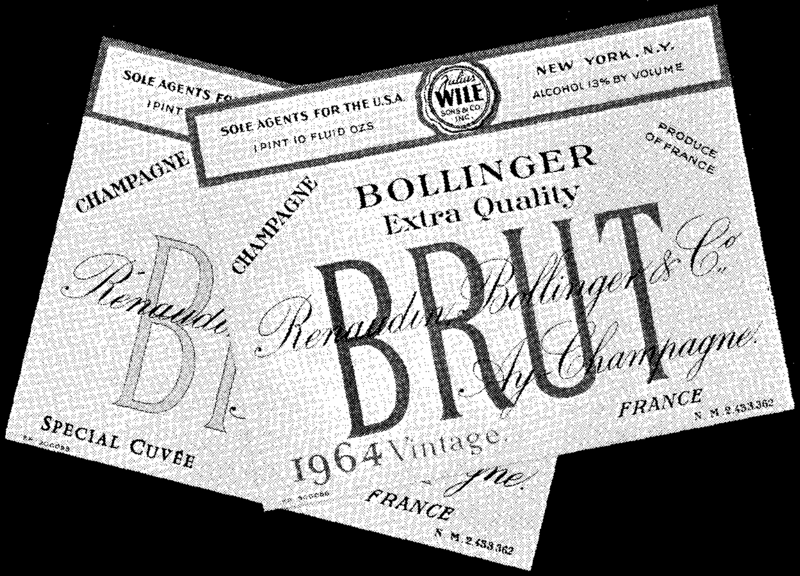

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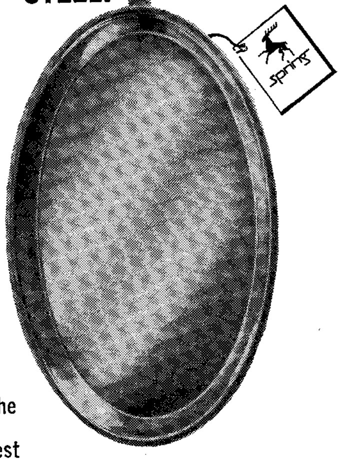

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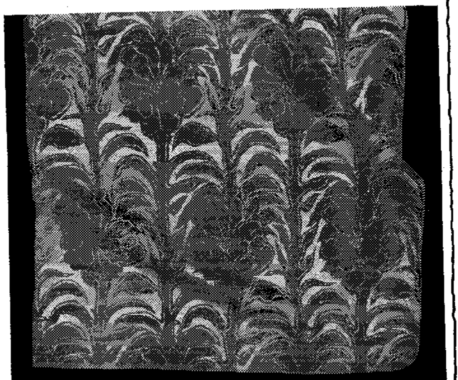

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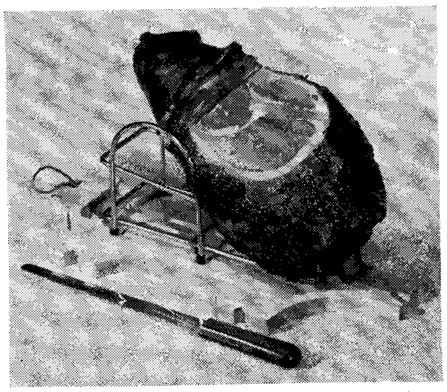
increasingly austere. The Klan is not a central issue in politics today, and Guston's reversion to it as the personification of violence and tyranny puts politics at a distance. This separation makes the Klan more manageable as a symbol of terror than would be such contemporary manifestations as Vietnam, the Black Panthers, and the Chicago police. The Klan hood exists on the border of myth as at once symbol and fact. If art and politics are to meet, it must be in some such mid-region. In regard to aesthetic timing, Guston's Klansmen are analogous to the nineteen-thirties Chrysler Airflow, which Oldenburg chose as a motif, and the outlived "modernistic" design adapted by Lichtenstein.

Nor do Guston's new political reveries eliminate his ancient debate with painting, its reasons for being, its probabilities of survival; the artist himself humorously confesses his inability to escape this obsession by presenting a canvas of a Klansman painting a self-portrait. (He has even done a painting, not in the show, of a paw holding a brush, as if to say, "Under any conditions, still a painter.") It might be argued that finding art problematical is itself a form of political thinking, in that it considers the kind of society in which art can continue to be practiced and valued. In the last analysis, Guston's exhibition is political by way of art and does more for art than for politics. It comes at the beginning of a decade in which a pressing need has arisen for a new outlook on art—one that will end its isolation from the crises of the time. The recently influential formalist conception of High Art, pledged on principle to refuse to take note of the destruction of the planet, seems thoroughly played out, and with it the dialectics of an increasingly self-purifying abstraction. On the other hand, the anti-form earth and raw-materials projects that were presented as the antithesis to color fields and minimal sculptures have reduced themselves to an endless lecture on counter-aesthetics.

In the face of the mounting pace of social and political upheavals, the program of shunning political fact in art has resulted in increasing frustration. Artists stirred by social indignation have found themselves locked in a medium that has lost its voice. Politics among artists has consisted of accepting a package of ready-made issues—peace, civil rights—while renouncing the ability to contribute to an imaginative grasp of the epoch. Artists have protested, but not their art—a matter of signing the



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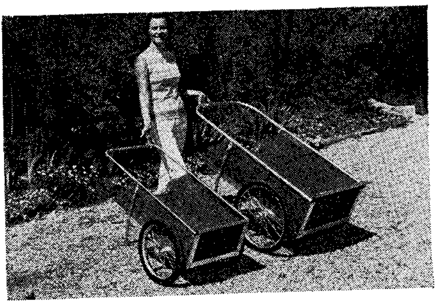

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attendance record but being present in name only. Both in the United States and abroad, art has been denounced as part of the system for preserving the status quo. Guston's Klansman painter may hint at a similar charge; the assassin, too, is an artist. As in the thirties, there has been a call to abandon art in favor of political action. Last May, in connection with Art Strike, the sculptor Robert Morris felt obliged publicly "to underscore the need I and others feel to shift priorities at this time from art making and viewing to unified action within the art community against the intensifying conditions of repression, war, and racism in this country," and he voiced the suspicion that Abstract art is probably middle class and racist. Radical youths have attacked international exhibitions of painting and sculpture as phenomena of the consumer society, and confrontations, rock festivals, and guerrilla theatre have seemed more pertinent than ideas and works conceived in the studio.

The separation of art from social realities threatens the survival of painting as a serious activity. Painting has, of course, other interests than politics, but a too long immersion in itself has infected art with ennui. Painting needs to purge itself of all systems that place so-called interests of art above the interests of the artist's mind. Abstract Expressionism liberated painting from the social-consciousness dogma of the thirties; it is time now to liberate it from the ban on social consciousness. Guston has demonstrated that the apparent opposition between quality in painting and political statement is primarily a matter of doctrinaire aesthetics. He has managed to make social comment seem natural for the visual language of postwar painting. Other contemporaries have done political pieces for special occasions—Newman for an anti-Daley exhibition in Chicago; Segal, Grooms, Elaine de Kooning, and so on for a politics-today exhibition at the New School. Guston is the first to have risked a fully developed career on the possibility of engaging his art in the political reality. His current exhibition may have given the cue to the art of the nineteen-seventies.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

WASHINGTON (AP)—Gen. William C. Westmoreland, who has been cool to the Nixon administration's plan for an all-volunteer Army, Tuesday pledged to expend every effort to achieve such a farce.—*Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*

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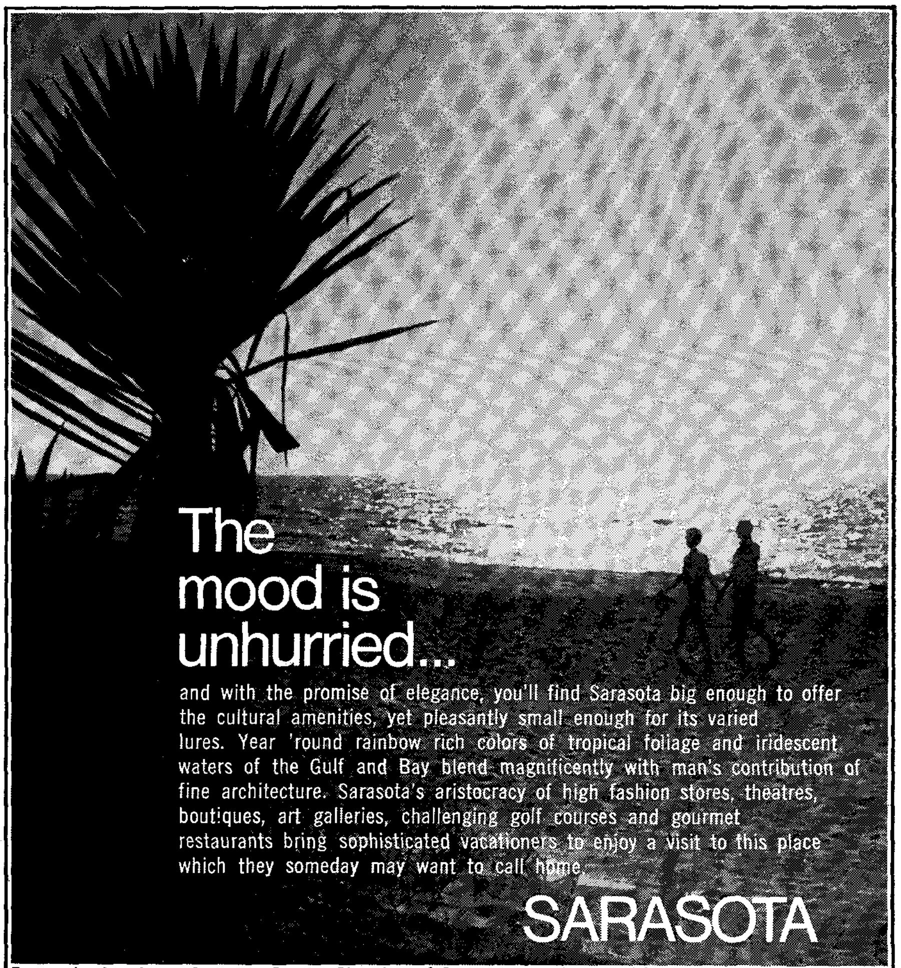

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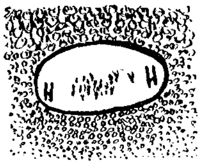
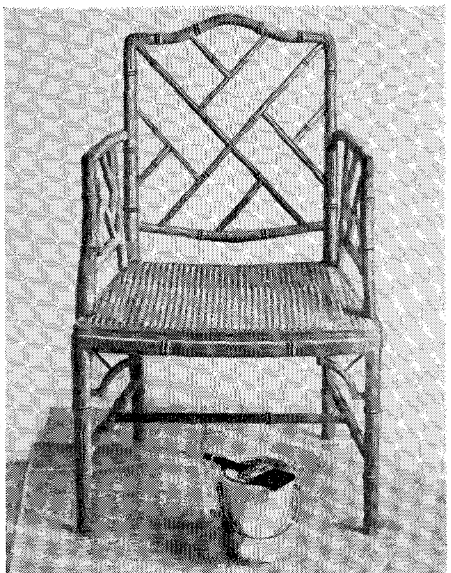


CHASEY came to Dartmouth freshman football as a ready-made leading man, and almost nothing he has done in his three seasons of varsity quarterbacking has disimproved his standing. He rapidly displaced Koenig, who might easily have been a first-stringer on a few other Ivy League squads, and even on his most difficult afternoon—Princeton's overwhelming success against him and his mates last fall—he was still, until a shoulder separation made it necessary for him to withdraw in favor of Koenig, a thundering good performer. Massey came up to the Yale varsity as a possible successor to Dowling, and it was hard to pay him much attention while Dowling was on hand; when Massey took over at quarterback, he was still in the middle of what are known as the formative years. Chasey and Massey met last Saturday in their final season, and Massey, carrying on against great odds (that is to say, the Dartmouth blitz against his not especially mammoth person and the Dartmouth covering of his passes) until he, too, was damaged, well along in the afternoon, tried to keep step with Chasey. It was no go. The Yale end zone seemed congested with Dartmouth passes and menaced at close range by Dartmouth runners. Yale men kept knocking down those runners and batting away or snaffling those passes, and the astounding possibility that a way had at last been found to hold Dartmouth in check lifted its small head. The Dartmouth touchdown that ensued, three minutes before the first half ended, had the sound of the crack of doom, for it was already clear that there was no means of getting out from under the Dartmouth pressure long enough for anyone to manage a matching touchdown. It was a pretty, gallant, well-run, well-taught Yale team, but it just had to go. More will be heard from it later, and more cheeringly. Dartmouth, taking its sixth in a row (Dartmouth 10, Yale 0), put down its most troublesome opponent of the year, and now its adherents (and the diagnosticians who study its operations by staring at slow-motion movies) can simply study in awe the effortlessness of those maneuvers. Such as: Chasey taking the ball from center and setting off for the Far East, Short taking off for the Far West, the ball suddenly and audaciously flitting from Chasey to Short as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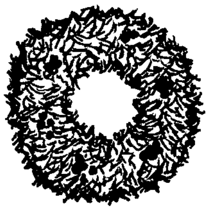

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EARLIER this year, and in a Yale Bowl that brimmed over as it did last Saturday, the Jets fell before the Giants in an "exhibition" match, 28–24. The idea caught on, and the Jets, losing their talents one by one (it was White who got ground down at Shea Stadium this past Sunday), have mostly kept on losing. Sunday, it was the Giants 22, the Jets 10, although everything was going the other way—Woodall, *vice* Namath, throwing probably the best game of his life to his receivers, and the Jet cover men leaving no Giant catchers in the clear for Tarkenton's throwing game—until deep in the second half. Then Woodall badly overthrew a pass, and Williams, a deep defender for the Giants, caught it as he went at top speed toward his own goal. He moved on another five yards before he could go into reverse; bootlegging the ball on his right flank, he moved at even greater speed through clusters of men who appeared to have no notion about who had the ball, and then, as he was at last tackled, he curled himself around it and bounced a few yards more before he came to a stop. The Giants' second touchdown (the first had come only four plays earlier) arrived a minute later. Five minutes after that, Longo, floating through the air above the Giants' two-yard line, took another Jet pass away from its rightful owner, and Gogolak soon had his second field goal of the afternoon. Mercein, who had been sitting around for a fortnight, made his first appearance in this metropolis in some years, filling in for the invalided White. It was not a happy re-début; handed the ball in his own end zone, he was put down for a safety before he could take more than one step. It was a touching present to the Giants, who once owned him.

—J. W. L.

•

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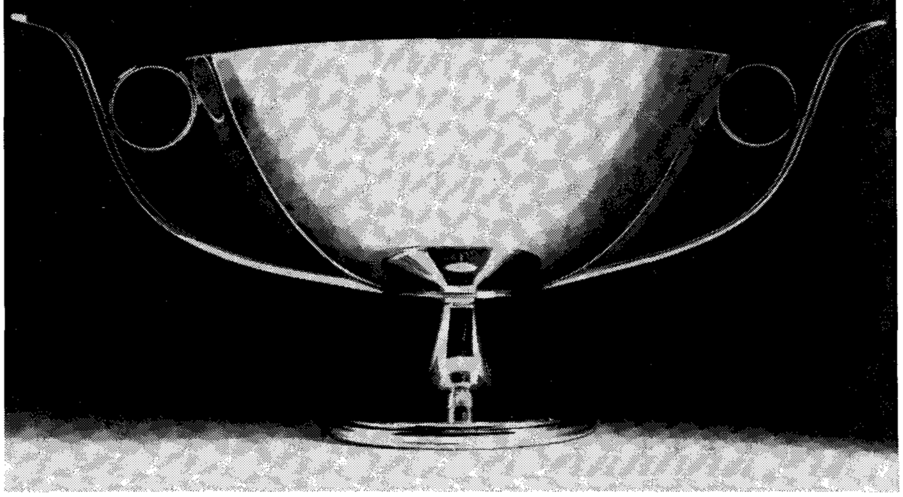

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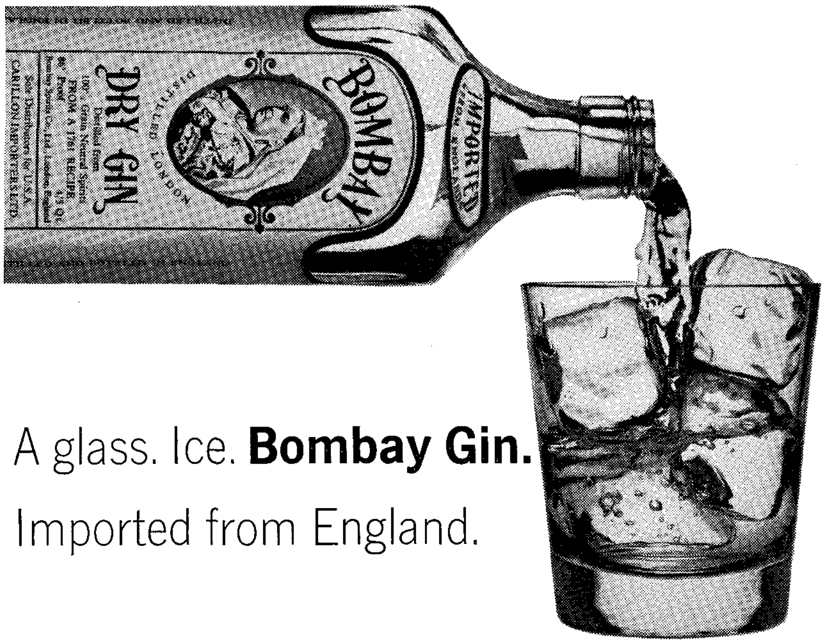

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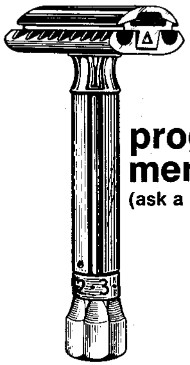

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THE RACE TRACK

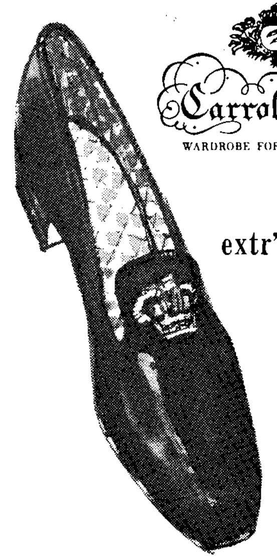
Girl Beats Boys

IT takes a pretty good filly to beat colts—especially at two miles. Mrs. Whitney Stone's Shuvee did it in the fifty-second running of the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct last Saturday afternoon, winning by a couple of lengths, going away, from Loud, winner of the Travers Stakes at Saratoga last August. Hydrologist was third, a length and a quarter behind. Shuvee led for most of the long gallop, and it was enthralling to watch her race Hydrologist into submission and then take on Loud and dispose of him. As Shuvee and Loud rounded the turn into the homestretch, the result was already as clear as daylight.

Though a number of fillies and mares have tried, Shuvee is the first of her sex to win the Jockey Club Gold Cup. (What price Women's Lib?) A strapping chestnut by Nashua out of Levee, full of quality and beautifully turned out by her trainer, Mike Freeman, she was easily the pick of the five starters. In fact, I've seldom seen her looking better. Loud also appeared very fit and ready, and so did Hydrologist. Another in the field was Scipion, a four-year-old bay colt from Brazil, who was making his first start in this country; he was last all the way. It was Shuvee's fourth victory—each one in a stakes race—in ten starts this year, and she has earned $201,852 in prize money, of which $70,785 came with the Gold Cup.

It was expected that Nodouble, the Arkansas Traveller, would make his farewell appearance under colors in the Gold Cup, but he hadn't been training well, and earlier in the week his stable retired him to the stud in California. He was foaled in Arkansas, and in the course of the four years he raced he ran at so many tracks that it was inevitable he would be nicknamed the Arkansas Traveller. Altogether, he won thirteen times and was second eleven times in forty-two starts, and he earned $846,749.

LAST week, your wandering correspondent went racing three days at Keeneland, in Kentucky, which is always a pleasure, even when the weather isn't at its best. Although it started out gray and rainy the after-



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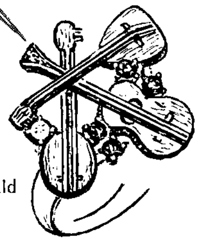

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noon of the Spinster Stakes, the main event of the meeting, the sky cleared and the sun came out before the race, which was a thriller. Jack Dreyfus, Jr.'s, Taken Aback, who trailed what looked to me like twenty lengths behind the leaders, came up on the outside with an astonishing burst of speed in the last half mile and won by nearly three lengths from Fanfreluche, who had set a fast pace over the rough track for nearly six furlongs. Pattee Canyon, who began slowly (and who I have a notion prefers a turf course), was third. The crowds at Keeneland are still the most enthusiastic you will hear anywhere, but more of the lads and lasses are calling horses by their numbers on the program these days than by their names.

DOWN at Laurel, the Brookmeade Stable's Limit to Reason had the easiest of victories in the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity last weekend. From all accounts, he was on a tight rein from start to finish of the mile and a sixteenth. Taking the lead on the turn for home, he passed the post four lengths to the good. New Round was second and Droll Role third. It was the second hundred-thousand-dollar event for Limit to Reason; he was moved up into first place—remember?—following the disqualification of Hoist the Flag in the Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park last month. Earlier in the week, George Widener's Patelin and Make Me Laugh ran one, two in the Selima Stakes, which is Laurel's prize for two-year-old fillies. Isafloridan—now, I ask you, is it fair to the horse to give it a name like that?—was third.

JOTTINGS FROM AFAR: Daryl's Joy, an import from New Zealand, beat Fiddle Isle, who went off at 1–5, in a mile-and-a-half gallop on the grass the last day of Oak-Tree-at-Santa-Anita. And Dust Commander, who hadn't won since he took the Kentucky Derby, finally did it on his tenth try—at Churchill Downs, of course.

—AUDAX MINOR

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FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

[From "The Elements of Style," by William Strunk, Jr., and E. B. White, 1959]

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[From the Royal Bank of Canada Monthly Letter, Montreal, July, 1970]

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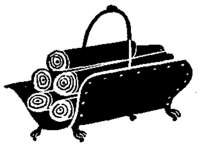
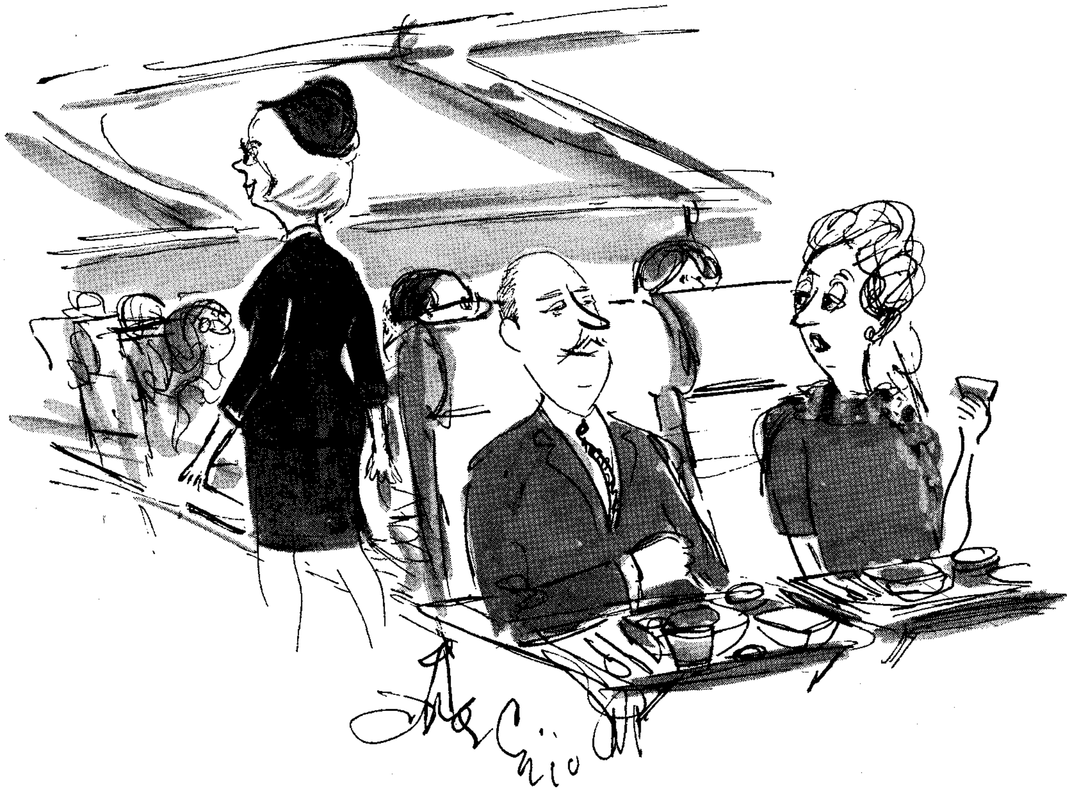
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



KNOLL INTERNATIONAL recently moved from 320 Park Avenue, at 51st Street, to 745 Fifth Avenue, near 58th Street, and in the differences between the two showrooms one may read the changes that have taken place in interior design within the last decade. The old showroom represented the modern style of the forties and fifties, characterized by vast expanses of picture window covered with floor-to-ceiling draperies, by spare and studied arrangements of functional furniture, by thinness and coldness and a kind of mechanical preoccupation with "good design." Lewis Mumford wrote in 1962 in the *Architectural Record* that "in so far as modern architecture has succeeded in expressing modern life, it has done better in calling attention to its lapses, its rigidities, its failures, than in bringing out, with the aid of the architect's creative imagination, its immense latent potentialities." The old Knoll showroom was of a piece with the glass office building on Park Avenue that it occupied. On visiting it, one got a sense of man dwarfed by his environment (or drapes); one felt as if one were viewing an embodiment of the predictions of the gloomier social prophets of the thirties. As it has turned out, the dismal predictions of the social prophets have not come true, and, far from being the faceless, mechanized, dehumanized automatons that we were supposed to have become by the time man reached the moon, we are as human and idiosyncratic (and ridiculous) today as people ever were—with our costumes and organic food and encounter groups and crafts and Gay Power and Women's Lib and Julia Child and all the rest of it. The new Knoll showroom, designed by the Milanese architect Gae Aulenti, looks like the seventies. It is "modern" in the sense that the Whitney Museum is modern, and is similarly expressive of the variety and energy and animality of contemporary life, rather than of its Lincoln Center-like uniformity and timidity and artificiality. The showroom occupies fifteen thousand square feet on the tenth floor of a nondescript office building, and is a remarkable illustration of how space may be dealt with on a diagonal grid rather than on the conventional four-square one. The place is a kind of maze of irregularly shaped areas created by ceiling-high trapezoidal structures set at a diagonal to the axis of the room and covered with the same gray carpeting that covers the floor. These massive, free-standing room-dividers surround the structural columns and provide closet and storage space. In addition, there are thin partitions made of wooden grillwork painted white and inset in some sections with clear glass, in others with mirrors. (Coming abruptly upon one's reflection in a mirror composed of hundreds of small panes is a curiously pleasant experience.) In some places, the grillwork partitions are used to create tiny wedge-shaped rooms, which are used as offices and conference rooms. But the showroom is, for the most part, open in plan: the areas formed by the carpeted structures are never completely closed off, and most of them offer inviting vistas of other parts of the room. One of the most appealing areas in the showroom is a large, airy corner that looks out (through undraped windows) on the Plaza Hotel and Fifth Avenue and Central Park rimmed by the West Side apartment towers. The view works as a frame for the interior rather than an escape from it. Elsewhere, a series of wide carpeted steps form a sort of stage on which exhibitions of furniture are held. When I visited the showroom, a row of chairs stood facing the audience on the highest step, against a backdrop of large, grainy photographs of their designers—to great effect. One's first impression of the showroom, as one enters it through a dark vestibule where ceramics are exhibited in lighted-glass cases, is one of incisive forms and sharp contrasts of dark and light; they put one in mind of hard-edge paintings, and throughout there is a regard for form that goes beyond "good design" and almost enters the realm of art. Gae Aulenti is an assistant professor of architecture at Milan University and has designed a number of stores and offices and hotels in Italy, as well as Knoll's showroom in Boston. She is only forty-one, and I hope we see more of her brilliant work here.

The new Knoll showroom both reflects and crowns the changes that have been taking place at Knoll within the last decade. The collection has been expanding in directions that represent a departure from the austere, technological "international" style of the nuclear group. The masterpieces of this group—such as Mies van der



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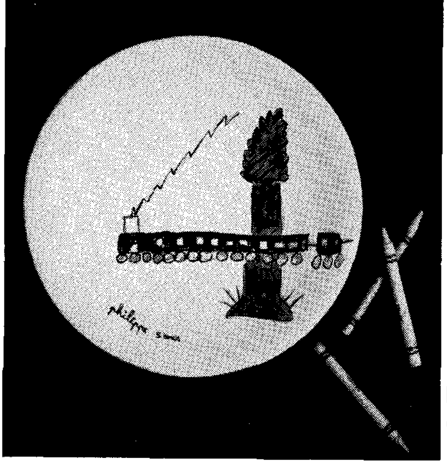

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Rohe's Barcelona chair, Eero Saarinen's white molded-plastic pedestal table, Marcel Breuer's tubular-steel-and-caning chair—remain fresh and interesting, and look particularly so in their new setting. Some of the other older pieces look ugly and dated, and they will doubtless be eliminated in time. (The old-line large upholstered chairs look especially misguided today.) The recent additions include the warm wood furniture of Hans Wegner (Knoll recently acquired the dealership of the Wegner pieces, which are made at the Hansen cabinet works in Copenhagen); the very up-to-the-moment-looking productions of the Gavina factory in Milan, which Knoll bought in 1968; and works by younger American and European designers. Though the institutional aspect of the original collection has been tempered by the additions, Knoll still looks like (and is primarily) a purveyor of sleek furniture for moneyed businesses and institutions, rather than a source for middle-class homes. At the same time, practically any piece in the showroom could be used in a private residence, and householders with a liking for this kind of furniture (and no shortage of cash) would do well to visit the new showroom and consider its vast possibilities. Householders with no intention of buying anything can come and gape: the showroom is open to everyone. According to a new Knoll selling policy, all purchases are made through local dealers; the showroom provides lists of these dealers to people wishing to buy. If you come with a decorator, a choice of local wholesale dealers is provided, and if you are on your own, D/R International and the interior-design department at Bloomingdale's are the places to deal with in New York.

If Knoll is representative of the best in today's public interiors, D/R International occupies the same exalted position in regard to private ones. Since its start, sixteen years ago, in Cambridge, Massachusetts (a branch store in New York and one in San Francisco came along in the early sixties), D/R has been noted for the consistent excellence of its furniture and fabrics and household objects, and for its remarkable sense of style. The initials "D/R" conjure up a picture of an interior as definite as the one evoked by the terms "Early American" or "French Provincial." Although everything at D/R is modern, not every well-designed modern object fits the store's notion of what is to be sold there. D/R's principle of selection resembles that used by people furnishing their homes. The

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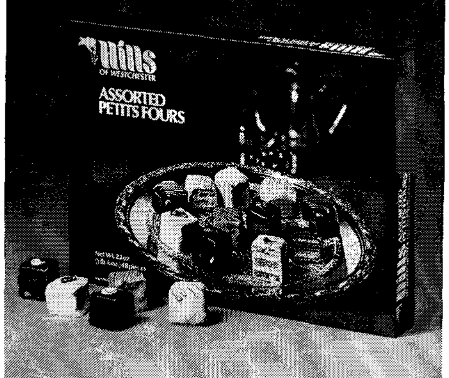

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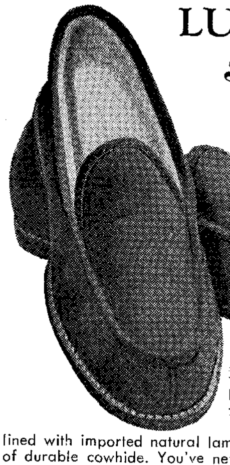

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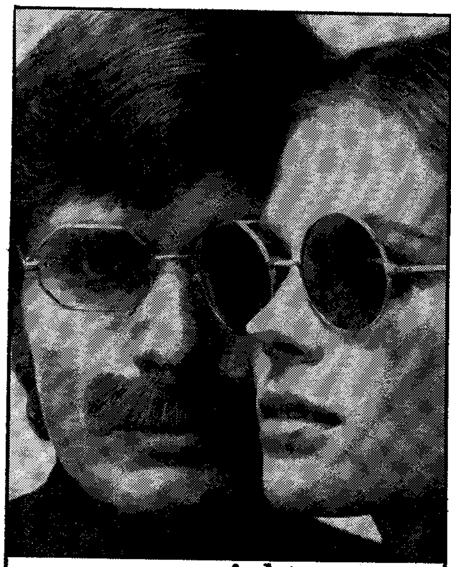

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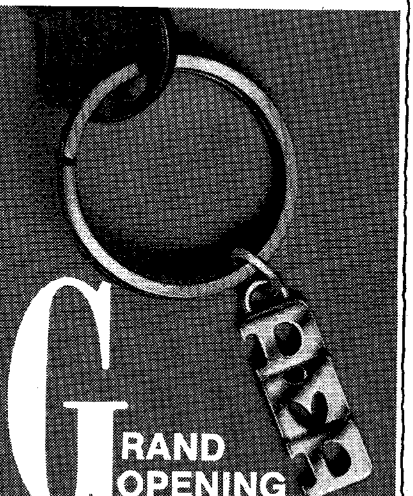

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store seems to ask of each object not "Will it sell?"—or even "Is it good?"—but "Is it for us?" Characteristic of the D/R style are square-cut furniture made of natural-finished maple or pine or butcherblock; china and glass of a plain, solid persuasion; heavy cotton fabrics printed with vivid, lucid geometric designs; a preference for the substantial and rough-edged over the delicate and highly polished, and for natural materials over synthetic ones (though D/R sells plastics, they take on a kind of "organic" look in the store's context). The D/R style is especially appealing to, and seems especially right for, young families who have little or no domestic help and who use their living rooms as well as admire them. The clutter of family life can be absorbed by a room filled with D/R things. (A room in the Knoll style seems to depend for its effect on the absence of such things as animal-cracker boxes and *TV Guides* left lying about.)

I recently visited D/R's new main store, on Brattle Street, in Cambridge, which occupies three floors of a new five-story cantilevered glass building that also houses the company's offices. The architect is Benjamin Thompson, D/R's owner and founder and probably the only storekeeper in America who has been chairman of the Department of Architecture of the Harvard Graduate School of Design. (Mr. Thompson occupied that position between 1963 and 1967; he now heads the Cambridge architectural firm of Benjamin Thompson & Associates.) The façade is an expanse of sheet glass broken only by horizontal slabs of concrete that mark the floors. The glass has no vertical supports; the panes are joined together by invisible epoxy cement and small metal clips. Cylindrical concrete columns, visible through the glass, support the structure. Because of the colorful merchandise that is also visible, the façade has a gay and lively aspect rather than the bleakness of the usual glass building. For all that, and for all its air (and the fact) of being a tour de force, the building is oddly disappointing as one regards it from across the street. One feels that one has seen buildings like this before, and that this is an exercise—a good one, to be sure, but only an exercise—in well-worn architectural conventions, rather than an original departure. One wonders what all the commotion that has brought one to Harvard Square was about. On stepping into the store, one receives the answer. This is like no store one has ever seen. The extraordinary amount of natural light that fills the interior im-

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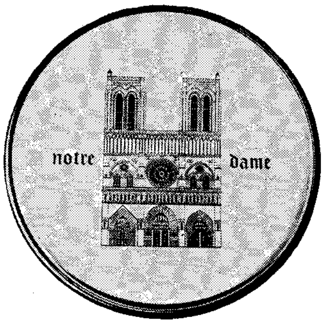

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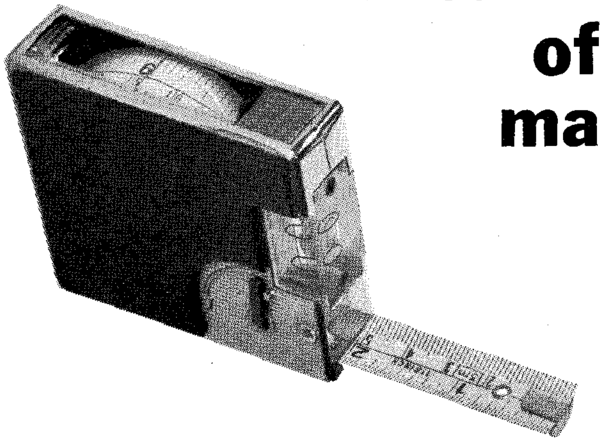
parts to the merchandise something of the preternatural clarity and purity that the world assumes on the day the windows are washed; we are not accustomed to seeing furniture and fabrics and household objects in such a light, and the effect is breathtaking. We are also not accustomed to the conjunction of light and airiness with an almost Victorian richness and copiousness. The picture windows of the forties and fifties invariably went with sparsely furnished and quite bare-looking rooms, and we still tend to associate light with a kind of emptiness. The lucent D/R rooms are crammed with furniture and objects: pots of plants—not one or two but great clusters of geranium, ivy, fern, chrysanthemums—appear at every turn; banners of Marimekko fabric and white-plastic mobiles depend from ceilings; mugs and goblets are displayed by the several dozen; toys, games, dolls, dresses, pillows, fabrics, casseroles, bowls, teapots, Braun electric mixers, cutlery, and writing paper fill shelves and cubbyholes and display counters. Like the Aulenti showroom, the D/R store has an open design; every vantage point provides vistas of other parts of the store, though here one is conscious of things above and below as well as around and about. A feeling of brightness and cheerfulness pervades the interior. Open wooden stairs, wide enough for two or three abreast, connect the various levels, to each of which a category of merchandise has been assigned: the main floor offers toys; the second floor has clothes; the third has furniture; and a sublevel floor deals in cooking equipment, glass and china, fabrics, and assorted accessories. The structural and decorative materials used within the store are of the sort one associates with vacation houses rather than with stores: natural-finished fir slats depend from ceilings; floors are tiled with natural brick or covered with warm brown rough carpeting or cork; shelves and display cases are square-cut and, again, of natural-finished wood. The crux of the feeling of pleasure that the store gives the visitor is, of course, the merchandise itself; the same store filled with "Mediterranean" furniture and gift-shoppe trivia would be no treat, and D/R's things would still be wonderful in a dusty warehouse. But a setting such as the new D/R store provides sharpens one's appreciation of the objects for sale and presents shopping as a kind of aesthetic experience rather than as an irksome necessity. Our own small D/R store on 57th Street is no dump—shopping there is always a



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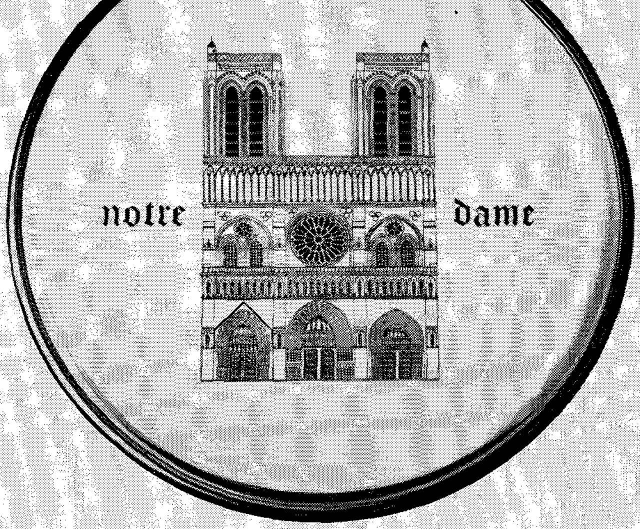

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pleasure—but for a full sense of D/R's great contribution to American design one has to go to Cambridge.

—JANET MALCOLM

THIS AND THAT
The Long and the Short of It

THE managers of the game, it has become quite apparent, are prepared to go to any lengths, and this can induce hesitation among the timid, the uncertain—which is what a lot of us are at the moment. Can it be that the thing to do is to remove oneself from the controversy about where the skirt should end and proceed to an entirely different sort of undertaking? To, that is, the gaucho trouser, which combines the practicality of the knicker and a lengthiness that defies the worst weather, and which is handy for extracurricular activities, too, like parachute-jumping. Such trousers are round and about—sometimes tweedy, sometimes Glen-plaidy, sometimes (this is true of Splendiferous's new branch, at 1012 First Avenue, near 56th Street) of wool-knit in mulberry, orange, heather, and so on, for $28 and up. The evening ones are of pink, honey, or black velveteen—either penny-plain or braided in gold. Dog collars are on hand there, too, but no longer dowager. Suède or smooth leather with dots of metal or bits and pieces of python is the current scheme. . . . The length Givenchy goes to in the newly hatched Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique, at Bergdorf's, is—as was to be expected—implacably long midi. I like the capes of brown suède, at $185 unlined and at $295 lined with parody nutria; the less statuesque wraparound coats of the same suède (gold-metal nailheads at the wrists); the greatcoats, of parody lynx, with vast turnover collars and not at all vast belts of brown leather; and the coats and button-down skirts of green or brown parody lizard. . . . The arrival at 801 Madison Avenue, near 67th Street, of Boutique Valentino must also be reported on, mostly because of the straight coats of wool (a camel-and-beige chain weave on one side, just plain camel on the other) and the skirts that go with them; the lively tunic coats of white wool twill (giant sunbursts on which the shop's name appears are the distinguishing mark) and the trousers of brown twill that go with *them;* the turtleneck sweater-dresses of woolknit striped in brown and black; and the dinner skirts of heavy black wool crêpe with patch pockets at the proper level and

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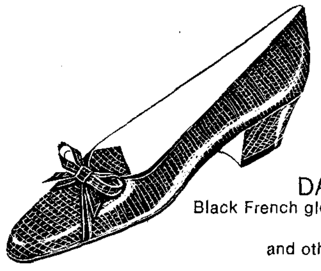

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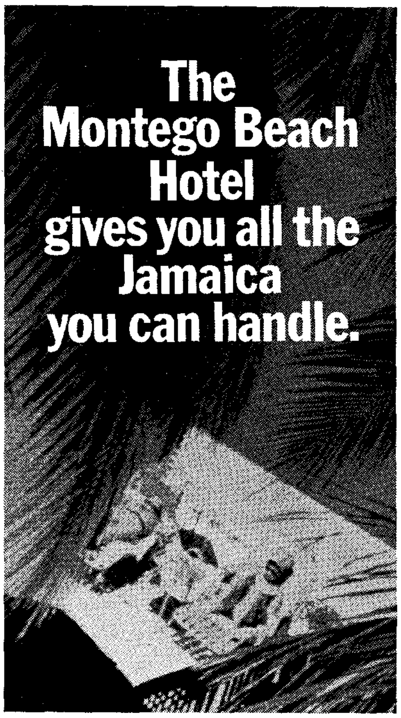
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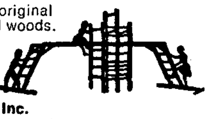

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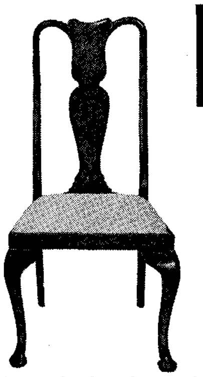
a crewelwork flower garden along the hem. Wear dark glasses, all you who enter here; Valentino's lighting effects can induce neon numbness. . . . Mary Quant, who will go down in history (and up again in it someday, I am sure) as the deviser of the miniskirt, has a corner to herself at Bonwit's. The new Quants are of several lengths, all of them graceful and none of them (and here's another novelty this fall) droopy. Her shortest skirt is only a fraction below the knees. The dress is of mauve Shetland knit, fortified by patches of purple suède in a number of places, and it's a quite tolerable $70. Sheer wool challis in a Liberty print of tropical foliage ends up as frocks with flounced long sleeves. The poncho skirts—these of Shetland knit, too, in black—are true Annie Oakleys, especially with the fringed shawls. And there are suède boots with moccasin feet, for anyone who will carry this theme out to the end. The stay-at-home shirtdresses, long and slinky, are prizes at $75—lilac, R.A.F. blue, or porridge Shetland knit. . . . The Taj Mahal is the place at Altman's for seasonless hand-sewn clothes made in India: shirtdresses, buttoning from collar to ankles, of black-red-and-white tie-dyed cotton, at $40; three-foot matching scarves, at $8; jumpsuits of navy sheer cotton in a murky print and ending up in very full trousers; patchwork cotton gypsy dresses in rainbow tintings; patchwork silk dresses slithering from pink to red to purple. . . . Genesis is another newcomer, domiciled at 1049 Madison Avenue, at the corner of 80th Street, and Mexico and India are its points of origin. Sarapes made over into skirts, at $80 to $125—that sort of thing from Mexico. Flyaway skirts of tangerine georgette sari cloth; harem trousers of heavy silk in a print of small diamonds—that sort of thing from India. . . . Yucatán is where the cotton dresses newly arrived at Bloomingdale's Sutton Place come from, and because the cotton is cottage-industry weave and embroidery, no two are alike. The designs are firmly but innocently Latin America, and pleasant. What you see runs from $90 to $130. . . . Haiti is where the separates at Gabretta, the shop at 355 East 61st Street, come from. Not very Haitian black wool-and-viscose yarn is the ingredient, but the crocheting is all by hand, sometimes floral and sometimes not—evening dresses, midiskirts, tunics, bodices, vests, long trousers, gaucho trousers, and shawls. The shawls are $25, and the evening dresses are $110; the sizes are 3 to 14, and the hours are



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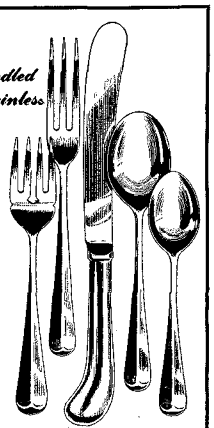

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eleven until six-thirty every day but Sunday. . . . Owen, Ltd., is at 131 East 70th Street, but the entrance is on Lexington Avenue. England is where the hand-knits here come from. (This is beginning to sound like a roundelay.) There are good-looking thigh-length cardigans in vivid Argyle patterns at $80, and shorter ones for $45. The Tandem Bicycling Suits are really sort of Norfolk jackets in a cable stitch plus non-cable-stitch A-line skirts. These are $200. Shirtdresses and stockings in the fashion called after-ski appear in immense blue-and-white checkerboard patterns, and they're expensive, too. Nine to around seven, except on Sundays, are the hours. . . . Even Elizabeth Arden has been moved to renewal—the recent Red Door Boutique, which deals in coats, especially raincoats. Some are coachman, in black sham crocodile; some are shirtcoats in black cotton canvas with black vinyl at the collars and pockets and on the belts; some are elaborately fitted ones of cotton velvet in a leopard print. The prices ascend from $90 to $120. There are handbags as well—several millions of them, as far as the colorations go, and at from $36 to $46, which is not bad these days. Snakeskin, patent leather, and suède are the materials, and the bags are slung from slender chains. . . . Latinas, at 769 Madison Avenue, on the corner of 69th Street, and now, in addition, at 130 East 59th Street, focusses one's attention—which may, though, be distracted by the clamor of rock and roll—on pranks: flowing gowns of rayon velvet with appliqués of embroidered owls, ducks, palm trees, big fat lions; jumpsuits of satin embroidered with frogs and ladybugs. Two weeks for this studied madness, and $80 to $125. Canvas or suède boots are to be painted by the customer to suit or to be plastered with appliqués—pussycats, fish, stars, butterflies, and such. Well, this is what the discothèques have brought us to, I guess. . . . Lilly Pulitzer, at Lord & Taylor, is not dogmatic about lengths. Her dresses can rise above the knees or drift to the floor. The ones of acrylic challis have collarless necks and drawstring or set-in waists; plenty of gentle flowers show up in the prints. Cotton corduroy (this to be washed by hand, not dry-cleaned) produces dresses in strawberry with hardware clasps or (at great length, and slit) in yellow decked out with pansies and dahlias. And there are long Pucci trousers now—of silk chiffon or jersey, for those very brief dresses of his that you may still have around. The chiffons are $60, the jerseys are $100.

—M. M.

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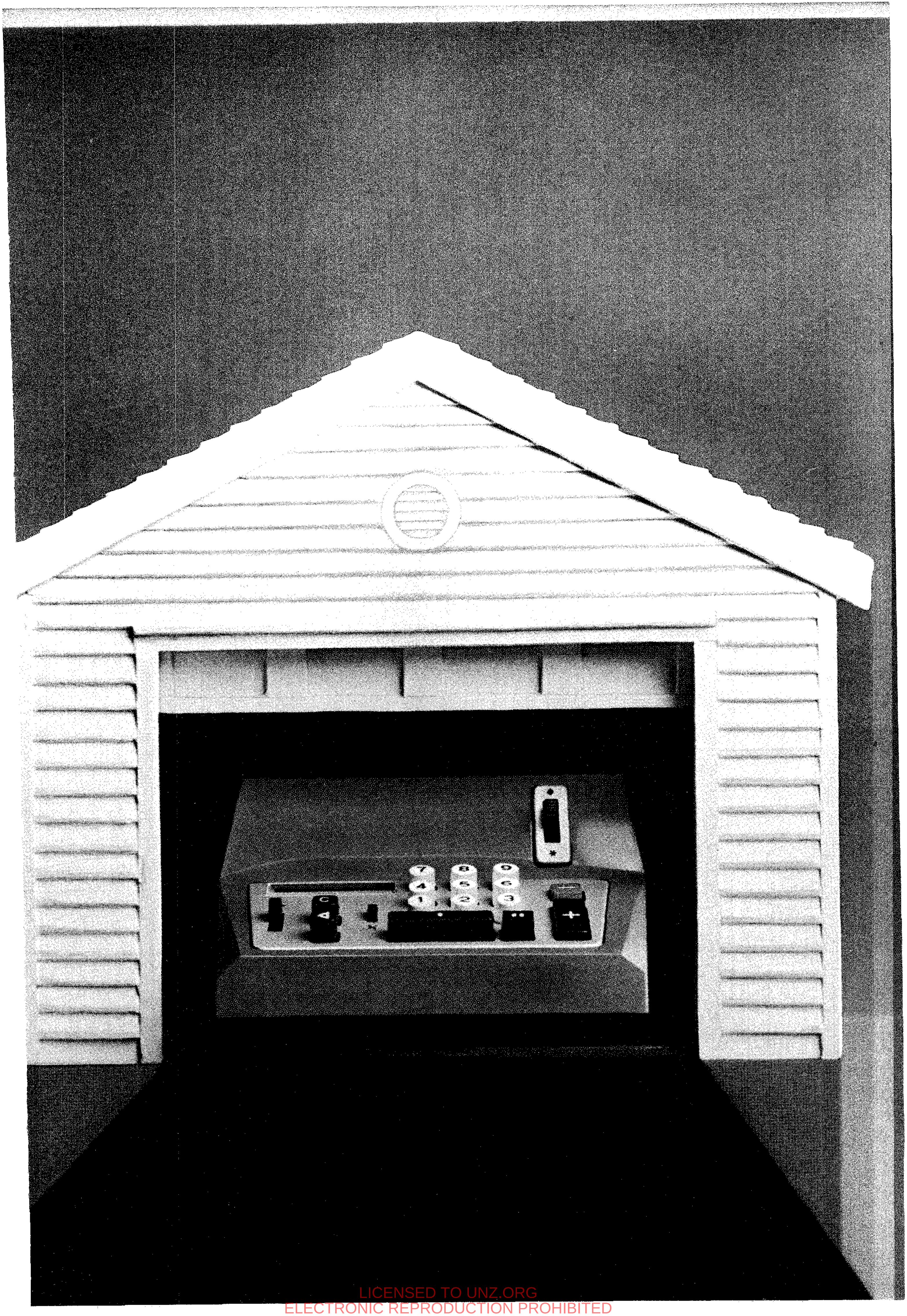
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mythmaking

GILLO PONTECORVO's "Burn!" is an attempt to tell the story of a mid-nineteenth-century slave uprising on a fictitious Caribbean island from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view, so that it will become *the* story of black revolution and a call to action. No one, with the possible exception of Eisenstein, has ever before attempted a political interpretation of history on this epic scale, or attempted to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a historical adventure film. The 1952 "Viva Zapata!," which also starred Marlon Brando, and which "Burn!" somewhat resembles, merely imposed the then current American liberalism on the Mexican revolutionaries. If Pontecorvo's film is flawed throughout, it is nevertheless an amazing film, intensely controversial even in its failures. The audience seems to be grooving to the emotionally charged imagery (which has some of that quality that Buffy Sainte-Marie and the Missa Luba and classic blues have of hurting while giving pleasure) and yet, at times, arguing about political points, and I think this mixed reaction is a valid one. "Burn!" is primarily a celebration not of Black Is Beautiful but of Black Is Strong, and the strength Pontecorvo celebrates has far deeper beauty than we are accustomed to at the movies. Nevertheless, the movie goes wrong. Maybe it was one of those ambitious ideas that look great until you try to carry them out; if there was a way to make it work, Pontecorvo didn't find it.

Pontecorvo can show brutality without giving the audience cheap shocks, and he doesn't arrange suffering in pretty compositions. He has a true gift for epic filmmaking: he can keep masses of people in movement on the screen so that we care about what happens to them. They're not just crowds of extras; they're the protagonist. And "Burn!" perhaps the least condescending film that has ever dealt with slavery. No doubt the dignity of the slave victims is ideological, but, clearly, Pontecorvo not distorting his vision to fit his ideology; when he endows them with nobility, it rings aesthetically true.

The film is large-spirited, and sometimes it really soars with the imaginative force of art. Movie imagery rarely overwhelms us with such a mixture of sorrow and anger as the sequence near the opening in which the widow of an executed insurgent pulls a cart bearing her husband's decapitated body. The film, though political, is by no means Spartan; it's luxuriant and ecstatic. When black rebels ride white horses that prance to what sounds like a syncopated Gregorian chant, the sequence is so shimmering and showy that one knows that Pontecorvo and his cinematographer, Marcello Gatti, couldn't resist it. Wasn't it this kind of thing that drew the director to the theme? "Burn!" shows the violation of rapturous beauty, and this is the emotional basis for whites to believe that blacks should destroy white civilization. (It may be a tragedy for whites that their culture and traditions are not so photogenic.) In his feeling for crowds and battles, for color and imagery, and for visual rhythms, Pontecorvo is a sensuous, intoxicating director, and he gives his island (which has been synthesized from locations in Colombia, Africa, and the Caribbean) physical unity and, by the use of moving figures in the background of the compositions, a volatile, teeming population. In the last two years, Pontecorvo's "The Battle of Algiers," a reconstruction of the violent death of a colonial regime, has become known as the black militants' training film. Pontecorvo appears fully committed to the idea of killing and being killed for your principles; in "Burn!," however, the whites have no principles. "Burn!" is unquestionably intended to arouse revolutionary passions, but the racist-Marxist plot is too schematic to structure the heroic fall and rise of a people.

Some of the flaws in the film are not the director's fault. "Burn!" was originally called "Quemada," which means "burned" in Spanish, and which was the name that Pontecorvo and his scriptwriters (Franco Solinas and Georgio Arlorio) gave to their sugar-producing island. They also gave it a history of having been burned by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, because the Indians were rebellious, and then repopulated with African slaves. The movie was to show how, in the 1840s, the English fomented a new rebellion to wrest power from the Spanish. However, the current Spanish government, sensitive about Spaniards' being cast as heavies even in a period piece, applied severe economic pressures against the producers, who, remembering what the Spanish government had done when it was displeased by Fred Zinnemann's "Behold a Pale Horse" (the losses from the Spanish boycott of Columbia Pictures ran to several millions), capitulated. Parts of the film were deleted, others reshot, and the Spaniards who had historically dominated the Antilles were replaced by the Portuguese, who hadn't, but aren't a big movie market. The European title was changed to "Queimada"—the Portuguese for "burned." After the delays and extra expenses, the picture has still not been released widely; United Artists, which has probably been financially burned in the deal, has rather touchingly altered the American title to the opportunistic "Burn!" In addition, the American version has lost twenty-odd minutes at the hands of a New York "film doctor" whose previous experience was in editing movie trailers. These cuts are, I assume, responsible for some of the non sequiturs in the action and some of the lacunae. Finally, the movie was "dumped"—opened without the usual publicity and advance screenings. This ordinarily means that a company doesn't expect a movie to do well, and such a lack of faith usually insures that it won't do well, because magazine reviews will come out two or three months late, and even reviewers who might have been enthusiastic have their spirits dampened by the general feeling that it's a bomb and will close before they get into print. I'm reasonably certain that this film has been dumped not because of its incendiary potential but because of the company's evaluation of its box-office potential. I think that the company miscalculated and that "Burn!" could have been a hit, because it plays right into the current feelings of the young movie audience. But now we'll never know, though the picture may do well in revivals. Such are the business conditions in the background of a revolutionary movie, but the larger irony is that white men made this movie that says black men should never trust white men.

Despite its visual sophistication, "Burn!" has an unmistakable tang of the old heart-stirring swashbucklers in which Errol Flynn risked all for liberty, or Tyrone Power ("Son of Fury") abandoned the corrupt life of the English nobility for an island, a dream, and a native girl (Gene Tierney). Although Pontecorvo's feeling for the

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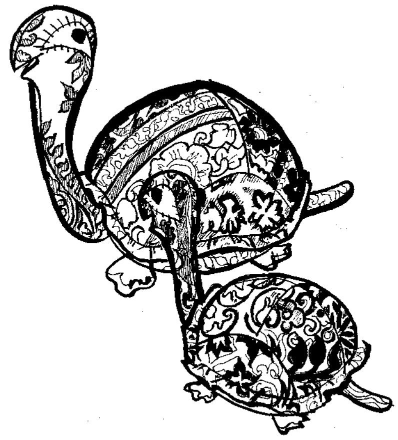

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slaves is that of an artist, his treatment of the vacillating, cowardly white colonial officials and their mulatto accomplices is exactly that of the more conventional seafaring adventure films. In scenes involving these officials, one might as well be at "Anthony Adverse," and Marlon Brando's cynical, daredevil Sir William Walker seems a direct development from his foppish Fletcher Christian in "Mutiny on the Bounty."

Considered politically (rather than dramatically), the plot is an ingenious synthesis. (You don't appreciate *how* ingenious until you think over what has been left out.) Sir William is an *agent provocateur* sent by the British Admiralty to instigate a revolt of the slaves against their Portuguese masters. He tricks a band of slaves into committing a robbery in order to make them outlaws, arms them, turns them into killers, and trains a black leader, José Dolores (Evaristo Marquez), who defeats the Portuguese and tries to seize power for the slaves. Sir William is reluctantly preparing to eliminate him when José Dolores, unable to run the government without advisers, relinquishes power to the British and their mulatto puppet ruler. Having accomplished his mission and obtained sugar for a nation of tea drinkers, Sir William leaves the island. So far, he appears to be a super-cool C.I.A.-type mastermind crossed with Lawrence of Arabia. Brando's impersonation of a languid British gentleman is amusing and decorated with linguistic conceits, and since Sir William helped to liberate the slaves and tried to convince the businessmen of the economic advantages of free workers, one assumes he is personally on the slaves' side, and so does José Dolores, still his friend, who accompanies him to the ship to say goodbye. When José asks him where he's going, he replies, "I don't suppose you've ever heard of a place called Indo-China? Well, they're sending me there."

Ten years pass offscreen. José Dolores has been fighting the British all these years, and he has organized a new rebellion. Sir William has left the Admiralty and (like Lawrence?) has sought obscurity. The sugar company's agents go to look for Sir William in London, find him brawling in a cheap dive, and report that he is "like another man," but they make him a lucrative offer to return to Queimada to deal with José Dolores, and he accepts. His hopes are gone, he says, and the ten years have revealed the century's contradictions. He tries to establish contact with José Dolores but is rebuffed. Then, although he gives evidence of

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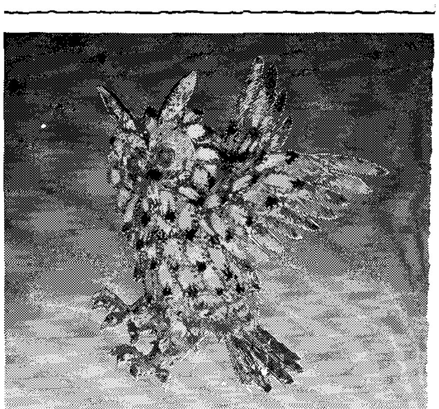

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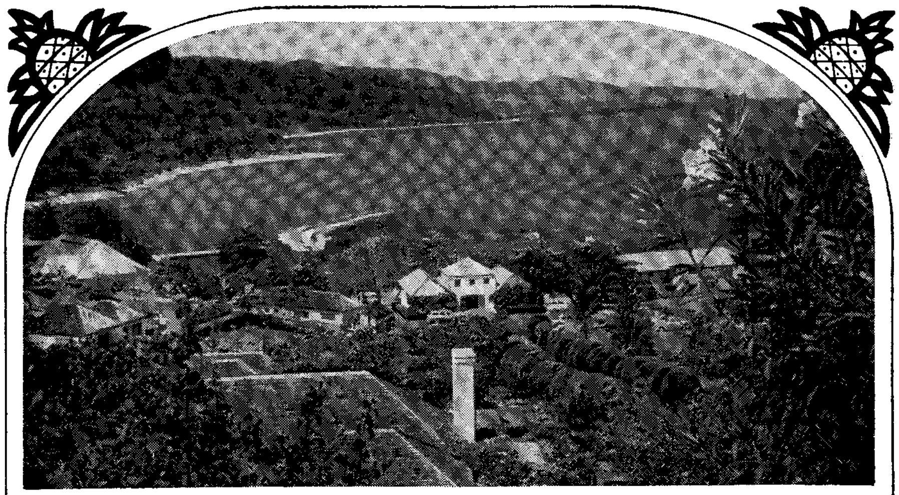
believing in what the rebels are doing and despising the whites, he organizes the slaughter of the blacks, burns native villages that help the guerrillas hiding in the mountains, and, when the puppet tries to regain control in order to end the suffering, has him executed. Sir William explains why the blacks will eventually win—a guerrilla can do fifty times as much as an ordinary soldier, because the guerrilla "has nothing to lose," and so on. Yet Sir William brings in British troops and destroys the island. It is shelled and shelled and then burned again, so that the British businessmen are left asking what good his actions have done them, since now there's no sugar for anybody. He says that he doesn't really know what he's doing but that he must do it. And so he comes to represent the murderous, self-destructive folly of colonialism—the whites' irrational determination to destroy everything rather than share with the blacks—and when he's killed there's a happy heavenly choir.

There's a contradiction between Brando's role as the personification of colonial manipulative policies (as well as, by implication, of the American involvement in Vietnam) and Brando's style, because, the way he plays his role, he's the comic relief in a tragedy. The oppressor as cynical clown is an entertaining idea, and perhaps the audience needs his foppish foolery, the contempt with which he addresses the English businessmen, his sophistic explanation that he's merely an instrument of government policy and if he didn't carry it out the Admiralty would send someone else, but he seems to have wandered into the wrong movie. He causes starvation and death, yet he's also slapping his horse and drawling, "Giddyap, you fool." If Sir William were played impersonally as a historical force, the movie would be heavy and didactic; a more conventionally villainous interpretation would probably turn it into Grade B melodrama. But when the role is played with Brando's bravura, so that Sir William becomes a daring white loner who loved and betrayed the blacks, it's a muddle, because we simply don't understand his motives or why he is so zealous in crushing the rebellion, or why no one else understands anything.

When you personify a deterministic theory of history and don't stylize it but, rather, do it in natural settings, the leaders seem to be all that matter, so the method distorts the theory. It seems as if history were a melodrama made solely by heroes and adventurers. This movie really becomes a swash-



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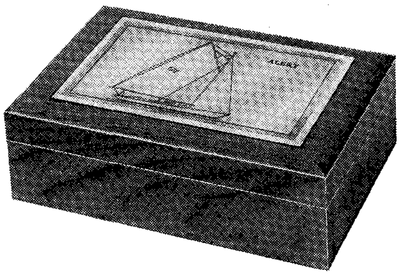

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buckler—a romantic, glamorized view of black struggle—but a swashbuckler engaged in a cute game of slipping in historical parallels and of scoring textbook points. Almost every line jogs us to fit it into the scheme. "Ah, yes," we say to ourselves, "Sir William is a liberator of the blacks only when the English interests and theirs coincide," and so on. When Brando warns the English of the danger of making José Dolores a martyr—"Think of his ghost running through the Antilles!"—we see it as another point racked up, and when Brando thinks it's madness for José Dolores to sacrifice his life, we know we're being prodded to see that whites are incapable of understanding the blacks' true passion for freedom, and we're being prodded to see that it is this passion that makes the blacks superior, and will make them win.

The end is clearly meant to be only the beginning. The spirit of the film is one of triumph, for José Dolores, who preferred death to compromise, has set an example for the survivors and for the slaves on other islands. "Ideas travel," Sir William has explained, and dead heroes become myths. The message of the film is that freedom is worth all the suffering it takes. After we have seen the blacks tricked and maneuvered and crushed over and over again, this simplistic encouragement to die for your principles seems rather cavalier, as if the film had been made by a new incarnation of Sir William, who still doesn't know what he's doing. José Dolores' visionary speeches about lighting the flames for whites to burn in are fashionably modern, and his last words are "Civilization belongs to whites. But what civilization? Until when?"

There's something painful and disturbing about movies that fail on as high a level as "Burn!," but mixing art and politics has always had its difficulties. Still, if you can't force human suffering into an ideological diagram without having it all look phony, that could be a blessing.

Mel Brooks has given himself only a small role at the beginning of his "The Twelve Chairs," and the picture never quite recovers from the loss of him. The movie also needs more from Mel Brooks as writer and director. This comedy-fable, based on the same Ilf-and-Petrov novel as the 1945 Fred Allen picture "It's in the Bag," is about three men hunting for a fortune stuffed into one of twelve chairs—a good, loose comedy plot that allows for invention, but Brooks hasn't come up with enough. The story is set in post-revolutionary Russia, and this gives

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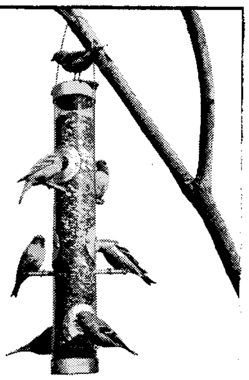

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Brooks an opportunity to show his nostalgic affection for the slapstick and mugging and innocent nuttiness of earlier periods—such as burlesque and the mad-Russian accents of early radio—but, gifted as he is, he still doesn't go beyond gag comedy. His worst failure is with the witlessly written handsome juvenile, played by Frank Langella in a supercilious, self-satisfied manner; he seems to be meant to be the romantic lead in a musical, but since there's no girl and no singing, he just cavorts narcissistically. And there's too much Dom DeLuise: he's funny, as low comics go, but a little of his Three Stooges-Abbott & Costello stuff is already much. Ron Moody is the lead—the once wealthy nobleman whose mother-in-law hid the jewels—and he suggests so much more talent than is tapped here that it becomes frustrating to watch him. His *idées fixes* are glittering, but manic intensity isn't enough to create a character; he needs material to make his melancholia more than just a look in his fine eyes, although in a scene toward the end, broken-hearted and clutching a piece of chair, he gives us a glimpse of a great comedian. The exteriors, which were shot in Yugoslavia, have a sprightly, picturesque Grandma Moses atmosphere that is appropriate to this souvenir-tribute to the primitive folklore of radio and B-movie comedy. It's a bit forlorn, this attempt to make comedy out of old comedy that has lost its satirical bite. When Brooks is on-screen, he brings a fervid enthusiasm to his own nonsense; when he isn't around, there's no comic tension. He has made a movie about greed, but the forms of greed here are cozily antiquated.

"CROMWELL" is a dry spectacle, written and directed by Ken Hughes with dedicated stodginess. Was here ever a period of history when the lothes were less photogenic? The acors waddle around in their barrels and bloomers, then stand still to make peeches at each other. Richard Harris, f the hangdog expression, who is a tar not by virtue of public appeal but imply because he's such a domineering owerhouse that he seems a natural for mportant roles, plays Cromwell with lum, frowning righteousness, using his weird straight eyebrows like punctuaon marks. England seems a large ountry to have had only one just man, and surely Cromwell must have een more than this sullen prig who ates power, or he couldn't have obained it. One rather wishes the film would explain him a bit instead of

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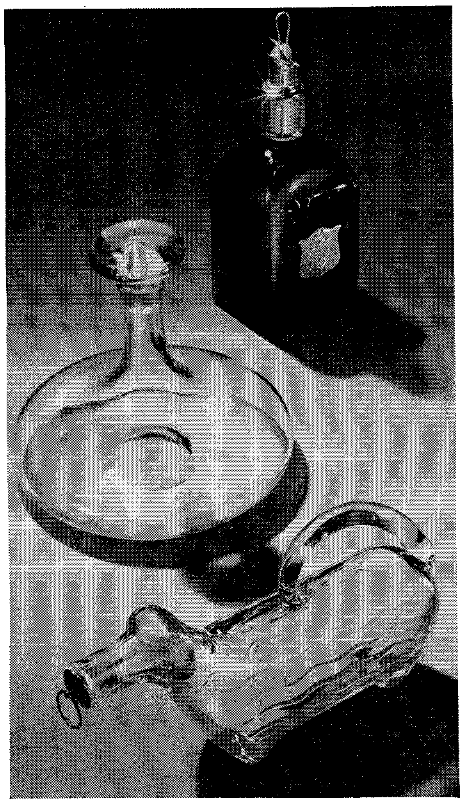

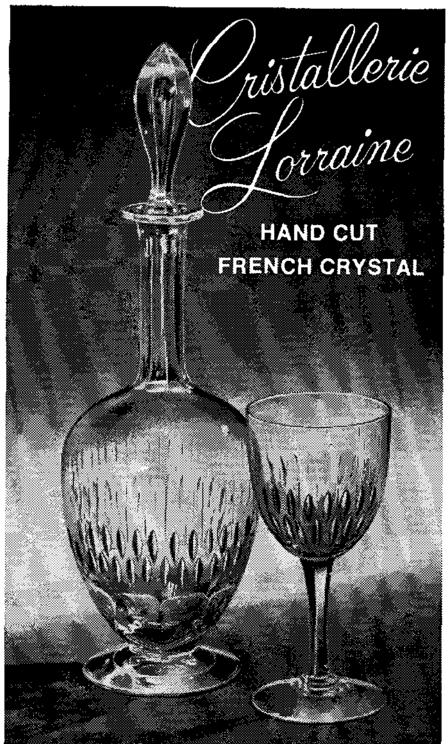

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deifying him. If Cromwell wasn't brilliant and wasn't eloquent, what *was* he? By what force did he condemn and behead a king of England and become ruler? If his righteousness was his only weapon, he must have had it to a frightening degree, and combined with incredible energy. One doesn't have to know anything about Cromwell to disbelieve the movie. "Cromwell" doesn't make basic sense: this sturdy, honest reformer stalks in and tells the corrupt Parliament what to do, and it proceeds to do it. Why? Just because he's so right? Alec Guinness barely wiggles a few facial muscles and manages to make an acting showcase out of his restrained performance as King Charles I, and the Battle of Naseby is well staged, but that's not enough. Shakespeare spoiled us for this sort of thing: we wait for great speeches and witty remarks, for rage and poetry, and we get nothing but a relentless academicism. And not only are Harris's lines flat but there is no music in his voice. Is this a movie about a great national *hero*? If virtue is as toneless as this Cromwell, who wouldn't prefer vice?

STUART ROSENBERG, the director of "WUSA," made his movie reputation with a contemptible success, "Cool Hand Luke," a film that pretended to have something to say and was full of touches designed to make the audience feel "knowing"—such as a girl teasing a bunch of convicts by washing her car seductively, playing with the nozzle of a hose and squeezing fluid out of a sponge. That is, he transferred a commercial hack's sexual innuendo onto a young girl, just for effect. Rosenberg's "touches" don't grow out of his material—they're stuck on; his movies are full of signals to us, but the signals don't direct us anywhere. The road gang in "Cool Hand Luke" went through a lot of waste motion just to satisfy the director's desire for a rhythmically edited sequence, and in "WUSA" Joanne Woodward hangs herself by a chain so that Rosenberg can have the camera travel along the links. He did show some comedy talent in the sequences with Harvey Korman and the errant commuters in "The April Fools," but with the overwrought melodramatics of "WUSA" he aces out Frank Perry as the most flat-footed director around.

In "WUSA," Rosenberg's pushing and pummelling destroy what might have been good performances (despite implausibly baroque roles) by Joanne Woodward and Tony Perkins. There wasn't much he could do to Paul New-

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man that the script (by Robert Stone) hadn't already done. "WUSA" continues in the movie tradition of liberal hysteria on the theme of Southern right-wing hysteria. In Hollywood, this form of exhibitionism is called "making a statement" (and when the picture fails they think it's because it told too many hard truths). "WUSA" is a whopper, with some of the gaudiest dialogue since "The Oscar," though in a superior style of gaudiness that is less fun. Paul Newman is Rheinhardt, a gutless, non-involved failed artist (he used to play the clarinet) who goes to work as a newscaster for WUSA, a right-wing radio station in New Orleans. He is hyperverbal and is given to self-lacerating bitter tirades that upset his girl, Geraldine (Joanne Woodward), an honest tart who hasn't learned how to be servile. (She calls him "Rheinhardt" and he calls her "friend.") After much narrative fumbling and many garish Gothic scenes about a highly opaque welfare swindle, it all culminates in a big patriotic rally, with the Christlike madman Tony Perkins trying to assassinate the top Fascist (Pat Hingle, of course) and causing a bloody riot, after which Geraldine hangs herself by that chain in a prison cell, after which Rheinhardt visits her grave—in potter's field, no less—and savagely addresses the departed lady: "I'm a survivor and I'm leaving these flats for the mile-high city. When I get up there, baby—when I look down—I'll have a few regrets." There's also Laurence Harvey as a bogus clergyman, and Cloris Leachman as Philomene, a crippled newspaper peddler. As if all this weren't more than enough, there's a score by Lalo Schifrin. My favorite line: In the midst of the panic caused by the assassination attempt, with people being crushed and stomped on and beaten, the fleeing Newman looks at us and says sagely, "If that's the way people want it, that's how it's going to be."

CRIPPLED newsies are back, and the business of making movies hasn't changed as much as some people say. Jules Dassin has announced that he will make a movie on the life of Rosa Luxemburg, starring his wife, Melina Mercouri. And Paramount has just sent out this press release:

> "Brother Sun and Sister Moon," Franco Zeffirelli's first project for Paramount Pictures since his "Romeo and Juliet," is scheduled to go before the cameras in January, 1971, it was announced by Robert Evans, Paramount's Senior Vice-President in charge of world-wide production.
>
> Based on an original story about St. Francis of Assisi, the drama with music will be directed by Zeffirelli and produced by Luciano Perugia. Dyson Lovell will be the associate producer. A co-production with Paramount and Euro International Productions, "Brother Sun and Sister Moon" will be filmed on locations in Italy.
>
> Suso D'Amico, Lina Wertmuller, and Zeffirelli wrote the original story, which bears a striking parallel to the current youth movement all over the world.
>
> St. Francis, the son of a wealthy merchant, returned from war shattered by his experiences and saw a vision which caused him to embark on a different life in which material objects were of no use to him. He and his friends formed what could be described as the first commune and lived with nature, earning their keep by working in the fields.
>
> Casting for "Brother Sun and Sister Moon" will be announced shortly.

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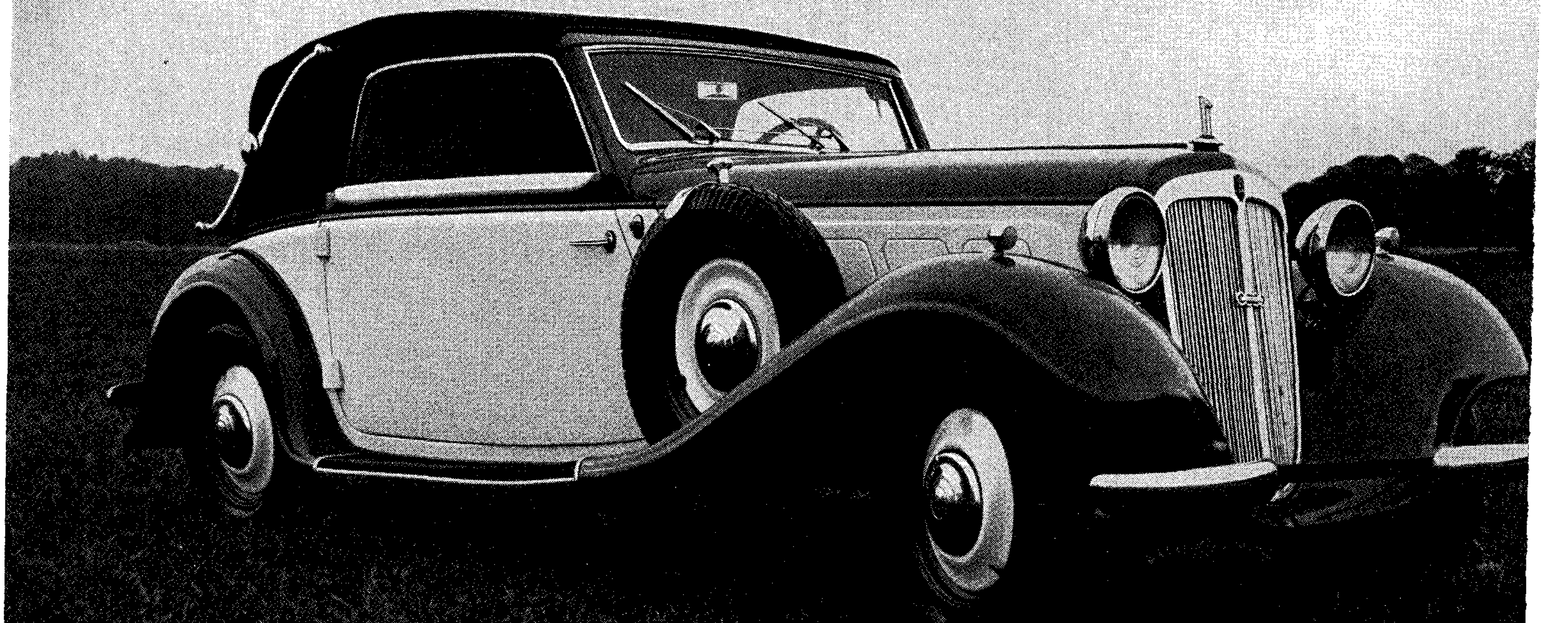

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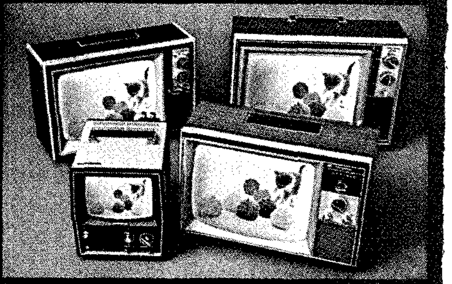

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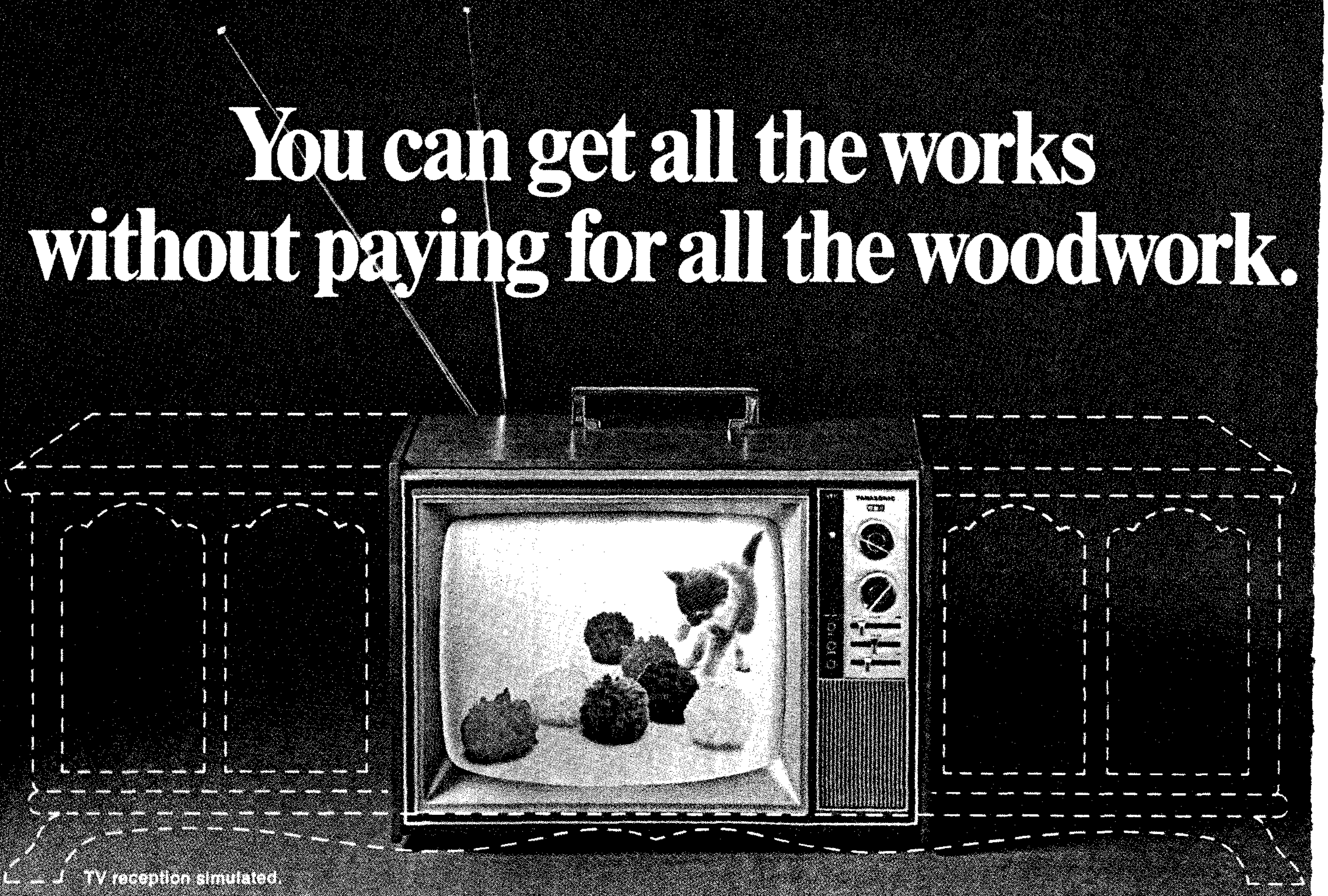

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Faithful Bore

KARL MARIA VON WEBER'S "Euryanthe," like Wagner's "Lohengrin," is a product of the Romantic nineteenth century's fondness for the period of the Crusades. It has almost everywhere been neglected in favor of the same composer's "Der Freischütz," and Thomas Scherman and his Little Orchestra Society demonstrated why when they presented it in concert form in Philharmonic Hall last Tuesday evening. "Euryanthe," which contains nearly three hours of beautiful music dating from the time when Germany was throwing off the musical traditions of the Italians and creating an operatic style of its own, came early in this nationalistic process, preceding Wagner's operas by a generation. In "Euryanthe," Weber made the orchestra an integral part of the drama instead of a mere accompaniment, and it is interesting to hear his new use of the woodwinds and brasses—particularly the clarinet and bassoon—which take on a fresh freedom and lyricism that are lacking even in the work of Beethoven. The music, as I have said, is beautiful, and often striking in its dramatic effects. But the drama, as critics have noted ever since it was written, is extraordinarily bland and lacking in tension. The plot is about Euryanthe of Savoy, whose faithfulness to her lover, Count Adolar, is brought into question during the reign of Louis VI of France. There are a couple of villains—Lysiart, a rival of Adolar, and Eglantine, a rival of Euryanthe—and they do their best to make the accusation of unfaithfulness stick. But in the end they are defeated, and Euryanthe and Adolar are united by the King, who proclaims that she has been faithful all along. Operatic audiences, who after a couple of hours of this find it hard to give a hoot whether Euryanthe is faithful or not, long ago concluded that there isn't much drama in this situation. All the beautiful music consequently goes to waste, and "Euryanthe" turns out to be even more boring than "Lohengrin," which is boring enough.

The performance the other night was pretty ragged, despite the presence of one or two singers who were certainly adequate to their roles. Mr.

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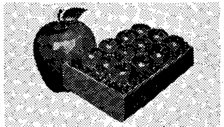
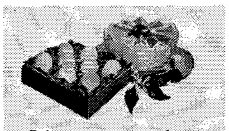
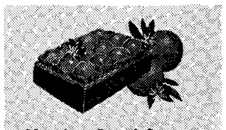
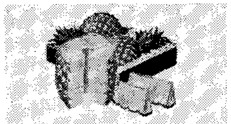
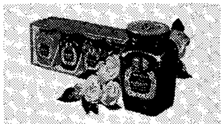
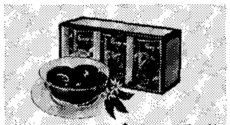

January – Apples

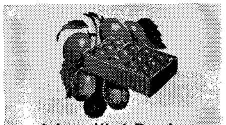

February – Grapefruit


March – Royal Oranges

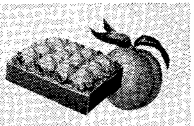

April – Pineapple

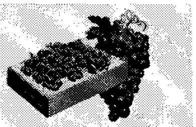

May – Preserves

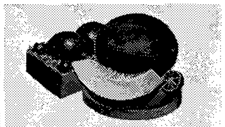

June – Home Canned Fruit

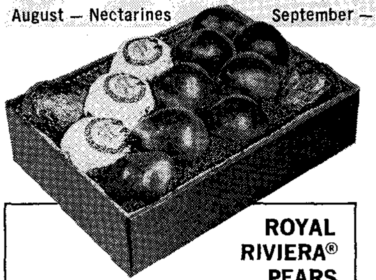

July – Kiwi Berries

August – Nectarines


September – Peaches


October – Grapes


Nov. – Spanish Melons



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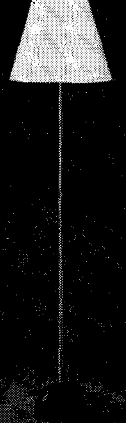

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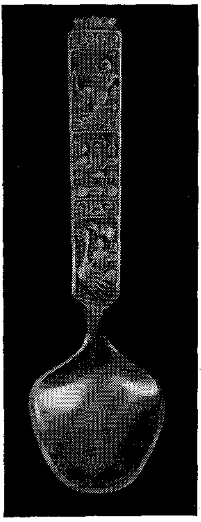

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Scherman miscalculated the relative sonorities of his brasses and strings during the first part of the evening, allowing the former to overwhelm the latter, with the result that we heard punctuation instead of melody. The strings, moreover, were often excruciatingly out of tune. The Polish soprano Teresa Kubiak, who had sung one of the leading roles in Goldmark's "The Queen of Sheba" with the American Opera Society in March, again showed some vocal brilliance as Euryanthe. Frances Bible, that musicianly, versatile, and always tasteful mezzo-soprano, handled the role of Eglantine very well indeed, giving forth large Wagnerian tones of a sort that I had not previously heard her produce. The men were not as successful. William Lewis, the Adolar, was a bit strident, and Mark Howard, the Lysiart, though his voice is basically a pleasant baritone, had trouble with his lower notes. Of the lot, only J. B. Davis, who really hadn't much to do as King Louis, seemed perfectly equipped.

LAST Thursday night, Zubin Mehta brought the Los Angeles Philharmonic to Carnegie Hall, with a program that included Krzysztof Penderecki's "Cosmogony" (a work that had had its première a few days before at the United Nations) and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Let me consider the Ninth Symphony first. It is a difficult work—for the conductor, for the orchestra, and even for the chorus, which on this occasion was the Rutgers University Choir. Mr. Mehta was in control of every phrase, and his interpretation had the solid authority that we expect from a maestro of experience who has studied his score carefully. It was a robust reading of a noble work, in places a shade too robust, as in the first movement, which had very little contrast. I was interested in some of Mr. Mehta's ideas, which were not always exactly like those of other conductors. The force of the tonic-dominant chord that opens the last movement, and is often blared forth as if it were a bomb going off, was minimized, and I found this pleasant. It is not an agreeable chord to the ear, and playing it *mezzo forte* gives the great rhetoric that follows a better chance to be impressive. The orchestra is basically a good one, and Mr. Mehta has trained it admirably. I have only a couple of small complaints about its playing. Some of the string ensemble in rapid passages of the last movement was not perfectly unanimous, and in the Scherzo the articulation in the

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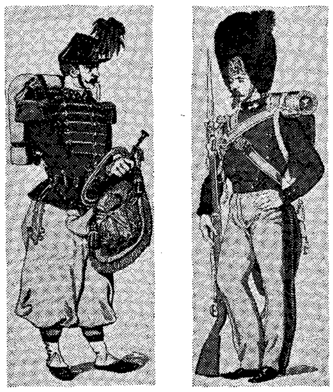

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strings was not entirely clear. The first note of every measure, which should, of course, be accented, was plain enough, but there was very little bite in the rest of the measure. And while it is a fine idea for the kettledrum to use both drumsticks on the first note of the measure for the sake of accent, it is only a fine idea if they hit the drumhead simultaneously. Otherwise it sounds as if Beethoven had written a grace note to precede the first one of the measure. But I am dilating at length on what are merely minute technical matters. The slow movement was beautifully done, with a knowing concern for phrasing and tone, and in the finale Mr. Mehta brought such spontaneity and alertness to the work of the chorus that the movement had an exceptional effect of grandeur. Among the soloists, Heather Harper managed to sing her high soprano notes in tune, which was a triumph of a sort, though the notes didn't have much emotional coloring. Paul Plishka's fine bass voice sounded well in the recitatives, and the other solo singers—Stuart Burrows, tenor, and Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano—were excellent.

I am getting rather tired of the work of Krzysztof Penderecki. His compositions all sound alike. He has a recipe: strings crushed together, chattering brasses and woodwinds, a chorus singing undecipherable words in moans and shouts, often aleatory (which means sing anything you like), and a portentous libretto, usually religious (this time concerned with the advance of science in probing the universe), which, by association, lends the music a gloss of nobility that intrinsically it does not have. Mr. Mehta gave his "Cosmogony" as good a performance as it could expect to get. There was an anthology of memorable sayings by everybody from Nicolaus Copernicus to John Glenn in the program, but none of these great words were intelligible in the music, and I'll bet that very few of them were actually there at all. This sort of thing amounts to cultural window dressing. I did not find "Cosmogony" different from, or more interesting than, the other Penderecki items I have heard of late.

LAST Friday night, the French National Orchestra, otherwise known as L'Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion-Télévision Française, appeared in Philharmonic Hall under the direction of Jean Martinon. This is a marvellous orchestra—one of the world's best, with wonderfully schooled

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LAST Wednesday night, I went to the Brooklyn Academy of Music to see the American Ballet Company do a fairly new work called "The Consort" and to witness the conducting of Christopher Keene, a young American whom I had not previously encountered. "The Consort" turned out to be a charming ballet done in Renaissance costume, at first quite formal and dignified, and later, with the women tucking up their skirts and the men throwing off their hats, quite lively in an idiom related to folk dance. As in several other Feld ballets, a feeling of intimacy pervaded the spectacle, with dancers standing at the side of the stage to watch their colleagues admiringly. As for Mr. Keene, he is a tall, slim young man who brushes his red hair out of his eyes from time to time. In conducting the music, which included Prokofieff's Fifth Piano Concerto, he showed himself to be an extremely talented maestro, with the bouncing beat of the born conductor and an obvious mastery of both score and orchestra.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

In one respect the greatest book I have ever read is Walden, by Thoreau. Thoreau is as relaxing as a hot bath. He had no false respect for things—automobiles, clothes, jewelry, clubs, fifteen-room houses, yachts, fancy bathroom fixtures, and electric cigar lighters—which cause most of us so many sleepless nights.

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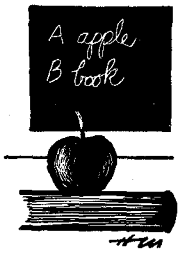
Bang and Whimpers

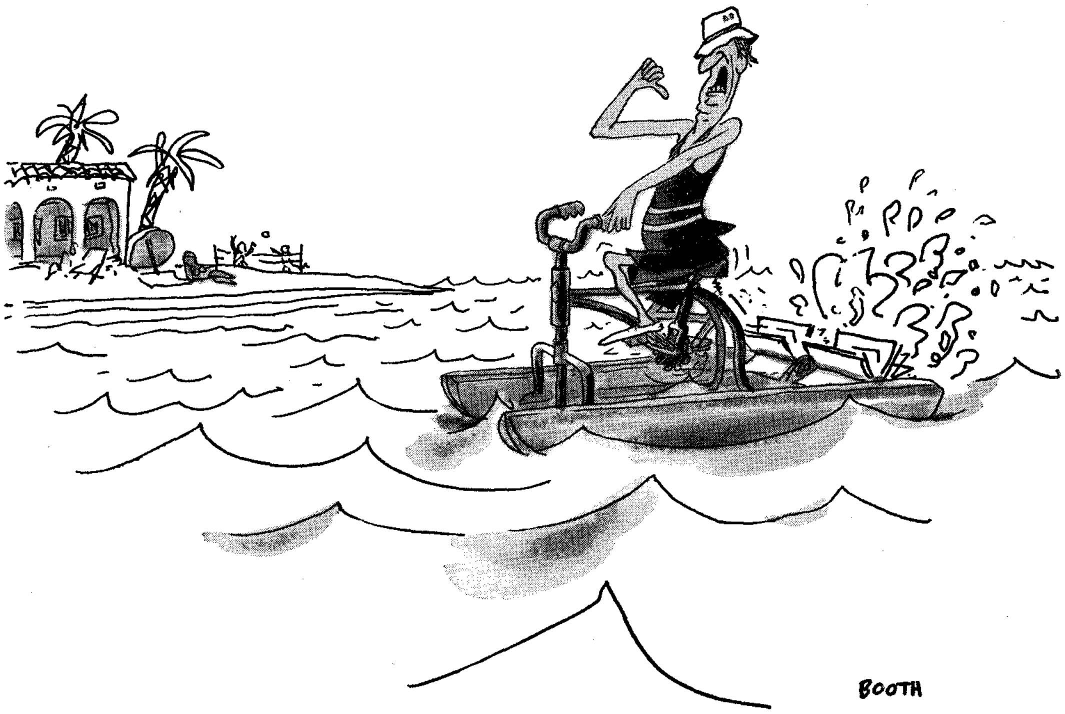


WHY should the reader condone the modish title of Thomas McMahon's first novel, "Principles of American Nuclear Chemistry" (Atlantic-Little, Brown), particularly since it has no direct relevance to the plot? Ought one to expend interest on a piece of fiction that makes detailed, easily identifiable use of the histories of J. Robert Oppenheimer and Niels Bohr but gives them such coy pseudonyms as Sandeman and Orr? The habit becomes acutely irritating: for Selina Meisner read "Lise Meitner" (plus a dash of sex), for E. Ferrini read "Enrico Fermi." The work is not particularly well written. Its flashback construction is routine and at moments obscurely portentous. The argument is truncated, and we are left at the vague close with a fashionable taste of grit. So why bother?

The answer is that Dr. McMahon, a Ph.D. in aeronautics and astronautics from M.I.T. and now a postdoctoral fellow in "bioengineering" at Harvard, has tried something unusual and difficult. The very weaknesses of his novel are interesting. They speak of larger ssues. The narrator is a young cientist who has dropped out of the wonders of electronics and physics on Route 128. He s in analysis and is chewing over, with lethargic anger, the sh of his disappointments—with himself, with science. The omantics would have called it pleen—a slow-burning boreom, intensified by memories f a better, more alive past. In Timmy MacLaurin's case, the ast has been momentous and pecific. He spent the years beween 1943 and 1945 at Los Alamos, as a teen-ager. He ame into his manhood on that ruel plateau and saw a terible beauty born. He had gone ut with his father, Dr. MacLaurin, an expert in gas ynamics, a man who might rove handy in resolving equaons that involve the behavior f hypersonic gases at great eat and the dynamics of point xplosions. Not a great scienst, more of an inspired tinker, but a researcher who ad once or twice seen deeply into the behavior of hydrogen, turbulent and white-hot as the sun. The man and the boy had gone to New Mexico via the early secrecies and mud of Oak Ridge. Mrs. MacLaurin stayed behind. There was a baby girl to nurse and a marriage gone loose at the hinges. But father and son did not travel alone, for on the way Maryann, the secretary met in Tennessee, turned up at a highway junction, crying, and climbed into the front seat for the long drive to the mesa.

Looking back, Timmy MacLaurin has memories as large and bright-edged as the desert morning—of his father and Maryann and of the improvised but sometimes tender honors between them, of the soldiers and their loathing for the scientists, of Sandeman's porkpie hat, of the tower with the round, squat object sitting on it, black as rubber before the sudden dawn. There are key incidents to recall, now haloed with associations and insights after the fact. Timmy and his father take a scorching walk in the desert. A jeep comes by in a dust cloud, and the driver asks them to deliver a laundry bag to Sandeman. They struggle on with the heavy burden, then abandon it. One day, that bag lies open, accusing, in the room in Washington in which the matter of "J. Robert" Sandeman is being investigated. There is the seminar at which Selina Meisner puts forward the hypothesis that the chain reaction might get out of control, that the gases which envelop the earth could catch fire, that the bomb could light the air. A complicated problem in thermodynamics and molecular chemistry was being "idealized" (the word is beautifully chosen). But frantic calculations say otherwise. We can proceed.

Dr. Nelson Nachtigall, another easily recognizable portrait, meditates on the evolution of suns and stumbles on the secret of nuclear triggering, the way to implode rather than explode the titanic energies in the porous sphere of the warhead. Maryann and Colonel DiCicco's daughter, Daisy, take the boy for a walk down into Pueblo Canyon. It proves a wondrous stroll: "Our clothes drop around us on the rocks and in the water as if they were words we were saying to each other." The wife of Dr. Mundi dies of cancer almost at the instant when a new radiation whitens the morning. W. Ornberg (guess who) sells himself to the military and marches on to bigger thermonuclear things. Timmy's infant sister dies in cold, faraway Boston. But the MacLaurins choose to go home; tiredness is



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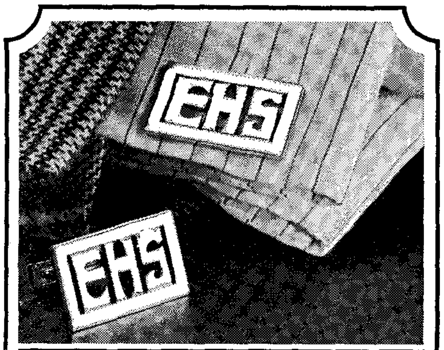

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warmer and more predictable than love. Maryann knew that long before her grand finale at the military-police barracks in the foothills of the Fra Cristobal Mountains. It was all too good, too crazily alive to last. Selina looks old now, and her work is no longer top-drawer. The air did not light, after all. It merely went gray.

How could there, in so lunatic a setup as Los Alamos, have been so much warmth and truth of human presence? Why was the science of the bomb—the deliberate manufacture of monstrosity—science at its intellectual, psychological best? This is the paradox Timmy MacLaurin (read "Thomas McMahon") wants to clear up, via memory and the exploration of present sadness. The pivot is Sandeman. To and from him radiate the lines of loyalty, of imperative vision, that bind the mesa. And here Mr. McMahon is out of his depth. Not many people, I suppose, would be so forward as to say that they had *known* Dr. Oppenheimer, but even those who were only acquainted with him carried away from that relation a sense of fiercely guarded complexity. One could guess at vital strains: an actor's gift of timing and symbolic stance, a smoldering impatience with the fumble of ordinary minds, an exceeding fastidiousness and a flair for unobtrusive courtliness. Oppenheimer's was the most darting, elliptic intelligence I have ever been near. The quickest to take offense—a literal cold came into the room—at stupidity or grossness. But these were surface traits. The main pulse lay concealed in a great sadness. Oppenheimer was, in the old sense, a malcontent. It was not difficult to conjecture why. It may be that he had not carried to their highest pitch his own great gifts as a theoretical physicist. The politics of his early, radical hopes had gone sour. There obviously were private defeats. The bomb and its aftermath pressed on him, nearly to the breaking point. Yet the edgy sadness of the man probably preceded, in time, in centrality, any particular cause (Hamlet before the play). It was part of an intelligence almost wary, one felt, of its own speed and voracity. There were also a ceremoniousness, tact, and mocking charm that could inspire both fanatic devotion and dislike. We have no detailed record of any public figure more intricate. One often left his office at the Institute in Princeton with a conviction, exhilarating or depressing, as the case might be, of the insulting bluntness and inadequacies of ordinary perception. Thus there are

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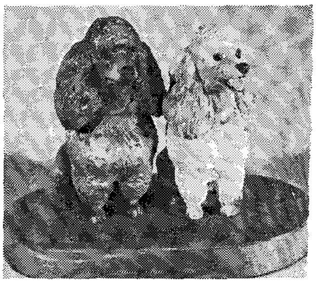

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many pages in the transcripts of the Oppenheimer hearings that have their counterpart only in Dostoevski, only in the politics of inspired and torn consciousness in "The Possessed."

Mr. McMahon does know his sources. He draws on the official transcripts, on at least two recent biographies of Oppenheimer, on a recent parallel study of Oppenheimer and Lawrence, on General Groves' account of the role of the military in the Manhattan Project. At one important stage—Sandeman's clandestine stay with Addie Whitman in San Francisco, a stay that will ultimately put him into the power of the F.B.I. and of Army Intelligence—McMahon's conjectural intimacy grates. It may be that the episode was rather like that—furtive and full of soiled memories. But the novelist's skill and knowledge of Oppenheimer are not adequate to the theme. Elsewhere, there are incisive touches. Sandeman's zestful yet strained welcome for Nachtigall's breakthrough, for the brilliant idea of *implosive lenses which truly makes the* bomb feasible, rings right; that was how Dr. Oppenheimer spoke, hunched forward in intellectual delight but seeing further than those he spoke to, seeing beyond victory into a new occasion of error. Timmy's recollection of the day Sandeman talked to him straight, about his growing pains and the corrosive effect they were having on his father's work, stirs echoes of a session I had in Oppenheimer's office, when the voice homed in with that flat, faintly accusing warmth. But the sexual vulgarism that Sandeman uses is garishly out of place. (Oppenheimer's decorum was eerie.) "They were miserable to him. They hurt him very, very badly. And you know, I think the thing that cut him the worst was that he was bored the whole time." In this Dr. Mundi is right, but not entirely. Oppenheimer was bored to nausea during the interminable, demeaning inquisitions, but also—the note sounds unmistakably through these sad pages—fascinated by the role in which history had cast him, by his secret anticipations of what that role would have to be. He had been dangerously ready for injustice. And even to say that is to simplify the dialectic net of contrasting loyalties that he had in large part woven for himself.

Though Mr. McMahon is weak at the center, he does handle his science in an interesting way. A good deal of technical matter is presented straight. It is assumed that we know in general what a neutron flux is like, and how

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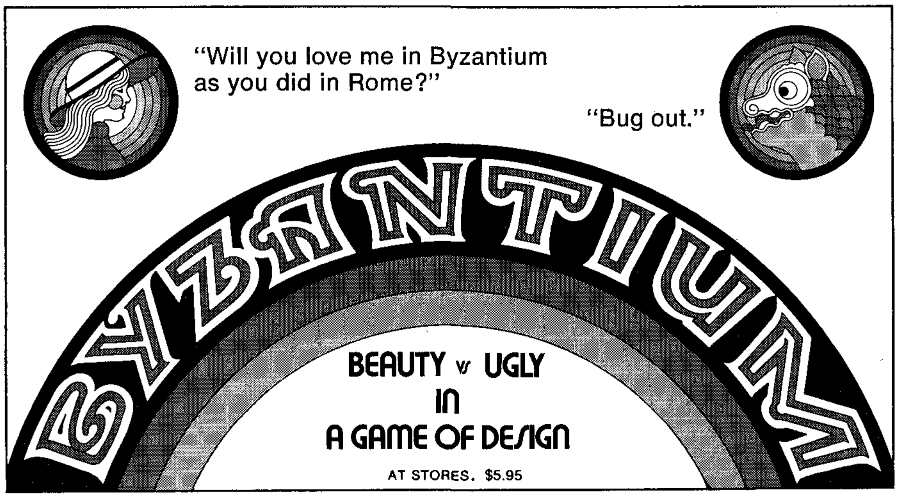

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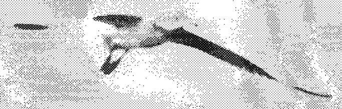

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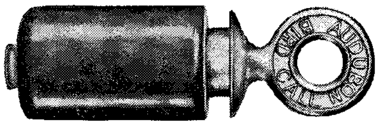

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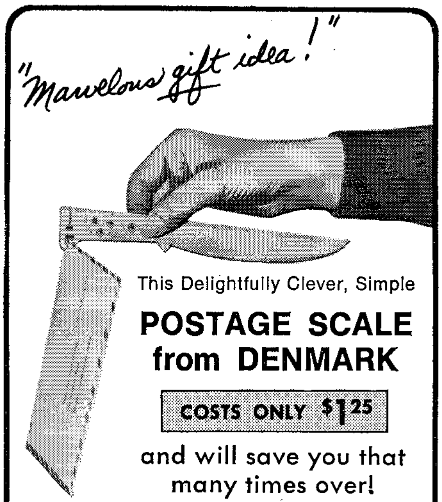
one might go about deriving the conservation equations for mass, momentum, and energy, assuming that pressure, density, radial velocity are all functions only of radial distance and time. The novelist does not stop to explain just what is meant by MacLaurin's key step: the introduction of similarity forms for the independent variables of such equations. We find here little of the watered-down technical and documentary idiom in current science fiction and fact fiction. At other points, McMahon lights his material obliquely. There are snatches of excited shorthand between colleagues engaged in computations, glimpses of the formative chaos and privacies of a good laboratory, as honest as anything we have had in the fictional treatment of science. There is in particular a question-and-answer drill about entropy and thermonuclear reactions, set against the background of Gloria Mundi's death in the hospital in Albuquerque, which reveals a real artist. (The echoes of "Ulysses" in the passage are undisguised and informing.)

The point is worth stressing. The number of novels, poems, and plays in which the feel of science, the actual tenor of scientific work, are captured even marginally remains absurdly small. C. P. Snow's "The Search" was a start, but it has had few successors. Much more is at stake here than a failure in the current range of literature (though that failure is technically damaging and may help explain some part of the weakness of fiction just now). One of the reasons we are drifting into intellectual waste and disorder is precisely that so much of the major energies of spirit in our culture lies forbiddingly out of our emotional and imaginative reach. It is distinctly part of the writer's job to bring us back into some measure of psychological contact—even if it must be mainly via metaphor—with what an estimated seventy-five per cent of the most talented, visionary men and women in our community are up to. Even where it falls short, Mr. McMahon's enterprise is of considerable moral and literary value.

The coda is melancholy. At Los Alamos, science was the collaborative, improvisatory, often funny wonder it ought to be. It isn't anymore—not, at any rate, in physics—perhaps because of what came of Dr. Nachtigall's inspired solution, perhaps because of what "they" did to Sandeman in that mock trial. "I don't think that science attracts the same kind of people as before," says Dr. Mundi. "Maybe there aren't any more of that kind of peo-



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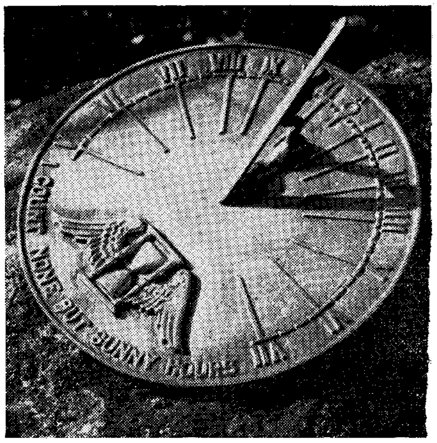

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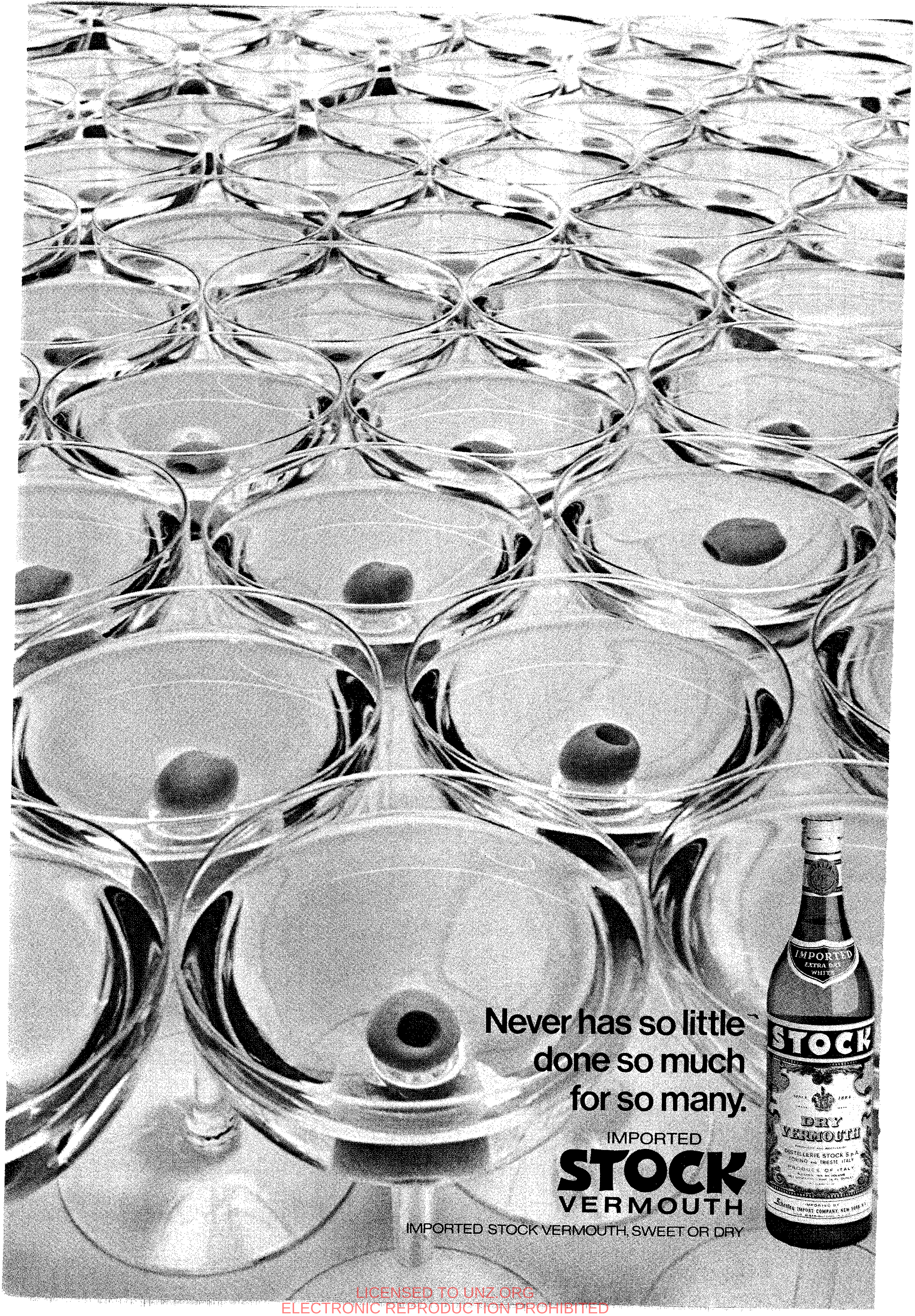
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ple. Maybe they all go and play the piano." Or become bioengineers troubled enough about the state of their arts to want to write novels in which the large questions can be asked, and asked in the way that only the imagination can—with no necessary hope of an answer.

—George Steiner

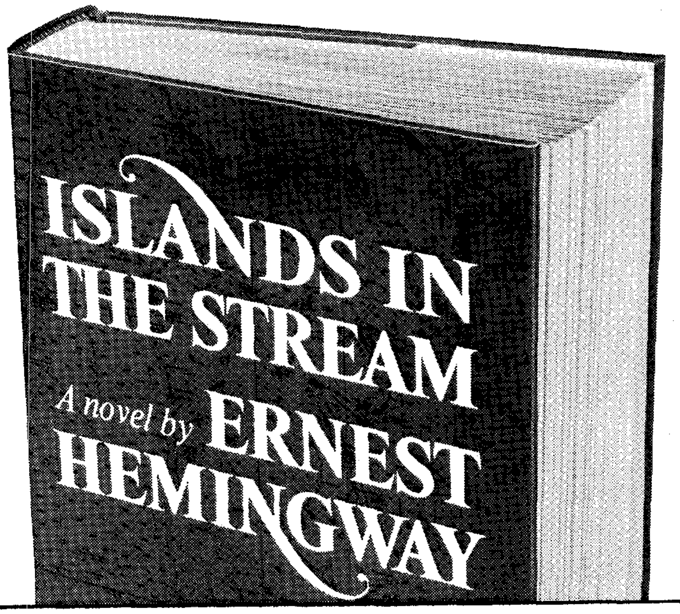
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Mary, by Vladimir Nabokov, translated from the Russian by Michael Glenny in collaboration with the author (McGraw-Hill). Modern fiction's foremost magician's first novel, written in 1925. Faithful Nabokovians have met Mary before; she sat for her portrait as Tamara in "Speak, Memory," lurks near the heart of "Lolita," and was deified in "Ada." Here, artistically as well as chronologically young, she is the first love of the autobiographical hero, Ganin, for whom her wanton yet delicate Tartar beauty condenses into pure perfume the idyll of rural Russia and the enchantment of privileged youth. But Ganin remembers her from afar, when he is in a Berlin boarding house surrounded by other émigrés, comic and pathetic types of exile from reality—a race as of film extras, "flickering, shadowy doppelgängers, the casual Russian film extras, sold for ten marks apiece and still flitting, God knows where, across the white gleam of a screen." Ganin wakes from the shadows, from dreaming of Mary, at the end, and slopes off to his future as, it may be, an internationally renowned poet/scholar/magician. "Mary" not only adumbrates the future of a master, it shines by its own light. From the start, Nabokov had his sharp peripheral vision, a diabolical deftness at netting the gaudy phrase, and the knack (crucial to novelists and chess players) of setting up combinations. Though his materials are tender, his treatment shows the good-natured toughness that gives an artist long life. Wisely, and nicely, he has spared this venerable text the—he admits—"high-handed revampments" to which his elder self is prone, and has supervised an exact, deferential translation.

GENERAL

Bright Particular Star: The Life and Times of Charlotte Cushman, by Joseph Leach (Yale). A solid and unfrilled biography of



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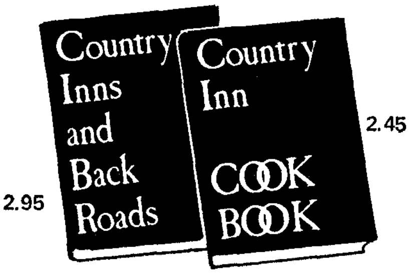

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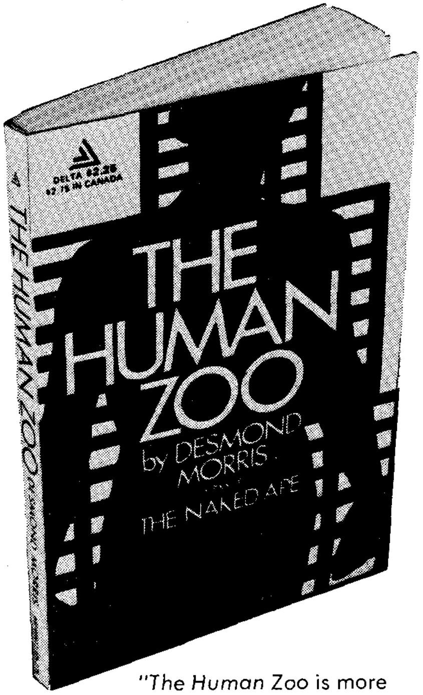

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a solid and unfrilled woman who is the only actress in our Hall of Fame. Born in Boston in 1816, her tomboy childhood ("I could do anything with tools") stood her in good stead as an actress. Though she made a brilliant début at eighteen as Lady Macbeth (it was to be her final role, too), she was soon as well known for her Romeo. By the time she was twenty-two, she had played Portia, Queen Gertrude, Goneril, and Lady Teazle, in addition to many "breeches parts," and when she was twenty-six she was managing her own theatre. William Macready, the temperamental English actor, persuaded her to go to London, where she acted Rosalind and Beatrice, and was Queen Katharine to Macready's Wolsey (she herself later played the Cardinal), and Romeo to her sister's Juliet. (Only Barnum's Tom Thumb outdrew them.) In 1858, she retired to Rome, but she spent the next seventeen years making farewell tours. She died in Boston in 1876. Mr. Leach does not have Shaw's gift for making the reader *see* an actor's performance, but he does very well at showing us the woman Charlotte Cushman was, with her kindness, her lack of vanity, and her bulldog determination to succeed. Most of the well-known actors of her time appear in her story, and there are pleasant glimpses of the artists she knew outside the theatre in America, England, and Italy—Emerson, Samuel Rogers, William Wetmore Story, Hawthorne, and the Brownings—all of whom accepted her as one of them. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

THE SHARK: SPLENDID SAVAGE OF THE SEA, by Jacques-Yves Cousteau and Philippe Cousteau, translated from the French by Francis Price (Doubleday). The pioneer scuba diver and his son, an underwater photographer, recently (1967-68) spent about a year studying sharks at point-blank range in the Red Sea and in the western Indian Ocean, and it is probable that they (and their colleagues) now know more about that almost ubiquitous marine predator than anybody else in the world. This magnificently illustrated book (a hundred and twenty-four eerie, deep-sea color photographs and many drawings, diagrams, and maps) is a stirring narrative account of their highly specialized education. The authors, who speak to us in turn, acknowledge that the shark is still very largely a mystery,

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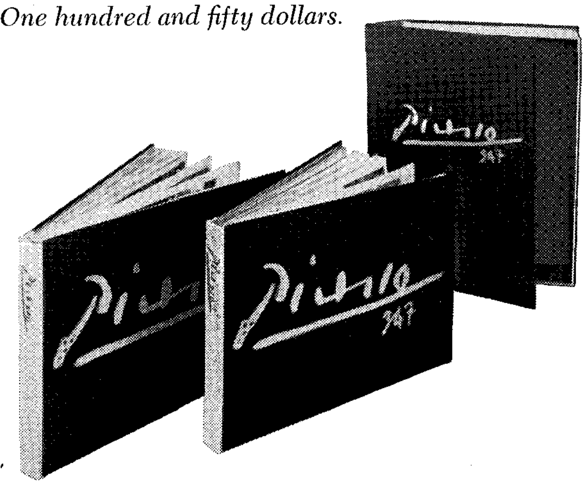

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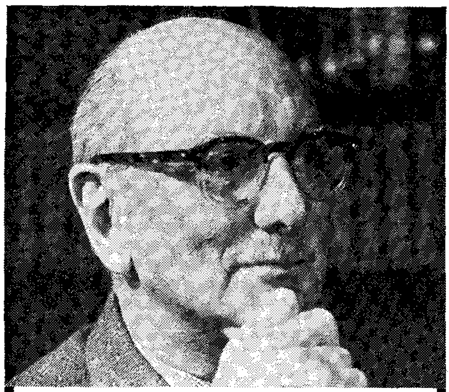

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and their observations, though interesting, are few: that sharks seem to travel in packs, that they tend to stay pretty close to a home territory, that most species must keep constantly in motion in order not to sink, that they seem to be attracted, rather than repelled, by kicking and splashing, and that a copper-acetate "repellent" developed by the United States Navy turns out to be, if anything, a lure to sharks. For the most part, the Cousteaus simply show us what they saw and let us conclude as we wish. It is a fascinating experience.

NOTE: Viking has published "A Day in the Life of Roger Angell," a collection of parodies and other lighthearted pieces by former Governor Thomas E. Dewey. All of them first appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "The Greening of America," Charles A. Reich's appraisal of the "corporate state" and of the "revolution by consciousness" that he sees taking place, has been published by Random House. A portion of the book was first printed in this magazine. . . . McGraw-Hill has published "A Poet's Alphabet: Reflections on the Literary Art and Vocation," a collection of criticism by Louise Bogan, edited by Robert Phelps and Ruth Limmer. Most of the essays were first published in these pages. . . . Delacorte has published "Skin Diving in the Virgins and Other Poems," by John Malcolm Brinnin. Some of the poems first appeared here, too.

•

The report to be considered tonight is a comparison with traffic in Washington. The report concludes that no comparison is possible.—*Arlington (Va.) Northern Virginia Sun.*

So long till tomorrow.

•

Myung-Whun Chung is the most recent winner of WQXR's Talent Search Competition. He's a piano virtuoso whose twenty fingers will amaze you.—*The Times Magazine.*

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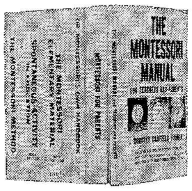

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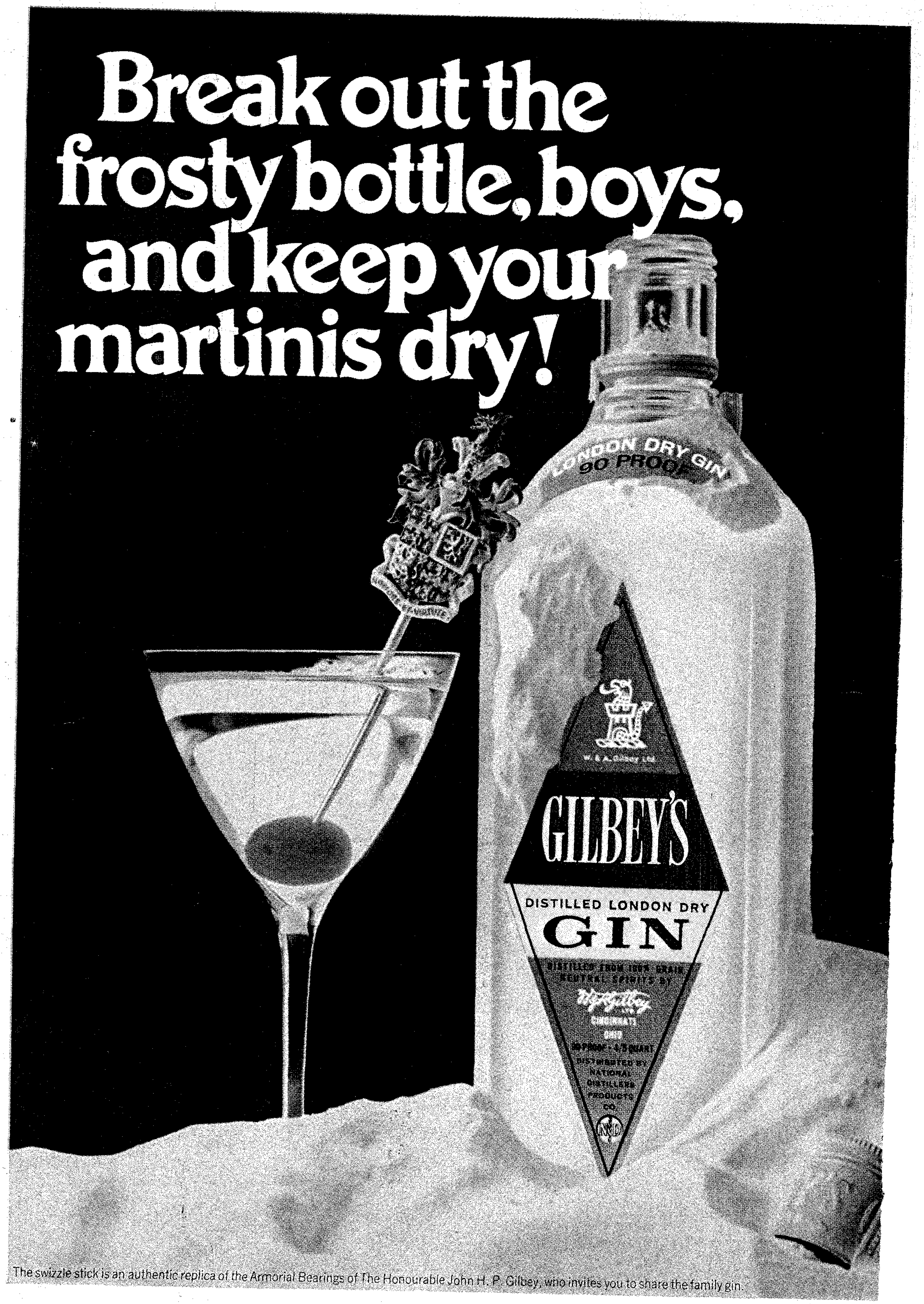
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